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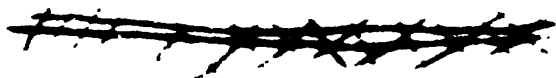
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P R E F A C E.

THE success of *The Standard Speaker* having been such as to elicit from the public and the publisher a demand for a *series* of *Speakers* by the same author, and adapted to the different ages of pupils, the present volume has been prepared. It forms the second of a series of *three*; of which *The Standard Speaker* is the largest and most comprehensive, and *The Primary Standard Speaker* the smallest and most simple. Repetitions of pieces are, with a few unimportant exceptions, avoided in these books, so that they jointly present nearly all the approved gems of oratory, ancient and modern, and all the choicest lyrical and dramatic pieces in the English language, suitable for school delivery.

It will be seen that considerable original effort, in the way of translation, adaptation, and alteration, has been expended on this work. Teachers of elocution are well aware that many excellent pieces, which a slight change would make appropriate as exercises for the young, are rendered useless because of their length, because of their episodical passages, or because of certain objectionable expressions which they may con-

tain. It is hoped that this general acknowledgment of the liberties that have been taken, where objections like these were to be removed, will be rightly received.

The introductory matter is much of it compiled from the best authorities, and no other merit is claimed for it than that of careful appropriation.

The translations from the Greek, Latin, and French, have, with two or three exceptions, been made expressly for this work.

The present volume will be found fuller in the department of dialogues, humorous pieces, &c., than The Standard Speaker; while the latter will be found very full, if not complete, in the department of Senatorial eloquence. Indeed, the number of great masterpieces, like those of Chatham, Patrick Henry, Webster, Grant, Shiel, Mirabeau, &c., in this department, is limited, as every compiler must admit.

The debates in the present volume are a new feature, and will be found interesting exercises for school exhibitions.

In his selection of pieces, the compiler has had regard chiefly to their effective declamatory character. Many works passing under the name of *Speakers* might more properly be called *Readers*, because the pieces, though interesting, and having the attraction of novelty, are not suitable for an expressive and animated delivery from the Speaker's stage. It is believed that this objection is avoided in the Standard Series of Speakers.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Art of Reading and Speaking with expressive distinctness constitutes what is now called Elocution.

According to this definition, Elocution may be divided as follows :
1. Vocality. 2. Articulation and Pronunciation. 3. Inflection and Modulation. 4. Emphasis. 5. Gesture and Action.

I. In VOCALITY we consider the power of expression by the voice. A properly disciplined voice should have the power of forming three series of sounds ; namely, the Natural voice, the Orotund voice, and the Falsetto voice.

The *Natural* voice is that which is heard in ordinary conversation, in narration and argument. It is the middle tone, between the higher and lower notes of the voice.

The *Orotund* voice is a deep mellow voice, the attainment of which is usually dependent on great vocal exercise. It seems to be directed more freely into the pharynx than the Natural voice. It may be exerted to a great extent without fatigue or injury.

The *Falsetto* voice is rarely employed in the pronunciation of whole sentences ; but it is occasionally heard in the expression of distance, in strong surprise, or vehement exclamation.

A modification of these three series of sounds is heard in the *Guttural* voice, which is particularly expressive of hatred, horror, and all feelings approaching to these.

The proper development of vocality can be attained only by judicious practice. The student will be surprised at the new powers which he will find in his voice after a diligent and well-directed course of vocal gymnastics. The voice should be most frequently practiced on a middle key. If it is pitched too high, there is harshness produced when *force* is attempted ; and shrillness, or a tendency to break, when loudness ; — if too low, the throat becomes dry, and the voice husky. The daily practice of reading aloud cannot be too early commenced, or too perseveringly continued. To strengthen

weak respiration, the practice of energetic reading in a strong, loud whisper, or gruff voice, will prove beneficial. Above all, exercise in the open air will be found of advantage. The ancient rhetoricians practiced declamation while walking or running up a hill-side before breakfast, or standing by the sea-shore, face to the wind, and endeavoring to out-bellow the tempest. Respiratory exercises should not be practiced immediately after a full meal.

II. **ARTICULATION** is the correct formation, by the organs of speech, of certain sounds which add to vocality literal and verbal utterance.

Every word of more than one syllable is distinguished by the *heavy* utterance (called **ACCENT**) of *one* particular syllable, and the *light* utterance of the other, or others. The following words afford examples of accent: — A com'pound, to com-pound'; blas'phe-mous, blas-phe'ming; com-mand'er, com-man-dant'.

PRONUNCIATION is the exact employment of the proper vowel and consonant sounds and accents, which custom has established. The correct accentuation and pronunciation of words can be best acquired by the study of the standard dictionaries of the English language.

The power of distinct and forcible enunciation is the basis of delivery. Between deliberate, full-toned, and energetic speaking, and feeble, indistinct, and spiritless utterance, there is the difference of live and dead oratory. The rudiments of speaking are few and simple. Vowels should have a bold, round, mellow tone. A slight, short, mincing pronunciation of the accented vowels is a most disagreeable fault.

Audibility depends chiefly on articulation; and articulation depends much on the distinctness with which we hear the final consonants.* A strong delivery is to be constantly cultivated — that is, an energy that shall prevent drawling, and, at the same time, a moderation that shall avoid mumbling words, or chopping half the sounds away, as in hasty speaking. Take time to fully articulate and intonate. Speak "trippingly," without tripping. If you must be extreme, better be solemn than hasty.

III. **INFLECTION** and **MODULATION** have reference to the changes of tone, and pauses of the voice, suitable for the expression of certain ideas and passions. All inflections are either Acute or Grave, or a combination of these. When the inflection slides upward, it is called

* For exercises in the elementary vowel and consonant sounds, and in pronunciation, see Sargent's Standard Fifth, Fourth, or Third Reader.

Rising; and when it slides downward, *Falling*. The same mark used in dictionaries before an accented syllable is sometimes used by elocutionists to denote the rising inflection; as, *Was he rewarded?* The mark known as the *grave* accent may be used to designate the falling inflection; as, *He was rewarded*˘. But any other arbitrary mark may be used to designate the inflections.

The rising inflection is that upward turn of the voice which we generally use at the comma, or in asking a question which begins with a verb; as, "Did he say no'?"

The falling inflection is generally, though not always, heard at the colon and semicolon, and must necessarily be heard in answer to the last question; "He did˘; he said no˘." Both these inflections are found in the following passage:

"Does Caesar deserve fame', or blame'?"

The slide upward, primarily, signifies suspension or incompleteness; and the downward slide, completion. The former should be used wherever the hand and eye must necessarily be elevated in action; as, for example, when exalted ideas, amiable and exhilarating sentiments, or ennobling attributes, are alluded to; and the latter, when the contraries of these are mentioned.

The circumflex, which is subdivided into the rising and falling circumflex, is a combination of the acute and grave accents,—the rising being marked thus (^); and the falling, thus (v). When a syllable begins with a falling and ends with a rising inflection, it is said to have a rising circumflex; but when it begins with a rising and ends with a falling inflection, a falling circumflex. These two forms of the circumflex are frequently used in words spoken ironically. We have examples of both in the following passage:

"Hear him, my lord; he is wondrous condescending."

Certain passages require a continuance of one tone through many words, and, occasionally, through lines: this is called a monotone; it is usually indicated by the mark of a long vowel, thus -; and is well exemplified in the middle paragraph of the following passage from Portia's speech on mercy:

PERSUASIVE ENTREATY; SOFT, MIDDLE TONE.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;

It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned * monarch better than his crown.

SOLEMN MONOTONE ; LOWER.

His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :

RAPTURE ; HIGH, STRONG TONE.

But mercy is above this sceptered sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

Parenthetical clauses require to be spoken in a lower tone of voice, and with a more rapid utterance, than the principal sentence ; a slight pause both before and after the parenthesis adds to the effect :

"If there's a power above us
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy."

ADDISON.

IV. EMPHASIS is that peculiar stress which we lay on words when we wish to impress particularly the ideas that they represent.

The more important emphatic words are, principal verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs when not used in a connective sense. The comparatively unimportant words are, auxiliary verbs, pronouns, conjunctions, connecting adverbs, prepositions, and articles. Generally, also, the *names* and *attributes* of the *Deity*, of *persons* and *places*, are emphatic. Emphasis is well illustrated in the following remark :

I do not *ask* ; I *demand* your attention. .

Words are also emphatic which have an antithesis either expressed or understood, as in the following example :

"And put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The *stones* of Rome to rise and mutiny."

* The mark of the diæresis over the *e* shows that it should commence a separate syllable.

It may also be laid down as a general rule respecting emphasis, that the positive member of a sentence uniformly requires the emphatic falling, and the negative member the emphatic rising inflection ; as,

Did he do it voluntarily', or involuntarily' ?
 He did it voluntarily', not involuntarily'.
 Did he act justly', or unjustly' ?
 He acted justly', not unjustly'.

The emphasis which is suggested by the sense is the best guide. Let a person make sure of the sense, and his emphasis will be natural and varied. An active and original conception can alone produce that personality of enunciation which is the chief charm of oratory. Conception is the sole governor of intonation.

A clergyman who, in his younger days, was disposed to undervalue the importance of accurately disposed emphasis, one day found his mistake by the laughter created on his reading this text : " And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me, the ass, and they saddled him." Of this same clergyman it is told that a man whom he reprimanded for swearing replied that he did not see any harm in it. " No harm in it ? " said the minister ; " why, do you not know the commandment, ' Swear not at all ' ? " — " I do not swear at *all*," said the man ; " I only swear at those who annoy me."

V. **GESTURE AND ACTION.** — Modulation, inflection, and vocal expression, however perfect, would fail to give delivery its full impressiveness, if the *face* and *whole body* did not sympathetically manifest the feeling which vibrates in the tones. Nothing can be more spiritless and unnatural than rigid stillness on the part of an orator. Unaided by language, a person may, by gesture alone, convey his meaning to another ; whereas, without it, the most powerful language will often be tame and inefficient. Cicero directs the orator to bestow the chief care on the management of the eye, and Quintillian observes that " the action of the hands is the common language of all mankind, without which all gesture is weak and impotent." " With the hands alone," says Sheridan, " we can demand a promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, ask, deny, manifest joy, sorrow, detestation, fear, admiration," &c.

But the tendency to gesticulate is so natural, that instruction will generally be needed rather to subdue and chasten, than to produce gesticulation. To a speaker of any animation, the greatest difficulty

is to stand still. The judicious employment of moderate gesture is more effective than any possible amplification of spasmodic attitudes, or redundancy of grimace.

No one can recite with propriety what he does not feel; and the key to gesture, as well as to modulation, is *earnestness*. No actor can portray character unless he can realize it, and he can only realize it by making it for the time his own.

In the natural order of passionate expression, looks are first, gesture second, and words last. Inexpressive motions should always be avoided. No gesture should be made without a reason for it; and when any position has been assumed, there should be no change from it without a reason. The habit of allowing the hands to fall to the side immediately after every gesture, produces an ungracefully restless effect. The speaker seems

"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still —
Blessed with all other requisites to please,
He wants the striking elegance of ease."

Some orators accompany every vocal accent by a bodily motion; but the consequence is, that their monotonous manipulations fatigue the eye. A gesture that illustrates nothing is worse than useless. It destroys the effect of really appropriate movements. Perhaps the most difficult part of delivery is *gracefully to stand still*. Let the speaker study this.

Motions *towards* the body indicate self-esteem, egotism, or invitation; *from* the body, command or repulsion; expanding gestures express liberality, distribution, acquiescence, or candor; contracting gestures, frugality, reserve, or collection; rising motions express suspension, climax, or appeal; falling, completion, declaration, or response; a sudden stop in gesture expresses doubt, meditation, or listening; a sudden movement, decision or discovery; a broad and sweeping range of gesture illustrates a general statement, or expresses boldness, freedom, and self-possession; a limited range denotes diffidence or constraint, or illustrates a subordinate point; rigidity of muscle denotes firmness, strength, or effort: laxity, languor or weakness; slow motions are expressive of gentleness, caution, and deliberation; and quick motions, of harshness and temerity.

The motions of the arm must commence at the shoulder, not at the elbow; the upper part of the arms should never, therefore, rest in

contact with the side. The motions of the arms should not be accompanied by any action of the shoulders, or swaying of the body. For instance, in projecting forward one arm, the opposite shoulder must not retire; or, in raising one arm, the opposite shoulder must not be depressed. The body must be kept square to the eye of the auditor, or to the center of the auditors. Gesture is most graceful with the right hand and arm when the left foot is in advance, and with the left when the right foot is in front. This preserves the square of the body.

Gesture, like vocal expression, must depend on the force and earnestness of the speaker's conception of what he utters. Rules and diagrams are of little service here. But an attempt has been made, by some ingenious writers, to classify the leading positions; and the accompanying diagrams (copied from photographs of living youths) will be found to illustrate these. They may serve as hints to the unpracticed.

The leading positions may be styled,—1. The introductory. 2. Deprecatory. 3. Emphatic. 4. Invocatory. 5. The positions of Entreaty and Denial. 6. Relative. 7. The positions of Repose.

A speaker, in opening his subject to his audience, may, if his language be not abrupt and impassioned at the outset, assume, in his first gesture, the position represented in diagram 1. Here the whole weight of the body should be thrown upon the right leg, which should be a little in advance of the left, the other just touching the floor, the feet being separated about six or eight inches. The knees should be straight and braced; and the body, though perfectly straight, not perpendicular, but inclining as far to the right as a firm position on the right leg will permit. The right arm must



DIAGRAM 1.—INTRODUCTORY POSITION.

then be extended, with the palm of the hand open, the fingers slightly curved, and the thumb almost as distant from them as it will easily

go, and the flat of the hand neither horizontal nor vertical; but exactly between both, the left hand hanging gracefully by the side. The extended arm should drop apparently lifeless, but not too abruptly, when the last emphatic word is pronounced.

When the pupil has delivered a sentence or two of moderate length in this attitude, he may, at the moment of *paragraphing* his subject to the eye, reverse his position; doing, perhaps, with the left arm, hand, and leg, what he has just done with the right. But a perpetual see-saw of the arms is to be studiously avoided, as also a formal monotony in the change from one side to the other. Every movement must have its object. An attempt to distribute gestures equally between the right and left arm betrays the novice. The right arm is the more naturally and frequently used in gesticulating.

The weight of the body should generally be sustained entirely by one foot. The limb that does not support the weight should be slightly bent, and its foot should rest lightly, or only partially, on the ground. The feet should be generally separated about as much as the breadth of the foot—the one in advance of the other, with its heel pointing to the heel of the retired foot. More extended positions will be occasionally required in expressive action. The feet considerably separated, with the weight of the body on the advanced foot, indicate eagerness, earnest appeal, listening, attack, &c.; on the retired foot, disgust, horror, defense, &c.; considerably apart, with both heels on the same line, and the weight of the body supported equally on both feet, pomposity and bluster. Frequent change indicates mental disturbance.

Diagram 2.—All the parts of the body must blend in harmonious accompaniment with the gesticulating member. Isolated motions must be ungraceful, as they are unnatural. The impulse that moves the hand will not be unfelt by every muscle in the frame.

“To this one standard make your just appeal:

Here lies the golden secret, — *Learn to feel!*”

But, in the words of Shakspeare, “In the very tempest, torrent, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.” A speaker who loses command over himself, either in language, intonation, or gesture, must not be surprised if he preserve no command over his audience.

This diagram (II.) represents a position suitable for the delivery

of passages where a corrective or deprecatory idea is to be expressed ; or of passages moderately emphatic. It would properly accompany such passages as the following :

I will not do them wrong ; I'd rather choose
To wrong the dead — to wrong myself or you —
Than I would wrong such honorable men. SHAKESPEARE.

I have undertaken this prosecution, fathers, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be, but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world.
— CICERO *v.* VERRES.

Not that I doubt the honorable gentleman's disposition to do right — far from it !

Ah ! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. — WEBSTER.



DIAGRAM II. — DEPRECATORY POSITION.

Diagram 3. — This diagram represents positions suitable for the delivery of a highly emphatic sentiment. The arm should be gradually raised from the position shown in diagram 1, until the hand is at the level of the head, the palm of the hand being presented flat, or nearly so, towards the audience (diagram 3, *a*) ; the arm should

then be brought, suddenly and with decision, to the position shown in diagram 3 (b). Care must be taken that the body is maintained in a straight line with the leg on which it bears, and not suffered to lean to the opposite side. The attitudes represented in this diagram would be suitable for the delivery of passages similar to these :

I'll keep them all ;

By heaven ! he shall not have a Scot of them ;

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :

I'll keep them by this hand !

SHAKESPEARE.

If we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight ; I repeat it, sir, we must fight ! — HENRY.

If I were an American, — as I am an Englishman, — while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never ! never ! never ! — CHATHAM.

The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. — CICERO v. VERRES.

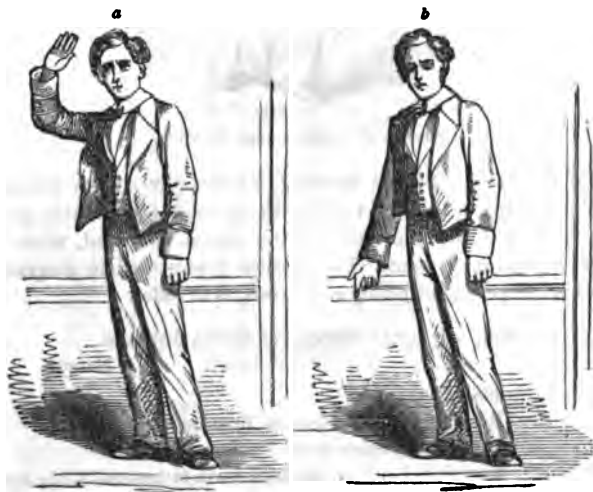


DIAGRAM III. — EMPHATIC POSITIONS.

Diagram 4. — The invocatory position should be used when the speaker has to make a vehement appeal to Heaven ; or when senti-

ments of a very elevated or patriotic character have to be delivered, as is frequently the case in the perorations of the orators of antiquity. It must be remembered, also, that the eyes, and the countenance generally, should be directed upwards, following, as it were, the



DIAGRAM IV. — INVOCATORY POSITION.

lead of the hand. But, in directing the attention of any person to an object supposed to be visible, the eye will first merely glance towards it, and then fix itself on the person addressed, while the finger continues to point. The position represented in diagram 4 would be proper in delivering such passages as follow :

Hail, holy light ! offspring of heaven first-born.

MILTON.

Rise, O, ever rise !

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !

Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills, —

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,

Great Hierarch !

COLERIDGE.

O, liberty ! — O, sound once delightful to every Roman ear ! O, sacred privilege of Roman citizenship ! — once sacred, now trampled upon ! —
CROMWELL.

Diagram 5.—Figures *a* and *b* in this diagram represent two speakers in a dialogue; the former in an attitude of entreaty, and the latter of denial. The positions may be applicable to passages like the following:

Pierre. Hence! I know thee not.

Jaffier. Not know me, Pierre? OTWAY.

Antony. I would be private: leave me.

Ventidius. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you. DRYDEN.

Sir John. Away! "I do desire we may be better—strangers."

Archy. Nay, Sir John, hear what I have to say. I'll not detain you five minutes.



DIAGRAM V.—ENTREATY AND DENIAL.

Diagrams 6, 7.—Diagram 6 shows one of the positions in which a speaker may stand who is being addressed by another. It also shows a position of the opposite speaker—such a position as he would be likely to assume in putting an interrogatory, or describing an event. A speaker who delivers himself singly to an audience, and one who addresses another speaker in view of an auditory, are under very different predicaments. The first has only one object to

address ; the latter has two ; for, if a speaker were to address the person to whom he speaks, without any regard to the point of view in which he stands with respect to the audience, he would be apt to turn his back on them, and to place himself in ungraceful positions.

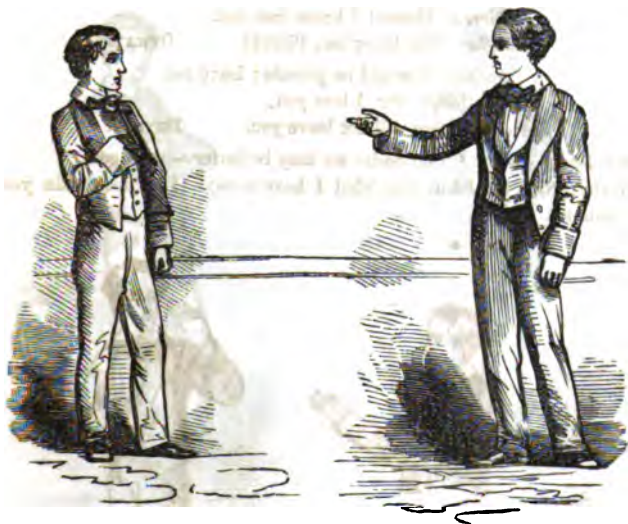


DIAGRAM VI. — RELATIVE POSITIONS.

In a dialogue, each speaker should stand obliquely, for the most part, except in passages not directly addressed to the other. The party to the dialogue who is listening should, as a general rule, let his arms hang naturally by his sides, or with hands approaching (as in diagram 7), unless what is said by the other is of a character to excite agitation or surprise ; or he may, with propriety, occasionally stand with arms folded (see diagram 7), or with the right hand in the left breast, or the reverse, as shown in diagram 6.

Where more than two speakers are introduced, as in some extracts from plays, the speakers should be arranged in a picturesque manner, agreeably to the laws of perspective ; and it is in these scenes that the positions of repose, represented in diagram 7, and by one of the figures in diagram 6, may be most properly introduced.

After all that art can do to devise rules, it may be said, in regard to vocal delivery as well as to gesticulation, that all constraint upon

nature produces affectation, and, of course, destroys true feeling. No general practical rules for gesture, says Sheridan, can be laid down. "The chief end," he adds, "of all public speakers, is *to persuade*; and, in order to persuade, it is, above all things, necessary



DIAGRAM VII. — POSITIONS OF REPOSE.

that the speaker should at least appear himself *to believe what he utters*; but this can never be the case where there are any evident marks of affectation or art. On the contrary, when a man delivers himself in his usual manner, and with the same tones and gestures that he is accustomed to use when he speaks from his heart, — however awkward that manner may be, however ill regulated the tones, he will still have the advantage of being thought sincere." "Nature can do much without art; art but little without nature. Nature assaults the heart; art plays upon the fancy. Force of speaking will produce emotion and conviction; grace only excites pleasure and admiration. As the one is primary, and the other but a secondary end of speech, it is evident that, where one or the other is wholly to take place, the former should have the preference." Where the two are combined, the accomplished orator is formed.

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

§ The place of the pause is immediately before each of the words printed in *italics* in the following examples.

RULE I. — *Pause after the nominative when it consists of more than one word.*

EXAMPLES.

The fashion of this world *passeth* away.

The pleasures and honors of the world to come *are*, in the strictest sense of the word, *everlasting*.

RULE II. — *When any member comes between the nominative case and the verb, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

Trials in this state of being *are* the lot of man.

Money, like manure, *does* no good till it is spread.

RULE III. — *When any member comes between the verb and the objective or accusative case, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

I cannot recall *without* remorse the incident to which you allude.

We witnessed *with* delight the reconciliation of the friends.

RULE IV. — *Words or phrases in apposition, or when the latter only explain the former, have a short pause between them.*

EXAMPLES.

Hope, the balm of life, *soothes* us under every misfortune.

Spenser, the poet, *lived* in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

RULE V. — *Who and which, when in the nominative case, and the pronoun that, when used for who or which, require a short pause before them.*

EXAMPLES.

Death is the season *which* brings our affections to the test.

Nothing is in vain *that* rouses the soul : nothing in vain *that* keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.

A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied *who* is the person *who* has a right to exercise it.

RULE VI. — *Pause before that when it is used as a conjunction.*

EXAMPLES.

The charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned *that* it may be despised.

It is in society only *that* we can relish those pure delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

RULE VII. — *Whatever words are put into the case absolute, must be separated from the rest by a pause.*

EXAMPLES.

If a man borrow aught of his neighbor, and it be hurt or die, *the* owner thereof not being with it, *he* shall surely make it good.

That day shall find us, *Heaven* consenting, *free*.

RULE VIII. — *In reading blank verse, avoid the one extreme of ending every line with too marked a pause; and the other, of confounding one line with another so as to destroy the measure.**

EXAMPLE.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own. COWPER.

RULE IX. — *A simile in poetry ought generally to be delivered in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.*

EXAMPLE.

But ere he could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. SHAKESPEARE.

* Mr. Sheridan, in his *Art of Reading*, has insisted largely on the necessity of making a pause at the end of every line in poetry, whether the sense requires it or not. Walker, in his *Elements of Elocution*, tells us that he asked Dr. Lowth, Mr. Garrick, and Dr. Johnson, about the propriety of this pause, and they all agreed with Mr. Sheridan, though Walker differed. We think that Sheridan is right; but the pause should be so delicate and alight as, while it preserves the music of the verse, not to interrupt the sense or the passion.

THE
INTERMEDIATE
STANDARD SPEAKER.

PART FIRST.—THE ROSTRUM.

I.—THE WORTH OF ELOQUENCE

LET us not, gentlemen, undervalue the art of the orator. Of all the efforts of the human mind, it is the most astonishing in its nature, and the most transcendent in its immediate triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs; but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer. In the solitude of his library the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amid the strife of faction the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils, or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares in silence and amid obloquy the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt; his, and his alone, it is

“The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation’s eyes!”

“I can conceive,” says Cicero, “of no accomplishment more to be desired than to be able to captivate the affections, charm the understanding, and direct or restrain, at pleasure, the will of whole assemblies. This single art has, amongst every free people, commanded the greatest encouragement, and been attended with the most surprising effects. For what can be more astonishing, than that from an immense multitude one man should come forth,

the only, or almost the only man, who can do what Nature has made attainable by all? Or can any thing impart to the ears and the understanding a pleasure so pure as a discourse which at once delights by its elocution, enlists the passions by its rhetoric, and carries captive the conviction by its logic?

“What triumph more noble and magnificent than that of the eloquence of one man, swaying the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so grand, so generous, so public-spirited, as to relieve the suppliant, to raise up the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, to save a fellow-citizen from exile and wrong? Can aught be more desirable than to have always ready those weapons with which we can at once defend the weak, assail the profligate, and redress our own or our country's injuries?

“But, apart from the utility of this art in the Forum, the Rostrum, the Senate, and on the Bench, can any thing in retirement from business be more delightful, more socially endearing, than a language and elocution agreeable and polished on every subject? For the great characteristic of our nature — that which distinguishes us from brutes — is our capacity of social intercourse, our ability to convey our ideas by words. Ought it not, then, to be preëminently our study to excel mankind in that very faculty which constitutes *their* superiority over brutes?

“Upon the eloquence and spirit of an accomplished orator may often depend, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of a government, nay, of a people. Go on, then, ye who would attain this inestimable art. Ply the study you have in hand, pursue it with singleness of purpose, at once for your own honor, for the advantage of your friends, and for the service of your country.

II. — MEANS OF INSTRUCTION IN BOOKS.

THERE is one source of gratification, perhaps the most important of all, and which, it is to be hoped, will be considerably augmented in power and importance in this institution, and that is the Library. Thanks to heaven that we can read! Thanks to heaven that there are books worth reading — books in which the wisdom of ages is collected in a convenient space! Yes, eternal honor to that Pelasgian hero, that mythical Cadmus, who crossed the snowy mountains, and brought the Asiatic gift of letters to the western world, and with that spell awoke the magic muse of Greece! Honor to those scribes — not pharisees — who, on the papyrus leaf and parchment roll — more durable than brass or

stone — recorded the sacred traditions of Judaea, the eloquence of Greece, and the annals of Rome! Honor to those honest workmen of the valley of the Rhine, who multiplied, by forms of wood and metal, all the literature of the ancient world, and gave to mankind a mass of knowledge that can never die, which no Arab chief can burn, and which no accident can in future destroy! How important to read the books which preserve the undying words of Newton, and those illustrious men who have bequeathed to us the legacy of their highest thoughts, treasured up and put out to the noblest uses, for the common good of all mankind!

It behoves every man, whatever his rank in life, to take advantage of opportunities such as these, and especially it concerns the laboring man. We are, or ought to be, all laboring men. I do not think there is one individual, among the respectable company now assembled around me, who does not wish to rank himself as a working man. Some labor by the hand, and others by the head; but no one must be idle. Nor should we insist too much on the distinction between one class of labor and another; nor admit, for a moment, the great error, that labor is a curse. The necessity for labor, imposed by Providence, we cannot avoid; but it depends only upon the mind to fulfill the purpose of Providence, and convert that labor into enjoyment.

Members of this Institute! by constantly attending to the means of instruction which it provides, you will win others to follow your example; the public favor will follow you; every thing will be prosperous before you, and it will be in your power to perpetuate and make more flourishing the institution to which you are attached. You have in hand a noble cause; you have powerful assistance; you have a great work to perform; and I will conclude by advising you to GO AND DO IT.

PROF. JOHN PHILLIPS.

III. — KNOWLEDGE AS A POWER.

LET no man rest the support which he gives to any educational institution upon a notion of the advantages that he is peculiarly to derive from it. Let us build upon a nobler basis than this; for in vain have we founded this Institute, if, now that it is established, we trust for its support to any other than the broad and true principle, that "for the soul of man to be ignorant it is not good." Not because institutions such as this may be made to augment our individual influence in society; not because by the instruction which is here obtained will its possessor be raised in wealth; not because, in popular language, "knowledge is

power," but, because with enlargement of knowledge comes improvement of individual character, and exaltation of social and national happiness. For this reason, let us adhere to the principle that "knowledge is good," because it is a source of blessing to mankind, and therefore deserves the cultivation of every reasonable man.

"Knowledge is power."—Yes! Power!—power to do what? Power to employ the senses and faculties which God has given us in examining the works which he has made; and thus to acknowledge in all creation, "These are thy glorious works!" Power to penetrate the mysteries of nature, to learn the laws of matter and motion, and from all that we can gather from the contemplation of nature to draw one encouraging conclusion — that nothing happens in the universe, which is not carefully planned and strictly attended to. Power to discover the forces which it has pleased the Almighty to put in action among particles of matter, and to turn these forces to the advantage of mankind; bounded no longer by the sea, limited no longer to human strength, served by more than Titanic agents, whereby man may even fly across that gulf which, for thousands of years, separated the two divisions of the world. Power to guide, to govern, and to bless mankind; and, most important of all, power to know and to control ourselves; power to take right views of our allotted place and destiny in and beyond this world; to rise beyond the influence of daily necessity and immediate gratification, into the contemplations suited to immortal spirits, rays of a diviner essence. For these reasons we will honor knowledge as a Power!

IR.

IV.—DOMESTIC USES OF BOOKS.

"ALL our faults," says an author who knew the human heart well, "spring from the inability to be alone." Every day's experience must convince you of the truth of La Bruyère's* remark. Thence comes the desertion of domestic life, the neglect of its duties, the careless parent, the disobedient family, and that wretched craving after external excitement which converts the paradise of home itself into an arid wilderness. But can *that* man ever be alone, can *he* ever dread solitude, who can converse alternately with Virgil and Cicero, with Tasso and Ariosto, with Racine and Corneille, with Scott and Shakspeare? To such a man is really true, what Cicero said of Scipio Africanus, "Never *less* alone than *when* alone; never *less* at rest than *when* at rest." This is the real exclusive society — this is the magic circle, which,

* Pronounced *Lah-broo-e-air's*.

indeed, dignifies humanity ; for it interests without corrupting, and elevates the feeling without hardening the heart. But no haughty pride guards its approach — no zealous spirit forbids its entrance ; the portals are open to all, but they are to be passed only on the wings of perseverance.

In vain does an utilitarian age ask what is the use of literary pursuits? — what benefit is thence to arise to society? — in what respect is the sum of human happiness to be increased by this extension? What, I would ask, in reply, is the use of the poetry of Milton, the music of Handel, the paintings of Raffaele? Why are the roses more prized than all the harvests of the fields, though they are beautiful alone? To what does everything great or elevating in nature tend, if not to the soul itself — to that soul which is eternal and invisible, and never ceases to yearn after the eternal and invisible, how far soever it may be removed from whatever affects only present existence, and which, in that very yearning, at once reveals its ultimate destiny, and points to the means by which alone that destiny is to be attained?

Be not deterred, then, by the difficulties of the ascent, the toil requisite to reach the summit. Of such study may truly be said what has been so finely spoken of the moral uses of affliction: "It is like the black mountain of Bender, in India; the higher you advance, the steeper is the ascent, the darker and more desolate the objects with which you are surrounded; but when you are at the summit, the heaven is above your head, and at your feet the kingdom of Cashmere."

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

V.—ADDRESS TO LADIES.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING.

I SEE with pleasure around me not merely an assembly of men, but a large proportion of the other sex. To the latter I would, in an especial manner, address myself ere we part, and that not in the spirit of chivalrous gallantry, but of serious moral duty. I will do so in the words of a man second to none that ever existed in intellectual power, and least of all liable to be swayed in matters of thought by the attractions of your society. "It is my decided opinion," said Napoleon, "that every thing in the future man depends upon his mother." If any thing was requisite to support so great an authority, I would add, that as far as my own observation has gone, I have never either heard or read of a remarkable man who had not a remarkable mother,

If, then, study is requisite for the men who are to rule the world, what must it be for you who are to form the men? whose blessed province it is to implant those early lessons of virtue, and inculcate those early feelings of religion and habits of perseverance, on which the whole future fate of life depends, and which, by the blessing of God, when once received, will never be forgotten? Thus it is that you will duly discharge your inestimable mission; thus it is that you will contribute your part to the great work of human advancement; and thus it is that you will regain in home the lost Paradise of Eden, and be enabled to say of it, in your last hours, "This it is which has softened the trials of Time; this has, indeed, been the gate of heaven."

IB.

VI.—LAST MOMENTS OF COPERNICUS.

COPERNICUS, after harboring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy, — the solar system, — died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and to make known his system but to a few confidential friends and disciples.

At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on the "revolutions of the heavenly orbs" to his friends for publication. The day at last has come on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543. On that day, — the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind operating upon an exhausted frame, — an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour is come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend who brings him the first printed

copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true.

He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens. A. EVERETT.

VII.—OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND.

SIR, in spite of all that has passed, we owe England much; and even on this occasion, standing in the midst of my generous-minded countrymen, I may fearlessly, willingly, acknowledge the debt. We owe England much;—nothing for her martyrdoms; nothing for her proscriptions; nothing for the innocent blood with which she has stained the white robes of religion and liberty;—these claims our fathers canceled, and her monarch rendered them and theirs a full acquittance forever. But, for the living treasures of her mind, garnered up and spread abroad for centuries by her great and gifted,—who that has drunk at the sparkling streams of her poetry, who that has drawn from the deep fountains of her wisdom, who that speaks and reads and thinks her language, will be slow to own his obligation?

We may forgive the presumption which "declared" its right "to bind the American colonies," for it was wofully expiated by

the humiliation which "acknowledged" those same "American colonies" to be "sovereign and independent states." The immediate workers, too, of that political iniquity, have passed away. Another race is there to lament the folly, another here to magnify the wisdom, that cut the knot of empire. Shall these inherit and entail everlasting enmity? Like the Carthaginian Hamilcar, shall we come up hither with our children, and on this holy altar swear the pagan oath of undying hate? Even our goaded fathers disdained this. Let us fulfill their words, and prove to the people of England that "in peace" we know how to treat them "as friends." They have been twice told that "in war" we know how to meet them as "enemies;" and they will hardly ask another lesson, for it may be that, when the *third* trumpet shall sound, a voice will echo along their sea-girt cliffs — "The glory has departed!" CHARLES SPRAGUE.

VIII — AMERICA'S TRIUMPHS.

WHAT were the victories of Pompey to the united achievements of our Washingtons and Montgomerys and Greens, our Franklins and Jeffersons and Adams's and Laurens's, — of the senate of sages whose wisdom conducted, of the band of warriors whose valor accomplished, of the "noble army of martyrs" whose blood sealed and consecrated, the Revolution of '76? What were the events of a few campaigns, however brilliant and successful, in the wars of Italy, or Spain, or Pontus, to by far the greatest era — excepting, perhaps, the Reformation — that has occurred in the political history of modern times, — to an era that has fixed forever the destinies of a whole quarter of the globe, with the numbers without number that are soon to inhabit it, and has already had, as it will probably continue to have, a visible influence upon the condition of society in all the rest?

Nay, what is there, even in the most illustrious series of victories and conquests, that can justly be considered as affording, to a mind that dares to make a philosophic estimate of human affairs, a nobler and more interesting subject of contemplation and discourse than the causes which led to the foundation of this mighty empire; than the wonderful and almost incredible history of what it has since done and is already grown to; than the scene of unmingled prosperity and happiness that is opening and spreading all around us; than the prospect, as dazzling as it is vast, that lies before us, the uncircumscribed career of aggrandizement and improvement which we are beginning to run under such happy

suspicion, and with the advantage of having *started* at a point where it were well for the species had it been the lot of many nations even to have *ended* their career!

It is true, we shall not boast that the pomp of triumph has three hundred times ascended the steps of our capitol, or that the national temple upon its brow blazes in the spoils of a thousand cities. True, we do not send forth our prætors to plunder and devastate the most fertile and beautiful portions of the earth, in order that a haughty aristocracy may be enriched with booty, or a worthless populace be supplied with bread; nor, in every region under the sun, from the foot of the Grampian hills to the land of frankincense and myrrh, is the spirit of man broken and debased by us beneath the iron yoke of a military domination. No! *our* triumphs are the triumphs of *reason*, of happiness, of human nature. Our rejoicings are greeted with the most cordial sympathy of the cosmopolite and the philanthropist; and the good and the wise all round the globe give us back the echo of our acclamations. It is the singular fortune, or, I should rather say, it is the proud distinction of Americans, that, in the race of moral improvement which society has been every where running for some centuries past, we have outstripped every competitor, and have carried our institutions, in the sober certainty of waking bliss, to a higher pitch of perfection than ever warmed the dreams of enthusiasm or the speculations of the theorist.

HUGH S. LEGARE.

IX. — THE PEACE OF THE NATIONS.

SIR, there are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in the great work of peace. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *Last Reason of Kings*. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce and throw off, forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-top first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era!

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was, at

least, one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met, and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant: while, within, Justice, returned to the earth, from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in Peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world, forever! Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for a golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers on the spot occupied by the Sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the Sepulcher of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself. SUMNER.

X. — CATHOLIC DISQUALIFICATIONS.

You complain of the violence of the Irish Catholic. Can you wonder he is violent? It is the consequence of your own infliction:

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

Your friendship has been to him worse than hostility; he feels its embrace but by the pressure of his fetters. I am only amazed he is not more violent. He fills your exchequer; he fights your battles; he feeds your clergy from whom he derives no benefit; he shares your burdens; he shares your perils; he shares every

thing except your privileges; — *can you wonder he is violent?* No matter what his merit; no matter what his claims; no matter what his services; he sees himself a nominal subject and a real slave, and his children, the heirs, perhaps of his toils, perhaps of his talents, certainly of his disqualifications; — *can you wonder he is violent?*

He sees every pretended obstacle to his emancipation vanished; Catholic Europe your ally, the Bourbon on the throne, the Emperor a captive, the Pope a friend — the aspersions on his faith disproved by his allegiance to you against, alternately, every Catholic potentate in Christendom, and he feels himself branded with hereditary degradation; — *can you wonder, then, that he is violent?*

He petitioned humbly; his tameness was construed into a proof of apathy. He petitioned boldly; his remonstrance was considered as an impudent audacity. He petitioned in peace; he was told it was *not the time*. He petitioned in war; he was told it was *not the time*. A strange interval, a prodigy in politics, a pause between peace and war, which appeared to be just made for him, arose; I allude to the period between the retreat of Louis and the restoration of Bonaparte: he petitioned then, and he was told it was *not the time*. O! shame! shame! shame! — I hope he will petition no more to a parliament so equivocating. However, I am not sorry they did so equivocate, because I think they have suggested one common remedy for the grievances of both countries, and that remedy is, a REFORM OF THAT PARLIAMENT.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

XI.—THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

GENTLEMEN, a most auspicious omen salutes and cheers us, this day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Washington's birthday is celebrated from one end of this land to the other. The whole atmosphere of the country is this day redolent of his principles, — the hills, the rocks, the groves, the vales, and the rivers, shout their praises, and resound with his fame. All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame of Washington. They all recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in the future.

To the old and the young, to all born in this land, and to all whose preferences have led them to make it the home of their

adoption, Washington is an exhilarating theme. Americans are proud of his character; all exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is, this day, here, every where, all over the world, more an object of regard than on any former day since his birth.

Gentlemen, by his example, and under the guidance of his precepts, will we and our children uphold the constitution. Under his military leadership, our fathers conquered their ancient enemies; and, under the outspread banner of his political and constitutional principles, will we conquer *now*. To that standard we shall adhere, and uphold it, through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness,—thick darkness,—if it come, till

“Danger’s troubled night is o’er,
And the star of peace return.”

WEBSTER.

XII. — UNITY OF OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country, with all its sectional diversity of views and feelings, is one. It is one in the rich, manly, vigorous, expressive language we speak, which is become the vernacular tongue, as it were, of parliamentary eloquence,—the very oldest of constitutional freedom. It is one in the fame of our fathers, and in the historical reminiscences which belong to us as a nation. It is one in the political principles of republicanism; one in the substantial basis of our manners; one in the ties of friendship, affinity, and blood, binding us together, throughout the whole extent of the land, in the associations of trade, of emigration, and of marriage; one in that glorious constitution, the best inheritance transmitted to us by our fathers, the monument of their wisdom and their virtue, under whose shelter we live and flourish as a people.

To this great republic, union is peace, union is grandeur, union is power, union is honor, union is every thing which a free-spirited and mighty nation should glory to possess. To us all, next to independence, next to liberty, next to honor, be we persuaded that a cordial and abiding confederacy of the American people is the greatest of earthly goods.

Here, in the eyes of our countrymen and of the world, with the Muse of History before us to record our deeds and our words, let us, like Hannibal, at the altar of his gods, swear eternal faithfulness to our country, eternal hatred to its foes! Show we, that

we are wedded to the Union, for weal or for woe, as the fondest lover would hug to his heart the bride bound to him in the first bright ardor of young possession. We have not purposed to embark in this venture only to sail on the smooth surface of a summer sea, with hope and pleasure to waft us joyously along; but with resolved spirits, ready to meet, like true men, whatever of danger may descend upon our voyage, and to stand up gallantly for the treasure of honor and faith intrusted to our charge. Bally we, then, to the stripes and stars, as the symbol of glory to us, and the harbinger of liberty to all the nations of the world! So long as a shred of that sacred standard remains to us, let us cling to it, with such undying devotion as the Christian pilgrims of the Middle Age cherished for the last fragment of the Cross. Let us fly to its rescue when periled, whether by foreign or domestic assault, as they did to snatch the Holy Sepulcher from the desecration of the Infidel!

CALEB CUSHING.

XIII.—ON A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a cotemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with one another. There is a gentle but per-

feetly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet :

"Emollit mo'ra, nec si'nil esse fer'ra."

It civilizes the conduct of men, and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.

SIR J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

XIV.—NECESSITY OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.

It is my belief, my hearers, that Providence has a great design for this continent, and for our generation. As the Jews of old, as the Apostles, as the Reformers, as our Fathers of 1776, so are we, as a race and as a nation, *a peculiar people, and called to a high and glorious destiny*. We can not falter. We can not go back. We are shut up to the necessity of attempting great things. We must pluck up courage — put our trust in God, and go forward. Disciplined for centuries on the shores of the German ocean, and on the rock-bound coasts of Great Britain, our race struck some of its shoots in this land ; and here a people has grown up, having the wisdom of an old and the vigor of a new-born nation, to fulfill this great design.

We speak not thus from vanity. The only reason why it is so is to be found in the inscrutable ways and sovereign will of Heaven. It is our destiny. Our responsibilities are fearful ; but there is no escape. Our age, our race, our institutions, and the characteristics of our country, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious, — the helplessness and the sufferings of our fellow-men, groaning in chains and under grievous wrongs, — call us to a glorious destiny.

We are hereditary freemen. We have never been in bondage to any man. The blood of the Celts, the Normans, the unconquered Saxons, before whom Caesar and Charlemagne alike recoiled, mingle their heroic currents alike in our own veins, along with that great barbaric stream, which Rome herself could not withstand. These were our pri-me'val sires. And after them, in our line of succession, came the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Non-Conformists, and the Huguenots ; the founders of English liberty, and the men of the continental Reformation from Popery, and the men of '76 : — heritage, descent, and destiny, alike glorious !

• A necessity is laid upon us to live as freemen, or not to live

at all. Whoever else may forsake the sacred cause of liberty, we at least must live where freemen live, or fall where freemen perish!

REV. WM. A. SCOTT, D.D.

XV.—DANGERS OF OUR PROSPERITY.

THE danger, my countrymen, is that we shall become intoxicated by our amazing physical triumphs. Because, within the memory of most of us, the lightning has been harnessed to the newsman's car, and the steam-engine has not only brought the ends of the earth into proximity, but has also provided a working power, which, requiring no nutriment, and susceptible of no fatigue, almost releases living creatures from the necessity of toil,—because of these most marvelous discoveries, we are in danger of believing that like wonders may be achieved in the social and moral world.

But be it remembered that, in all our discoveries, no substitute has been found for conscience, and no machine to take the place of reason. The telegraph cannot legislate, nor the locomotive educate. The mind is still the mind, and must obey its own higher laws. Our most pressing needs are such as no mechanism can supply. What we most lack is true, earnest, sincere, faithful, loyal, self-sacrificing men. Without these, it is in vain that we extend our territory from ocean to ocean, and quarry gold as we do rocks. These physical accessions, coming so suddenly upon us, do but increase our peril. Adversity we might bear, and be the better for it. But how shall we bear this gush of seeming prosperity? Seeming, I say, because time alone can determine whether it is real.

If, my countrymen, with all these excitements, we do not become a nation of reckless adventurers,—gamblers, perhaps, would be the proper word,—if we do not cut ourselves entirely loose from our ancient moorings, but still hold fast to our integrity, our very continence will prove that there is still some sterling virtue left. For never was there so much reason for the prayer, "Deliver us from temptation." After all our conquests, the most difficult yet remains,—the victory over ourselves. We have now to answer, under untried difficulties, that gravest of questions, "What constitutes a State?" And the answer must be like that which was given long, long ago:

"Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.

No ; — men, high-minded men, —

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

TIMOTHY WALKER.

XVI. — MATERIALISM.

MENTION has been made of the word "*materialism*." I hold, sir, a maxim on this matter which personally I have felt of exceeding consequence. It is time the truth had gone forth, to be held as a maxim for evermore, THAT IN PROPORTION TO THE DEPTH OF ONE'S FAITH, IS THE ABSENCE OF UNEASINESS BECAUSE OF DIFFERENCE OF OPINION. Materialism never arises from *knowledge* ; it is, on the other hand, a certification of *deficiency*, on the part of the mind cherishing it. It consists, not in the exposition of any positive knowledge, but in the dogmatic assertion, that beyond the line of such knowledge there lies nothing more.

To deal with materialism, then, what is our course? Never to deny or undervalue truth distinctly laid down, but to deny that what is known is a *limit* : that the system pretending to be everything is, whatever its special value, the *everything* it pretends : not to imagine that man ought not to study the laws of Nature, but to show him that beyond these, toward the region of sunset, there are powers which made and sustain even the entire of nature's fabric — an august Being — even the Father of our spirits — with whom, though the seasons change, and those stupendous orbs rest not in their courses, there is never variable-ness or shadow of turning.

PROFESSOR NICHOL.

XVII. — FALSE NOTIONS OF OFFICE.

SIR, it were melancholy, indeed, if the only path to true glory were through official distinction. Were this to become the universal sentiment, I should tremble for the dignity of American character. Far distant be the day when we shall begin to value ourselves chiefly for what is extrinsic and factitious. What sentiment can be more anti-republican?

I AM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN! Is not this enough to boast of? or must we add, *I have a commission — I have a diploma — I carry written certificates of my respectability?* Time was when the exclamation, *I am a Roman citizen!* was a passport every

where ; and shall we, who acknowledge no aristocracy but that of nature, who respect no charter of nobility but that which the Almighty has given, by stamping us for men ; shall we, **THE PEOPLE**, who call ourselves the fountain of all honor, and those to whom we delegate authority our servants — shall we prostrate ourselves before the images our own fiat has set up ?

Away with such a degrading thought ! We underrate ourselves as private citizens ; we fail in proper self-respect, when we ascribe so much consequence to badges and places. And the evil is most pernicious in its influence upon young men, because their eyes are most likely to be dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of office. It seems to me that patriotism could not breathe a purer prayer than that all our youth might grow up and enter upon life with a determination to respect themselves for what they are intrinsically, and not for what the suffrages of others may make them. The individual man, with his immortal hopes and energies, would then be every thing, and the tinsel glories of station nothing. But now,

“ Proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.”

TIMOTHY WALKER.

XVIII — IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICANS.

SIR, the impressment of our seamen by Great Britain is an outrage to which we never can submit without national ignominy and debasement. This crime of impressment may justly be considered — posterity will so consider it — as transcending the amount of all the other wrongs we have received.. Ships and merchandise belong to individuals, and may be valued ; may be endured as subjects of negotiation. But *men* are the property of the *nation*. In every American face a part of our country's sovereignty is written. It is the living emblem — a thousand times more sacred than the nation's flag itself — of its character, its independence, and its rights.

“ But,” say the British, “ we want not *your* men ; we want only *our own*. Prove that they are *yours*, and we will surrender them.” Baser outrage ! more insolent indignity ! that a free-born American must be made to *prove* his nativity to those who have previously violated his liberty, else he is to be held for ever as a slave ! That before a British tribunal — a British boarding

officer — a free-born American must be made to seal up the vouchers of his lineage, to exhibit the records of his baptism and his birth, to establish the identity that binds him to his parents, to his blood, to his native land, by setting forth in odious detail his size, his age, the shape of his frame, whether his hair is long or cropped — his marks — like an ox or a horse of the manger — that all this must be done as the condition of his escape from the galling thralldom of a British ship! Can we hear it, can we think of it, with any other than indignant feelings at our tarnished name and nation?

Sir, when this same insatiate foe, in the days of the Revolution, landed with seventeen thousand hostile troops upon our shores, the Congress of '76 declared our independence, and hurled defiance at the martial array of England! And shall *we* *now* hesitate? shall *we* bow our necks in submission? shall *we* make an ignominious surrender of our birthright under the plea that we are not prepared to defend it? No, Americans! Yours has been a pacific republic, and therefore has not exhibited military preparation; but it is a free republic, and therefore will it now, as before, soon command battalions, discipline, courage! Could a general of old by only stamping on the earth raise up armies, and shall a whole nation of freemen, at such a time, know not where to look for them? The soldiers of Bunker Hill, the soldiers of Bennington, the soldiers of the Wabash, the seamen of Tripoli, forbid it!

RICHARD RUSH (July 4, 1812).

XIX. — WAR SOMETIMES A MORAL DUTY.

SIR, I dissent from the resolutions before us. I dissent because they would pledge me to the utter repudiation of physical force, — at all times, in all countries, and under every circumstance. This I can not do; for, sir, when national rights are to be vindicated, I do not repudiate the resort to physical force — I do not abhor the use of arms. There are occasions when arms alone will suffice; — when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood — ay, for many thousand drops of blood.

Opinion, I admit, sir, may be left to operate against opinion. But force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument, but not against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is only the weaponed arm of the patriot, that can prevail against battalioned despotism. Therefore, sir, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the

King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion, of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent, and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, yet, sir, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No!—for in the passes of the Ty-rol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and through those craggy de-FILES struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist* of Innsbruck!

Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No!—for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps, and knocked their flag and scepter, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.†

Abhor the sword? Stigmatize the sword? No!—for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by the redeeming magic of the sword, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

XX.—AGAINST UNDERHAND MEASURES.

REVIEWING, sir, the political movements in Ireland for some years past, it would seem as if those principles of public virtue, which give to a people their truest dignity and their surest strength, had been systematically decried. Truth has been frittered away by expediency, generosity has been supplanted by selfishness, self-sacrifice has been lampooned as an ancient folly.

To repeal the Union, we are told it is essential that repealers should take offices!—to give the minister a decisive blow, it is expedient to equip the patriot hand with gold! Strenuously to oppose the minister, you must, first of all, *beg* of the minister, then be his *very humble*, and, if possible, conclude with being his *much obliged* servant! The financial statement between the two countries can not be properly made out, until some repeal account-

* Andrew Hofer, a gallant leader of the Tyrolese. Tried by court-martial, he was shot by his country's oppressors, Feb. 20, 1810.

† Pronounced, Skelt.

ant has had a friendly intercourse with the Treasury, and a propitious acquaintance with the Mint!

Impoverished by the Union, beggared by the Union, driven to the last extremity of destitution by the Union, it is advisable that we should prove all this to the minister and the parliament, with our pockets full of salaries, and our family circumstances in full bloom!

Denouncing the rapacity of England, we are to share her spoils! Impeaching the minister, we are to become his hirelings! Claiming independence, shouting for independence, foaming for independence, we are to crawl to the castle of the Lord Lieutenant, and there crave the luxuries and the shackles of the slave! Thus we are told to act! Thus we are implored to agitate! This is the great, peaceful, moral, and constitutional doctrine! This, the true way to make us the noblest people on the face of the globe, and restore Ireland to her place among the nations!

Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine! — teaching the tongue that has burned and denounced, to cool and compliment! Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine! — teaching the people, on their march to freedom, to kneel and grovel before the golden idol in the desert! Mean, venal, and destructive doctrine! — teaching whining, teaching flattery, teaching falsehood! Scout it, spurn it, fling it back to the castle from whence it came! — there let it lie, among the treasured instructions of tyranny, and the precious revelations of treason!

IR.

XXI. — PATRIOTISM A REALITY.

SIR, the pursuit of liberty must cease to be a traffic. It must resume among us its ancient glory — be with us an active heroism. Once for all, sir, we must have an end of this money-making in the public forum. We must ennoble the strife for liberty; make it a gallant sacrifice, not a vulgar game; rescue the cause of Ireland from the profanation of those who beg, and from the control of those who bribe!

Ah! trust not those dull philosophers of the age, those wretched skeptics, who, to rebuke our enthusiasm, our folly, would persuade us that patriotism is but a delusion, a dream of youth, a wild and glittering passion; that it has died out in this nineteenth century; that it can not exist with our advanced civilisation — with the steam-engine and free trade!

False — false! — The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity

its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to preserve, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime — its worship and festivities. On the heathered hills of Scotland, the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate hall, England bids her sculptor place among the effigies of her greatest sons the images of Hampden and of Russell. By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. At Innsbruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andrew Hofer. In the great American republic — in that capital city which bears his name — rises the monument of the Father of his country.

Sir, shall we not join in this glorious homage, and here in this island, consecrated by the blood of many a good and gallant man, shall we not have the faith, the duties, the festivities, of patriotism? You discard the weapons of these heroic men — do not discard the virtues. Elevate the national character; confront corruption wherever it appears; scourge it from the hustings; scourge it from the public forum; and, whilst proceeding with the noble task to which you have devoted your lives and fortunes, let this thought enrapture and invigorate your hearts: That in seeking the independence of your country, you have preserved her virtue — preserved it at once from the seductions of a powerful minister, and from the infidelity of bad citizens. IB.

XXII.—THE RESURRECTION OF ITALY (1847).

SIR, is there nothing in the events now transpiring around us to rouse Ireland from her sleep — to stir the blood of her sons? Beyond the Alps a trumpet calls the dead nations of Europe from their shrouds. Do you not hear it? Does it not ring through the soul, and quiver through the brain?

Italy — at whose tombs the poets of the Christian world have knelt and received their inspiration — Italy, amid the ruins of whose Forum the orators of the world have learnt to sway the souls of men — Italy, from whose radiant skies the sculptor draws down the fire that quickens the marble into life — Italy, the brave, the beautiful, and the gifted — Italy is in arms!

Prostrate for centuries amid the dust of heroes, wasting silently away, she has started from her swoon; for the vestal flame could not be extinguished. Austria — old, decrepid, haggard thief,

clotted with the costly blood of Poland — trembles as she sheathes her sword, and plays the penitent within the walls of Ferrara.

Glory to the citizens of Rome, who have sworn that they prize liberty as a treasure to be battled for with their lives ! And glory to the maids and matrons of Rome, who bid the chivalry of their houses go forth in the righteous cause !

And what can Ireland do to aid this brilliant nation in her struggle ? In rags, in hunger, and in sickness, — sitting, like a widowed queen, amid the shadows of her pillar towers and the gray altars of a forgotten creed, — with two millions of her sons and daughters lying slain and shroudless at her feet, — what can this poor island do ? Weak, sorrowful, treasureless, as she is, I believe there are still a few rich drops within her heart that she can spare.

Perish the law that forbids her to give more ! Perish the law that, having drained her of her wealth, forbids her to be the boldest spirit in the fight ! Perish the law which, in the language of one whose genius I admire, but whose apostasy I shall never imitate, “converts the island which ought to be the most fortunate in the world into a receptacle of suffering and degradation — counteracting the magnificent arrangement of Providence — frustrating the beneficent designs of God !”

IR.

XXIII. — ENGLISH LEGISLATION — EUROPEAN EXAMPLES.

MEN of Ireland, a right noble philosophy has taught us that God has divided the world into those beautiful systems, called nations, each of which, fulfilling its separate mission, becomes an essential benefit to the rest. To this divine arrangement will you alone refuse to conform, — surrendering the position, renouncing the responsibility, which you have been assigned ?

Shame upon you ! — Switzerland, without a colony, without a gun upon the seas, without a helping hand from any court in Europe, has held for centuries her footing on the Alps ; spite of the avalanche, has made her little territory sustain the children to whom she has given birth ; and, though a blood-red cloud is breaking, even whilst I speak, over one of her brightest lakes, be sure — whatever plague it may portend — be sure of this : the cap of foreign despotism will never gleam again in the marketplace of Altorf.

Shame upon you ! Norway, with her scanty population, scarce a million strong, has kept her flag upon the Categat ; has reared a race of gallant sailors to guard her frozen soil ; year after year has nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swede can

lay no claim; has saved her ancient laws, and to the spirit of her frank and hardy sons commits the freedom which she rescued from the allied swords when they hacked her crown at Frederickstadt!

Shame upon you! Greece, "whom the Goth, nor Turk, nor Time hath spared," has torn the crescent from the Acropolis; has crowned a king in Athens, whom she calls her own; has taught you that a nation should never die; that not for an idle pageant has the blood of heroes flowed; that not to vex a school-boy's brain, nor smoulder in a heap of learned dust, has the fire of heaven issued from the tribune's tongue!

And you—you, who are eight millions strong—you, who have no avalanche to dread—you, who might cull a plenteous harvest from your soil, and with the sickle strike away the scythe of death—you, who have thus been prompted to all that is wise, generous, and great—you will make no effort; you will whine, and beg, and skulk, in sores and rags, upon this favored land; you will congregate in drowsy councils, and, when the very earth is loosening beneath your feet, you will respectfully suggest new clauses and amendments to some blundering bill; you will mortgage the last acre of your estates; you will bid a prosperous voyage to your last grain of corn; you will be beggared by the million; you will perish by the thousand; and the finest island which the sun looks down upon, amid the jeers and hootings of the world, will blacken into a plague-spot, a wilderness, a sepulcher!

IB.

XXIV.—THE TRANSPORTATION OF MITCHEL.

Who speaks to Ireland of depression? Banish it! Let not the banners droop, let not the battalions reel, when the young chief is down! You have to avenge that fall. Until that fall shall have been avenged, a sin blackens the soul of the nation, and repels from our cause the sympathies of every gallant people.

For one, I am pledged to follow him. Once again they shall have to pack their jury-box; once again exhibit to the world the frauds and mockeries, the tricks and perjuries, upon which their power is based. In this island the English never—never shall have rest! The work, begun by the Norman, never shall be completed!

Generation transmits to generation the holy passion which pants for liberty, which frets against oppression. From the blood which drenched the scaffolds of 1798 the felons of this year have sprung. Should *their* blood flow, peace, and loyalty, and debasement,

may here, for a time, resume their reign; the snows of a winter, the flowers of a summer, may clothe the proscribed graves; but from those graves there shall hereafter be an armed resurrection.

Peace, loyalty, and debasement, forsooth! A stagnant society, breeding in its bosom slimy, sluggish things which make their way by stealth to the surface, and there creep, cringe, and glitter in the glare of a provincial royalty! *Peace, loyalty, and debasement!* A mass of pauperism, shoveled off the land, stoked in fever-sheds and poor-houses, shipped to Canadian swamps—rags, pestilence, and vermin! Behold the rule of England, — and, in that rule, behold humanity dethroned, and Providence blasphemed!

To keep up this abomination, they enact their laws of felony. To sweep away the abomination, we must break through their laws. Should the laws fail, they will hedge in the abominations with their bayonets and gibbets. These too shall give way before the torrent of fire which gathers in the soul of the people. The question so long debated — debated years ago on fields of blood — debated latterly in a venal senate amid the jeers and yells of faction — the question as to who shall be the owners of this island, must be this year determined. The end is at hand, and so — *unite and arm!*

1B.

XXV.—THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

Of all the sciences, gentlemen, history is that which is always advancing. Mathematics and philosophical improvements may be long at a stand; poetry and the arts are often stationary, often retrograde; but every year, every month, every day, is contributing its knowledge to the grand magazine of historical experience. Look at what the last years have added, and behold how history accumulates as she rolls along — what new attractions she holds forth to mankind! But with what an accession of beauty she invites us to the study of her charms, while she recounts the acts and the heroism of our own ancestry!

Let the energies of our country become extinct; let her armies be overwhelmed; let her navy become the spoil of the enemy and the ocean; let the national credit become a byword; let the last dregs of an exhausted treasury be wrung from her coffers; let the constitution crumble; let the enemy ride in her capital, and her frame fall asunder in political dissolution; — then stand with history on one hand, and oratory on the other, over the

grave in which her energies lie entombed, — and cry aloud ! Tell her that there was a time when the soul of a Briton would not bend before the congregated world ; tell her that she once called her sons around her, and wrung the charter of her liberties from a reluctant despot's hand ; tell her that she was the parent of the band of brothers that fought on Crispin's day ; tell her that Spain sent forth a nation upon the seas against her, and that England and the elements overwhelmed it ; tell her that six centuries were toiling to erect the edifice of her constitution, and that at length the temple arose ; tell that there are plains in every quarter of the globe where victory has buried the bones of her heroes ;

“ That the spirits of her fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ! ”

Tell her that when the enemy of human liberty arose, the freedom of the whole world took refuge with her ; that with an arm of victory, alone and unaided, she flung back the usurper, till recreant Europe blushed with shame ; — tell her all this ; and I say that the power of lethargy must be omnipotent, if she does not shake the dust from her neck, and rise in flames of annihilating vengeance on her destroyer.

For the reader of history, every hero has fought, every philosopher has instructed, every legislator has organized. Every blessing was bestowed, every calamity was inflicted, for his information. In public, he is in the audit of his counselors, and enters the senate with *Pé-ri-clés*, *Solon*, and *Lycurgus*, about him ; in private, he walks among the tombs of the mighty dead ; and every tomb is an oracle. But who is he that should pronounce this awakening call ? who is he whose voice should be the trumpet and war-cry to an enslaved and degraded nation ? — It should be the voice of such a one as he who stood over slumbering Greece, and uttered a note at which Athens started from her indolence, Thebes roused from her lethargies, and Macedon trembled.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

XXVI. — OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

SIR, it is our common schools which give the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain, — invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the char-

acteristic feature of our social system ; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, like a moral life, pervades the country.

From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of O-rion's belt ; with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets ; with Franklin, grasp the lightning. Columbus, fortified with a few sound geographical principles, was, on the deck of his crazy caravel, more truly the monarch of Castile and Aragon, than Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned beneath the golden vaults of the conquered Alhambra. And Robinson, with the simple training of a rural pastor in England, when he knelt on the shore of Delft Haven, and sent his little flock upon their Gospel errantry beyond the world of waters, exercised an influence over the destinies of the civilized world, which will last to the end of time.

Sir, it is a solemn, a tender and sacred duty, that of education. What, sir, feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger ! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties ! Plant the earth, cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and as senseless as the poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine ! What ! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked ! What ! send out your vessels to the farthest ocean, and make battle with the monsters of the deep, in order to obtain the means of lighting up your dwellings and work-shops, and prolonging the hours of labor for the meat that perisheth, and permit that vital spark, which God has kindled, which He has intrusted to our care, to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame, — permit it, I say, to languish and go out !

What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity ? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away ! — that a light may *there* be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens ! I

can add nothing, sir, to this consideration. I will only say, in conclusion, *Education*, — when we feed that lamp, we perform the highest social duty! If we quench it, I know not where (humanly speaking), for time or for eternity, —

“ I know not where is that Pro-me-the-an heat,
That can its light relume ! ”

EDWARD EVERETT.

XXVII. — THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

SIR, in the efforts of the people, — of the people struggling for their rights, — moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart, — there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble. Their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the CAUSE alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always *must* conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjections runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature, God, is their ally! Now He overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now He buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; He lets loose His tempests on their fleets; He puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; He never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, *resolved* to be free. IB.

“ For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

XXVIII. — WAR UNSANCTIONED BY CHRISTIANITY.

WHERE, sir, in what page of its records, does Christianity sanction war? Is it in the angels' song at the birth of Christ, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men"? Is it in the benediction promised by our Divine Lord on the peace-makers? Is it in his command to love our enemies, and, when smitten on one cheek, to turn, without resistance or revenge, the other to the offender? Is it, in short, in the whole genius and spirit of Christianity? Is it not strange that Christianity should have been eighteen centuries delivering its lessons in our world, and that men should be so ignorant of its nature and duties, as to need to be told that it is hostile to the spirit of *war*?

It is this propensity to hostility, on the part of so many who profess Christianity, that has alienated so many from it, and fostered the infidelity of the age. How often are we met with the taunt, that Christendom has been as deeply involved in this dreadful practice as the pagan and Mahometan nations. We deplore the fact; but we deny that it is sanctioned by the New Testament. Tell us not of the foul deeds that have been perpetrated in the name of Christianity;—that her princes have been ambitious, and her priests rapacious; that one has drawn the sword and unfurled the banner under the benediction of the other; and that both have met in the camp, the crusade, and the battle-field, covered with blood, and reveling in slaughter. The question is not what her sacred name has been abused to sanctify; but has it been performed by her authority, has it accorded with her principles, and been congenial with her spirit? Shall those who have violated her maxims, set at defiance her commands, despised her remonstrances, and stifled her cries,—shall they be allowed to plead her authority in justification of their doings? Not only Christianity herself, but common honesty says, No.

I know very well there are four millions of men under arms in Europe; I know also what a seemingly petty incident may call all those to deadly strife; and it is quite possible, if not even probable, that a deadly struggle may impend. Still, the reign of peace is coming. Many a bright and beautiful day has been ushered in by a terrific thunder-storm, and while the thunders were rolling, day was advancing behind the cloud that sent them forth. Let Europe be again involved in battle and bloodshed, still here in this our congress is the dawn of the day of peace. Take courage, then, Christian brethren, in carrying on your paci-

fic schemes. Your children, or your children's children, may hear the last peals of war die away amid the shouts of universal peace, and see the commencement of the millennial period of general brotherhood, when Christians, blushing over the crimes of former generations, shall hasten to hide the memorials of their shame, and upon the anvil of revelation shall, with the brawny arm of reason, "beat the swords into plowshares, and the spears into pruning-hooks."

REV. JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

XXIX. — THE MOTHER OF EMPIRES.

At the Railroad Celebration in Boston, September 19, 1851.

SIR, it is impossible to live as long as I have in America without entering very keenly into the feelings of pride and gratification with which Americans, and Canadians too, talk of their country. It is wonderfully progressing, and has wonderful resources. But when I hear boastful language indulged in, partaking of a tone somewhat disparaging as respects other countries, less advantageously situated, I cannot help thinking of an eloquent passage in the writings of my most eloquent friend, now no more, the late Dr. Chalmers, in which he refers to the simultaneous discovery of the telescope and the microscope. He dilates in gorgeous and emphatic language upon the vast lights shed by each in its respective sphere upon the beneficence, the wisdom, and the power, of the Almighty. So would I say to such a speaker as I have just referred to :

Sir, when you have satisfied your gaze by contemplating the magnificent scene spread out before you ; when, with the aid of the telescope, you have scanned those mighty prairies which the plowshare has not yet broken ; when you have cast your eye upon those boundless forests which the ax has not yet touched ; when you have traveled over those extensive territories which are underlain by valuable mineral fields which the cupidity of man has not yet rifled ; when you have gazed upon all these to your heart's content, just lay your telescope aside, and take this little microscope from me, and I will show you a little island, far hidden behind that Eastern wave ; an island so diminutive that you might take it up bodily, and toss it into the lakes which lie between the Canadas and the United States, without filling them up ; but which, nevertheless, was the source whence came forth the valor and the might which laid on this continent the foundation of empires.

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that all history and all wisdom have shown that without love of liberty, without respect for order and for law, you can have no sufficient security that your empire will prove enduring.

LORD ELGIN.

XXX. — SARCASMS AGAINST REFORM.

GENTLEMEN, it is the fate of every good cause to encounter sarcasm. Let us remember that, to avoid this kind of attack, we must have on our side that which is impossible and contradictory; that is, we ought to have for our allies all the errors and all the passions which mislead the world; we ought to clash with nothing,* to deny nothing, to be in no one's way; in a word, we ought to *be* nothing.

Point me out the good cause which at its advent was not the object of railery,† and which was not assailed by similar derision. Not one! No, not one, from one end of history to the other. When the Truth Incarnate appeared in the world, when the Son of God descended upon earth, how was he received by men? With wrong, with sarcasm, with blasphemery in their mouths, which they hurled at him. What did they say to HIM? "Thou art thyself possessed of a devil, and dost thou cast out devils? Physician, cure thyself!" Yes! and at that awful and sublime moment when he was carrying out his devotedness to man, to the extreme limit even of self-sacrifice, at the moment of his death, what did the scoffers shout in his ears? "He saved others; himself he cannot save! If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross!"

Ah! doubtless he had the power of doing so. He might, even in that moment of agony, have manifested himself in all his glory; have confounded his enemies; have overwhelmed and annihilated them with the dazzling blaze of his omnipotency. But no; he would not. And what was his reply to sarcasm, and scorn, and contumely?

Not a word, but a fact. He died! He, omnipotent as he was, remained motionless, nailed to the cross, and then gave up the ghost. With divine calmness he completed his work. He did not save himself; he saved man. And this was his reply to sarcasm.

Gentlemen, I do not compare, I do not presume to institute a comparison, between the work of the Redeemer and that of our

* *Nothing*, pronounce nūthing; *none*, nūn.

† Pronounce rāil lery.

peace society. Such a comparison would not be permitted me; But our Divine Master set us an example; and, as he has himself told us, he set us that example, that we should follow it. Let us do so, then; let us do so perseveringly. In spite of all the raillery and sarcasm of the worldly wise, let us persevere in an enterprise which we know to be good and just, and which we think it is our duty to prosecute to the end. Yes, let us all persevere; ministers of religion, instructors of youth, conductors of the public press; let us persevere in the straight path of conscience and of truth, and let us not be one instant diverted from our purpose and our course by the fear of a sarcasm. Let us bring to bear all the influence that our speech or our pen may possess, to advance this great and sacred cause of permanent and universal peace.

FROM THE FRENCH OF REV. ATHANASE COQUEREL.

XXXI. — THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, the hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion * will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running back-

* The centennial celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 22, 1820.

ward and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life—to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!

WEBSTER.

XXXII. — THE INTEMPERATE HUSBAND. *in Temperance*

It is, my friends, in the degradation of a husband by intemperance, above all, that she, who has ventured every thing, feels that every thing is lost. Woman, silent-suffering, devoted woman, here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of *her* woe is in truth full, whose husband is a drunkard. Who shall protect her, when *he* is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of *his* face, and trembles at the sound of *his* voice? The hearth is indeed dark, that *he* has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return that will only wring from her by his unkindness tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgression.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past. Like the recollection to the sun-stricken pilgrim of the cool spring that he drank at in the morning, the joys of other days come over her, as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy; the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if this can really be he — this sunken being, who has now nothing

for her but the sot's disgusting brutality—nothing for those abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example!

Can we wonder that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should snap asunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart"?—that, though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dead husband, and lay his body for ever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debasing life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy?

Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb—though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. But to behold him, fallen away from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy—at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery—abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw—*this* is the woe that the wife feels is more dreadful than death, that she mourns over as worse than widowhood.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

XXXIII. — TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.

PERHAPS in the history of the world the power of a single will was never more triumphantly exhibited than it was at Buena Vista. Taylor had been advised to fall back for safety on Monterey—stripped of some of his best troops, far advanced in the enemies' country, with an army numbering only about four thousand, and but one third of them regulars; with no reserved force to support him; with the intelligence brought in that Santa Anna, at the head of twenty thousand men, was marching against him; then he took his position in a gorge of the Sierra Madre, and determined to meet the shock of battle. He would neither retreat nor resign; he would fight.

There flashed forth a great spirit! The battle came; the odds were fearful; but who could doubt the result when American troops stood in that modern Thermopylæ, and in the presence of such a leader? It was in vain that Mexican artillery played upon their ranks, or Mexican infantry bore down with the bayonet, or Mexican lancers charged. The spirit of the great leader

pervaded the men who fought with him, and a single glance of his eye could reanimate a wavering column.

Like Napoleon at the Danube, he held his men under fire because he was exposed to it himself; and like him, wherever he rode along the lines mounted on a white charger, a conspicuous mark for balls, men would stand and be shot down, but they would not give way. Of Taylor on that day it may be said, as it has been said of Lannes at Montebello, "He was the rock of that battle-field, around which men stood with a tenacity which nothing could move. If he had fallen, in five minutes that battle would have been a rout." That battle closed Gen. Taylor's military career, and that battle alone gives him a title to immortality.

H. W. MILLIARD.

XXXIV. — LITERARY PURSUITS.

You will perhaps be told, fellow-students, that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Heed not the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes, forging by the light of the midnight lamp those thunderbolts of eloquence which

"Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece —
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven, and the scepter from the hands of the oppressor.

Do they say to you that study will lead you to skepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his gen-

gious soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of life, your shield the breastplate of Religion.

A. H. EVERETT.

XXXV. — DEFENSE OF MR. MADISON.

You object to Mr. Madison, the want of energy. *The want of energy!* How has Mr. Madison shown it? Was it in standing abreast with the van of our Revolutionary patriots, and braving the horrors of a seven years' war for liberty, while you were shuddering at the sound of the storm, and clinging closer with terror to your mothers' breasts? Was it, on the declaration of our independence, in being among the first and most effective agents in casting aside the feeble threads which so poorly connected the states together, and, in lieu of them, substituting that energetic bond of union, the Federal Constitution? Was it in the manner in which he advocated the adoption of this substitute; in the courage and firmness with which he met, on this topic, fought hand to hand, and finally vanquished, that boasted prodigy of nature, Patrick Henry?

Is this the proof of his want of energy? Or will you find it in the manner in which he watched the first movements of the Federal Constitution? He was then in a minority. Turn to the debates of Congress, and read his arguments: you will see how the business of a virtuous and able minority is conducted. Do you discover in them any evidence of want of energy? Yes; if energy consist, as you seem to think it does, in saying rude things, in bravado and bluster, in pouring a muddy torrent of coarse invective, as destitute of argument as unwarranted by provocation, you will find great evidence of want of energy in his speeches.

But, if true energy be evinced, as we think it is, by the calm and dignified, yet steady, zealous, and persevering pursuit of an object, his whole conduct during that period is honorably marked with energy. And that energy rested on the most solid and durable basis — conscious rectitude; supported by the most profound and extensive information, by an habitual power of investigation, which unraveled, with intuitive certainty, the most

intricate subjects; and an eloquence, chaste, luminous, and cogent, which won respect, while it forced conviction.

But what an idea is *yours* of energy! You feel a constitutional irritability; — you indulge it, and you call that indulgence *energy*! Sudden fits of spleen, transient starts of passion, wild paroxysms of fury, the more slow and secret workings of envy and resentment, cruel taunts and sarcasms, the dreams of disordered fancy, the crude abortions of short-sighted theory, the delirium and ravings of a hectic fever, — this is your notion of energy! Heaven preserve our country from such energy as this! If this be the kind of energy which you deny to Mr. Madison, the people will concur in your denial. But, if you deny him that salutary energy which qualifies him to pursue his country's happiness and to defend her rights, we follow up the course of his public life, and demand the proof of your charge.

WM. WIRT. 1

XXXVI. — LAW THE POWER OF ALL.

Is, fellow-citizens, whenever the pride of a state is offended, or her selfishness rebuked, she may assume an attitude of defiance, may pour her rash and angry menaces on her confederated sisters, may claim a sovereignty altogether independent of them, and acknowledge herself to be bound to the Union by no ties but such as she may dissolve at pleasure, we do indeed hold our political existence by a most precarious tenure, and the future destinies of our country are as dark and uncertain as the past have been happy and glorious.

Happy is that country, fellow-citizens, and only that, where the laws are not only just and equal, but supreme and irresistible; where selfish interests and disorderly passions are curbed by an arm to which they must submit. We look back with horror and affright to the dark and troubled ages when a cruel and gloomy superstition tyrannized over the people of Europe; dreaded alike by kings and people, by governments and individuals; before which the law had no force, justice no respect, and mercy no influence. The sublime precepts of morality, the kind and endearing charities, the true and rational reverence for a bountiful Creator, which are the elements and the life of our religion, were trampled upon, in the reckless career of ambition, pride, and the lust of power. Nor was it much better when the arm of the warrior and the sharpness of his sword determined every question of right, and held the weak in bondage to the strong; and the revengeful feuds of the great involved in one common ruin

themselves and their humblest vassals. These disastrous days are gone, never to return. There is no power but the *Law*, which is the power of *all*; and those who administer it are the *masters* and the *ministers* of all.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

XXXVII. — FATE OF THE INDIANS.

In the fate of the Aborigines* of our country — the American Indians — there is much, fellow-citizens, to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? the sachems and tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished! They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, — nor famine nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores — a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated — a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have

* Pronounced *ab-o-rig'i-nis*.

passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them, — no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, not unseen : it is to the general burial-ground of their race.

JUDGE STORY.

XXXVIII. — MORAL ATTRIBUTES OF WASHINGTON.

SIR, it was not solid information or sound judgment, or even that rare combination of surpassing modesty and valor, great as these qualities are, which gave Washington his hold on the regard, respect, and confidence, of the American people. I hazard nothing in saying that it was the high moral elements of his character, which imparted to it its preponderating force. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which he framed or copied for his own use, when a boy. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances were so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray.

Who ever thinks of Washington as a mere politician? Who ever associates him with the petty arts and pitiful intrigues of partisan office-seekers or partisan office-holders? Who ever pictures him canvassing for votes, dealing out proscription, or doling out patronage?

And there was as little of the vulgar hero about him, as there was of the mere politician. At the head of a victorious army, of which he was the idol, — an army too often provoked to the very verge of mutiny, by the neglect of an inefficient government, — we find him the constant counselor of subordination, and submission to the civil authority. With the sword of a conqueror at his side, we find him the unceasing advocate of peace. Repeatedly invested with more than the power of a Roman Dictator, we see him receiving that power with reluctance, employing it with the utmost moderation, and eagerly embracing the earliest opportunity to resign it. The offer of a crown could not, did not tempt him, for an instant, from his allegiance to liberty. He rejected it with indignation and abhorrence, and proceeded to devote all his energies, and all his influence, all his popularity, and all his ability, to the establishment of that republican system, of which he was, from first to last, the uncompromising advocate, and with the ultimate success of which he believed the best interests of America and of the world were inseparably connected.

It is thus that, in contemplating the *character* of Washington, the offices which he held, the acts which he performed, his success as a statesman, his triumphs as a soldier, almost fade from our sight. It is not the Washington of the Delaware or the Brandywine, of Germantown or of Monmouth; it is not Washington the President of the Convention, or the President of the Republic, which we admire. We cast our eyes over his life, not to be dazzled by the meteoric luster of particular passages, but to behold its whole pathway radiant, radiant everywhere, with the true glory of a just, conscientious, consummate man! Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that

“ . . . all the ends he aimed at
Were his country’s, his God’s, and truth’s.”

Of him we feel it to be no exaggeration to say, that he stands, upon the page of history, the great modern illustration and example of that exquisite and divine precept, which fell from the lips of the dying monarch of Israel, —

“ He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God; and he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, — even a morning without clouds.”

ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

XXXIX. — NEW ENGLANDERS IN NEW ORLEANS.

From an address before the New England Society, at New Orleans,
Dec. 22, 1845.

WHILE we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that, though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles, meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad Republic. In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us, the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly de-

volves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding, with pious care, those sacred household gods.

We can not do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of Union; thrice accursed the traitorous lips, whether of Northern fanatic or Southern demagogue, which shall propose its severance! But no! the Union can not be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred—its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns; when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the North, stand upon the banks of the Great River, and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder, Lo! this our country. When did the world ever witness so rich and magnificent a city, — so great and glorious a republic?

SARGEANT S. PRENTISS.

XL. — THE VOCATION OF THE MERCHANT.

WHAT is it, sir, but commerce, that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day? What is it but the world-wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean, of the soil, the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art, and untiring industry, are brought into the universal market of demand and supply? No matter in what region the desirable product is bestowed on man by a liberal Providence, or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage; it may glitter in the golden sands of California; it may wallow in the depths of the Arctic seas; it may whiten and ripen in the fertile plains of the sunny south; it may spring forth from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America;

the great world-magnet of commerce attracts it all alike, and gathers it all up for the service of man.

I do not speak of English commerce or American commerce. Such distinctions belittle our conceptions. I speak, sir, of commerce in the aggregate; the great ebbing and flowing tides of the commercial world; the great gulf streams of traffic which flow round from hemisphere to hemisphere; the mighty trade-winds of commerce, which sweep from the Old World to the New; that vast aggregate system which embraces the whole family of man, and brings the overflowing treasures of nature and art into kindly relation with human want, convenience, and taste. In carrying on this system, think for a moment of the stupendous agencies that are put in motion. Think for a moment of all the ships that navigate the sea. An old Latin poet, who knew no waters beyond those of the Mediterranean and Levant, says that the man must have had a triple casing of oak and brass about his bosom who first trusted his frail bark on the raging sea. How many thousands of vessels, laden by commerce, are at this moment navigating, not the narrow seas frequented by the nations, but these world-encompassing oceans!

Think next of the mountains of brick, and stone, and iron, built up into the great commercial cities of the world; and of all the mighty works of ancient and modern contrivance and structure—the moles, the lighthouses, the bridges, the canals, the roads, the railways, the depth of mines, the Titanic force of enginery, the delving plows, the scythes, the reapers, the looms, the electric telegraphs, the vehicles of all descriptions, which directly or indirectly are employed or put in motion by commerce; and, last and most important, the millions of human beings that conduct, and regulate, and combine, these inanimate organic and mechanical forces.

And now, sir, is it any thing less than a liberal profession, which carries a quick intelligence, a prophetic forecast, an industry that never tires; and, more than all, and above all, a stainless probity beyond reproach and beyond suspicion, into this vast and complicated system, and, by the blessing of Providence, works out a prosperous result? Such is the vocation of the merchant, the man of business, pursued in many departments of foreign and domestic trade, of finance, of exchange, but all comprehended under the general name of commerce; all concerned in weaving the mighty net-work of mutually beneficial exchanges, which enwraps the world!

EDWARD EVERETT.

XII.—THE POWER OF JOURNALISM.

GENTLEMEN, within my experience the press of the United States has grown from infancy to manhood — alike in power, in enterprise, and in knowledge. It has strengthened and enlarged itself with the country to which it belongs and which it typifies. From small beginnings it has won the proportions of a giant, reaching with its hundred hands over the whole domain of nature and of man : propelled by steam and ministered to by the lightning, irresistible in its might ; restrained by law, and governed by intelligent and responsible moral agents, making this *might* subservient only to *right*. Such I know to be the general character of the American press.

The newspaper, indeed, is now one of the necessities of our existence. Journalism is an *institution* of the country. Perhaps unacknowledged, but not unfelt, it is every where present and every where influential. An eccentric but powerful writer (Carlyle) has maintained that even in England, where journalism has less scope than among us, the newspapers have superseded the parliament ; that public opinion seeks its direction, and utters its voice, much more independently and effectively through the columns of a newspaper than through the wearying speeches of parliament-men. There is force, if not absolute truth, in the suggestion ; and it is not less true in this country than in England. And when, as occasionally happens in our congress, some accidental member, that has found a place there, assumes to speak disparagingly of the press, and of editors as of a race inferior to themselves, it is impossible to refrain from a smile, at least, at such pretensions, or from ejaculating the poet's aspiration :

" O, that some Power the gift would gi'e 'em,
To see themselves as others see them ! "

The newspaper, sir, is, in this our day and our free republic, emphatically the exponent of that *public opinion* which is mistress of empire and of states. It is a power and an agency before which guilt, even though upon a throne, and surrounded with glittering bayonets, trembles. It plays in our modern society the part assigned in the old Greek drama to inexorable fate. It is the vehement, stern, ever-present, and all-chastening element, which is around and above the hut of the peasant and the throne of the czar, and which summons to the bar, and judges without fear or favor, the motives and the acts of sovereign and of subjects. It is, in one word, the Nemesis of the nations.

PRESIDENT CHARLES KING.

XLII. — VIOLATION OF ENGLISH PROMISES.

My lord, the Irish Catholics never, never broke their faith; they never violated their plighted promise to the English. I appeal to history for the truth of my assertion. My lord, the English never, never observed their faith with us—they never performed their plighted promise; the history of the last six hundred years proves the accuracy of my assertion. I will leave the older periods, and fix myself at the revolution. More than a hundred and twenty years have elapsed since the treaty of Limerick. That treaty has been honorably and faithfully performed by the Irish Catholics; it has been foully, disgracefully, and directly violated by the English. English oaths and solemn engagements bound them to its performance: it remains still of force and unperformed; and the ruffian yell of English treachery, which accompanied its first violation, has, it seems, been repeated even in the senate-house at the last repetition of the violation of that treaty. They rejoiced and they shouted at the perjuries of their ancestors; at their own want of good faith or common sense.

Nay, are there not men present, who can tell us, of their own knowledge, of another instance of English treachery? Was not the assent of many of the Catholics to the fatal — O! the *fatal* measure of the union! — purchased by the express and written promise of Catholic emancipation, made from authority by Lord Cornwallis, and confirmed by the prime minister, Mr. Pitt? And has that promise been performed? Or, has Irish credulity afforded only another instance of English faithlessness?

Now, my lord, I ask this assembly whether they can confide in English promises? I say nothing of the solemn pledges of individuals. Can you confide in the more than puny faith of your hereditary taskmasters? Or shall we be accused of over-scrupulous jealousy, when we reject, with indignation, the contamination of English control over our church? O'CONNELL.

XLIII. — WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

SUCH, sir, as were the sentiments of Washington in regard to the Union of these States, such should be the sentiments of Americans, through all time. Consider his words in the memorable, the immortal Farewell Address! Mark the spirit of patriotism — burning, ardent patriotism — breathing in every page and every line! Read his words upon the vital importance of maintaining the Union!

"It is of infinite moment," he says, "that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

"All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real character to direct, control, counteract, or awe, the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency."

These were his words: "It is of *infinite moment* that you should properly estimate the *immense value* of your national Union,"—and Washington was no user of exaggerated expressions. Let us heed his words, my countrymen! Let us ever press up among the people in support of the grand and beautiful harmony of our fraternal political system; and, taking counsel from the immortal hero, whose language I have quoted, let us rally in support of the constitution at whose creation he presided, which was his great love and affection; and let us resolve to leave the glorious Union which he made, unprofaned and undismembered, to our posterity.

RUFUS CHOATE.

XLIV. — FOR AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

I.

From "an Oration delivered at the State-house in Philadelphia, to a very numerous audience, on Thursday, the 1st of August, 1776, by Samuel Adams,* member of the General Congress, &c."

THIS day, my countrymen, this day, I trust, the reign of political protestantism will commence. We have explored the temple

* Samuel Adams, born in Boston, Sept. 27th, 1722, was a member of the first Congress under the Confederation, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The oration from which we quote was delivered only twenty-seven days after the memorable 4th of July, 1776. We believe that attention is now called to this address for the first time since the Revolution. The copy we have in hand is supposed to be the only one extant. It is a London edition, bearing the date of 1776. In the impassioned eloquence, political sagacity,

of royalty, and found that the idol we bowed down to has eyes which see not, ears which hear not our prayers, and a heart like the nether millstone. We have this day restored the Sovereign to whom alone men ought to be obedient. He reigns in heaven, and with propitious eye beholds His subjects assuming that freedom of thought and dignity of self-direction which He bestowed upon them. From the rising to the setting sun, may His kingdom come!

Political right and public happiness, my countrymen, are different words for the same idea. Those who wander into metaphysical labyrinths, or have recourse to *original contracts*, to determine the rights of men, either impose on themselves or mean to delude others. Public utility is the only certain criterion.

Ye darkeners of counsel, who would make the property, lives, and religion, of millions depend on the evasive interpretations of musty parchments — who would send us to antiquated charters of uncertain and contradictory meaning, to prove that the present generation are not bound to be victims to cruel and unforgiving despotism — tell us whether our pious and generous ancestors bequeathed to us the miserable privilege of having the rewards of our honest industry, the fruits of those fields which they purchased and bled for, wrested from us at the will of men over whom we have no check? Did they contract for us, that, with folded arms, we should expect from brutal and inflamed invaders that justice and mercy which had been denied to our supplications at the foot of the throne? Were we to hear with indifference our character as a people ridiculed? Did they promise for us that our meekness and patience should be insulted, that our coasts should be harassed, our towns demolished and plundered, our wives and offspring exposed to destitution, hunger, and death, without our feeling the resentment of men — without our exerting those powers of self-preservation which God has given us?

No man had once a greater veneration for Englishmen than I entertained. They were dear to me as branches of the same parental trunk, as partakers of the same religion and laws. I still view with respect the remains of the British constitution,

and fervid patriotism, of which these extracts give token, they will compare with the celebrated ante-Revolutionary harangues of Patrick Henry. Of the eloquence of Samuel Adams, John Adams has left the following record:

"Upon great occasions, when his deepest feelings were excited, he erected himself, or rather nature seemed to erect him, without the smallest symptom of affectation, into an upright dignity of figure and gesture, and gave a harmony to his voice, which made a strong impression on spectators and auditors, — the more lasting for the purity, correctness, and nervous elegance, of his style."

even as I would a lifeless body which had once been animated by a great and heroic soul. But when I am roused by the din of arms, when I behold legions of foreign assassins *paid by Englishmen* to imbrue their hands in *our* blood, when I tread over the uncoffined bones of my countrymen, neighbors, and friends, — when I see the locks of a venerable father torn by *savage hands*, and a feeble mother clasping her infants to her bosom, and on her knees imploring their lives from her own slaves whom *Englishmen* have lured to treachery and murder, — when I behold my country, once the seat of industry, peace, and plenty, changed by *Englishmen* to a theater of blood and misery, — Heaven forgive me if I can not root out those passions which it has implanted in my bosom! Heaven forgive me if, with too resentful and impetuous a scorn, I detest submission to a people who have either ceased to be human, or have not virtue enough to feel their own servitude and abasement!

II.

We are now on this continent, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls, united in one common cause. We have large armies, well disciplined and appointed, with commanders inferior to none in military skill, and superior to most in activity and zeal. We are furnished with arsenals and stores beyond our most sanguine expectations, and foreign nations are waiting to crown our success by their alliances. These are instances of an almost astonishing Providence in our favor. Our success has staggered our enemies, and almost given faith to infidels; so that we may truly say it is *not our own arm* which has saved us.

The hand of Heaven appears to have led us on to be perhaps humble instruments and means in the great providential dispensation which is completing. We have fled from the political Sodom. Let us not look back, lest we perish, and become a monument of infamy and derision to the world. For can we ever expect more unanimity, and a better preparation for defence; more infatuation of counsel among our enemies, and more valor and zeal among ourselves? The same force and resistance which are sufficient to procure us our liberties will secure us a glorious independence — will support us in the dignity of *free, imperial States*.

My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America, *on any other terms than as Independent States*, I shall date the ruin of this country. A

politic minister will study to lull us into security by granting us the full extent of our petitions. The warm sunshine of influence would melt down the virtue which the violence of the storm rendered more firm and unyielding. In a state of tranquillity, wealth, and luxury, our descendants would forget the arts of war, and the noble activity and zeal which made their ancestors invincible. When the spirit of liberty, which now animates our hearts and gives success to our arms, is extinct, our numbers will but accelerate our ruin, and render us the easier victims to tyranny.

Ye abandoned minions of an infatuated ministry,—if peradventure any should remain among us!—remember that a Warren and Montgomery are numbered among the dead! Con-tem'plate the mangled bodies of your countrymen, and then say what should be the reward of such sacrifices! Bid us and our posterity bow the knee, supplicate the *friendship*, and plow and sow and reap to glut the *avarice*, of the men who have let loose on us the dogs of war, to riot in our blood, and hunt us from the face of the earth! If ye love wealth better than liberty, the tranquillity of servitude better than the animating contest of freedom,—go from us in peace—we ask not your counsels or your arms—crouch down and lick the hands which feed you! May your chains set light upon you, and may posterity forget that ye were our countrymen!

III.

THIS day we are called on to give a glorious example of what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view only in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded: Millions of freemen deliberately and voluntarily forming themselves into a society for their common defence and common happiness! Immortal spirits of Hampden, Locke, and Sydney! Will it not add to your benevolent joys to behold your posterity rising to the dignity of *men*, and evincing to the world the *reality and expediency* of your systems, and in the actual enjoyment of that equal liberty which you were happy when on earth in delineating and recommending to mankind?

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors—some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries: the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and with open and uninfluenced consent bound themselves into a social compact. Here no man proclaims his birth

or wealth as a title to honorable distinction, or to sanctify ignorance and vice with the name of *hereditary* authority. He who has most zeal and ability to promote the public felicity, let *him* be the servant of the public!

And, brethren and fellow-countrymen, if it was ever granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence, and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, NOT UNTO US, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME BE THE PRAISE! The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much toward our success as either our counsels or our arms.

The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made, — when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies, — the *gradual* advances of our oppressors, enabling us to prepare for our defense, — the unusual fertility of our lands, the clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends, and reducing our internal foes to acquiescence, — these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that Providence is yet gracious unto Zion, that it will turn away the captivity of Jacob!

Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wings of universal toleration! Be this the seat of UNBOUNDED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM! She will bring with her, in her train, Industry, Wisdom, and Commerce. Thus, by the beneficence of Providence, shall we behold an empire arising, founded on justice and the voluntary consent of the people, and giving full scope to the exercise of those faculties and rights which most ennoble our species!

IV.

If there is any man so base or so weak as to prefer a dependence on Great Britain to the dignity and happiness of living a member of a free and independent nation, let me tell him that *necessity* now demands what the generous principles of *patriotism* should have dictated.

We have now no other alternative than independence or the most galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our plains. Desolation and death mark their bloody career; whilst the mangled corpses of our countrymen seem to cry out, as

a voice from Heaven,—“Will you permit our posterity to groan under the chains of the murderer? Has our blood been expended in vain?”

Countrymen! the men who now invite you to surrender your rights into their hands are the men who let loose the merciless savages to riot in the blood of their brethren; who conveyed into your cities a merciless soldiery, to compel you to submission by insult and murder; who taught treachery to your slaves, and courted them to assassinate your wives and children; who called your patience *cowardice*, your piety *hypocrisy*! These are the men to whom we are exhorted to sacrifice the blessings which Providence holds out to us — the happiness, the dignity, of uncontrolled freedom and independence.

Let not your generous indignation be directed against any among us who may advise so absurd and maddening a measure. Their number is few and daily decreasing; and the spirit which can render them patient of slavery will render them contemptible enemies. Our union is now complete; our constitution composed, established, and approved. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies, and their base and mercenary auxiliaries. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. They are animated with the justice of their cause; and, while they grasp their swords, they can look up to Heaven for assistance.

Your adversaries are composed of wretches who laugh at the rights of humanity, who turn religion into derision, and who would, for higher wages, direct their swords against their leaders or against their country. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery, it is, — **THAT THESE AMERICAN STATES MAY NEVER CEASE TO BE FREE AND INDEPENDENT!**

SAMUEL ADAMS.

XLV.— CAUSE FOR INDIAN RESENTMENT.

: You say that you have bought the country. Bought it? Yes: — of whom? Of the poor, trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity, by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain.

: Alas, the poor Indians! No wonder that they continue so

implacably vindictive against the white people. No wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation. No wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators. No wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white man. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs. Make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, and happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections like these; and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized.

But, until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, hate their language, hate their name, hate every thing that belongs to them! No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

WILLIAM WIRT.

XLVL — CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order

to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow systems of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate; peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority;—something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its history!

GRATTAN.

XLVII.—THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

WITHOUT a competent command of language, either written or oral, it is impossible for any person, be his abilities or position what they may, to acquire any lasting influence in a free and enlightened community. I speak not merely of those destined for the senate, the bar, or the church : the power of public speaking, and a thorough command of the English language, are obviously indispensable to them, if they would gain the least success in life. It lies at the very threshold of their career. But the utility of a thorough command of language is not confined to those professions in which it is immediately called for ; it is felt, also, in every walk of life, as soon as any thing like distinction and eminence has been attained.

Such is the construction of the English language, owing to the many different nations who, during the course of eighteen centuries, have taken part in its formation, that a thorough command of our own tongue can not by possibility be acquired, unless the languages are known from which it has been compounded. A considerable number of our oldest words—nearly all which are to be found in our translation of the Bible—are of German origin ; almost all those used in science are derived from Greek ; two thirds of the words at present in daily use are derived from Latin, or French, or Italian, which are only dialects of the tongue in use with the ancient conquerors of the world. It is out of the question to obtain a thorough command of such a language, unless the sources are known from which it has been drawn.

Be not deterred by the labor requisite for the command of many languages. Recollect the words of Johnson : " Distinction is now to be won only by the labors of a lifetime ; it is not to be attained at any less price." Recollect also the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds : " Nothing is denied to well-directed industry ; nothing is to be attained without it." " All things," says the wise man, " are full of labor. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." To all, these words were spoken. It is the common law of our being ; it is by the labor of man's hands, and the sweat of his brow, that he is to earn his knowledge as well as his subsistence. But to us a higher motive for effort has been opened ; an immortal reward for exertion has been offered. Therefore it is, O Christian ! that thy eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor thy ear with hearing ; for that eye must open upon immortality, and that ear must hear the voice of the living God !

ALISON.

XLVIII. — DUTY OF A CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

GENTLEMEN, we live under a constitution. It has made us what we are. What has carried the American flag all over the world? What has constituted that unit of commerce that, wherever the stripes and stars are seen, they signify that it is America, and united America? What is it now that represents us so respectably all over Europe, in London at this moment, and all over the world? What is it but the result of those commercial regulations which bound us all together, and made our commerce the same commerce; which made all the States, — New York, Massachusetts, South Carolina, — in the aspect of our foreign relations, the same country, without division, distraction, or separation? Now, gentlemen, this was the original design of the constitution. We, in our day, must see that this spirit is made to pervade the whole administration of the government. The constitution of the United States, to keep us united, to keep flowing in our hearts a fraternal feeling, must be administered in the spirit of it.

And if I wish to have the spirit of the constitution, in its living, speaking, animated form, I would refer always, always, to the administration of the first president — George Washington; and if I were now, fellow-citizens, to form the ideal of a patriot President, I would draw his master strokes, and copy his design. I would present this picture before me as a constant study for life. I would present his policy, alike liberal, just, narrowed down to no sectional interests, bound down to no personal objects, held to no locality, but broad, and generous, and open; as expansive as the air which is wafted by the winds of heaven from one part of the country to another. I would draw a picture of his foreign policy — just, steady, stately, but, withal, proud, and lovely, and glorious. No man could say, in his day, that the broad escutcheon of the honor of the Union could receive either injury or damage, or even contumely or disrespect. His own character gave character to the foreign relations of the country. He upheld every interest of his country, in even the proudest nations of Europe; and, while resolutely just, he was resolutely determined that no plume of her renown should ever be defaced.

Gentlemen, a wise and prudent shipmaster makes it his first duty to preserve the vessel that carries him and his merchandise — to keep her afloat, to conduct her to her destined port with entire security of property and life. That is his first object; and that should be the object, and is, of every chief magistrate of the

United States who has a proper appreciation of his duty. — is to preserve the constitution which bears him, which sustains the government, without which every thing goes to the bottom ; — to preserve that, and keep it, to the utmost of his ability, off the rocks and shoals, and away from the quicksands ; — to preserve that, he exercises the caution of the experienced shipmaster ; he suffers nothing to betray his watchfulness — to draw him aside from the joint interests committed to his care, and the great object in view.

“ Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
He minds his compass and his way ;
And oft he throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid,
At helm he makes his reason sit ;
His crew of passions all submit :
Thus safe he steers his barge, and sails
On upright keel, and meets the gales.”

Now, gentlemen, with this steadiness of purpose, this entire and devoted patriotism of motive, Washington reached that which those who wish to reach, must emulate him and his example to find all their efforts crowned with success. He lived to see his country great, prosperous, and happy. He reaped a rich reward in the thanks of his countrymen ; and we are enabled to read his history in a nation's pride.

WEBSTER.

XLIX. — IN PROSPECT OF WAR.

A company of volunteers were present at the delivery of this discourse (in Bristol, England, Oct. 19, 1803), at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon.

Go forth, defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid. She will shed over your enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit ; and, from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle, in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success ; so that

It is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But, should Providence determine otherwise, — should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, — you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulcher.

I can not but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to *swear, by Him that sitteth on the throne, and liveth for ever and ever*, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert her cause, which you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood!

REV. ROBERT HALL.

L.—TO THE ELECTORS OF LIVERPOOL.

Do not, gentlemen, listen to those who tell you the cause of freedom is desperate—they are the enemies of the cause and of you; but listen to me, for you know me, and I am one who has never yet deceived you. I say, then, that it will be desperate if you make no exertions to retrieve it. I tell you that your languor alone can betray it; that it can only be made desperate through your despair. I am not a man to be cast down by temporary reverses, let them come upon me as thick, and as swift, and as sudden, as they may. I am not he who is daunted by majorities in the outset of a struggle for worthy objects; else I should not now stand here before you to boast of triumphs won in your cause.

If your champions had yielded to the force of numbers, of gold, of power,—if defeat could have dismayed them,—then would the African slave-trade never have been abolished; then would the cause of reform, which now bids fair to prevail over its enemies, have been long ago sunk amidst the desertions of its friends; then would those prospects of peace have been utterly benighted which I still devoutly cherish, and which even now brighten in

your eyes; then would the orders in council, which I overthrew by your support, have remained a disgrace to the British name, and an eternal obstacle to our best interests. I no more despond now than I have in the course of those sacred and glorious contentions; but it is for you to say whether to-morrow shall not make it my duty to despair. To-morrow is your last day; your last efforts must then be made. If you put forth your strength, the day is our own; if you desert me, it is lost. To win it, I shall be the first to lead you on, and the last to forsake you.

Gentlemen, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt; or, as they partially designate him, the "immortal" statesman, now no more. *Immortal* in the miseries of his devoted country! *Immortal* in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! *Immortal* in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold, miscalculating ambition! *Immortal* in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt, which these wars have flung upon us, which the youngest man amongst us will not live to see the end of! *Immortal* in the triumphs of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies, the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! *Immortal* in the afflictions of England, and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favor with which a delighted court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last al-ly!* But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot! Let me rather live innocent and inglorious; and when, at last, I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labors in your service "an enemy of the immortal statesman, — a friend of peace and of the people!"

LORD BROUGHAM.

II. — MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE sufferings of an animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, my friends, are not to be compared with the *moral* agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chains and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads; and as the gulf

* The news of the burning of Moscow had arrived by that day's mail, Oct. 24th, 1812.

opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again,"—again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man, he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle; but he is in chains. He may cry for release; but it comes not, and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door-posts of his dwelling.

In the mean time these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise,—and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report retires, and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply as inclination to do so increases and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feeblér stroke and waning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears!

LYMAN BEECHER.

LII.—HORRORS AND HONORS OF WAR.

THE miseries of war are miseries inflicted by man on man. They bear the impress of cruelty, of hardness of heart. The distorted features, writhing frames, and shrieks of the wounded and dying,—these are not the chief horrors of war; they sink into unimportance compared with the infernal passions which work this woe. Death is a light evil, when not joined with crime. That man, born of woman, bound by ties of brotherhood to man, and commanded, by an inward law and the voice of God, to love and do good, should, through selfishness, pride, or revenge, inflict these agonies, and shed these torrents of human blood,—here is an evil which combines with exquisite suffering fiendish guilt. All other evils fade before it.

The idea of *honor* is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight; who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold

and damp earth; who sit at their well-spread board, and hire others to take the chance of starving; who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals; certainly this means reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it.

Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine; to multiply widows and orphans.

Are these *honorable* deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of *démons*, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings; which prolong, comfort, adorn and cheer human life; and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

DR. CHANNING.

LIII. — SKEPTICISM OF THE AGE.

It seems to me you lay your finger here on the heart of the world's maladies, when you call it a skeptical world. An insincere world; a godless untruth of a world! It is out of this, as I consider, that the whole tribe of social pestilences, French revolutions, chartisms, and what not, have derived their being,—their chief necessity to be. This must alter. Till this alter, nothing can beneficially alter. My one hope of the world, my inexpugnable consolation, in looking at the miseries of the world, is, that this is altering. Here and there, one does now find a man who knows, as of old, that this world is a truth, and no plausibility and falsity; that he himself is alive, not dead or paralytic, and the world is alive, instinct with Godhood, beautiful and awful, even as in the beginning of days! One man once knowing this, many men, all men, must, by and by, come to know

it. It lies there clear, for whosoever will take the spectacles off his eyes, and honestly look to know.

For such a man the unbelieving century, with its unblessed products, is already past; a new century is already come. The old unblessed products and performances, as solid as they look, are phantasms, preparing speedily to vanish. To this and the other noisy, very great looking simulacrum, with the whole world huzzing at its heels, he can say, composedly stepping aside, Thou art not true; thou art not extant, only semblant; go thy way! Yes, hollow formalism, gross Benthamism, and other unheroic atheistic insincerity, is visibly and even rapidly declining. An unbelieving eighteenth century is but an exception,—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become sincere; a believing world; with many heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world,—never till then.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LIV. — THE SPIRIT OF PERSECUTION STILL EXTANT.

It is very difficult to make the mass of mankind believe that the state of things is ever to be otherwise than they have been accustomed to see it. I have very often heard old persons describe the impossibility of making any one believe that the American Colonies could ever be separated from this country. It was always considered as an idle dream of discontented politicians, good enough to fill up the periods of a speech, but which no practical man, devoid of the spirit of party, considered to be within the limits of possibility. There was a period when the slightest concession would have satisfied the Americans; but all the world was in heroics. One set of gentlemen met at the Lamb, and another at the Lion — blood-and-treasure men, breathing war, vengeance, and contempt; and in eight years afterwards, an awkward-looking gentleman in plain clothes walked up to the drawing-room of St. James's, in the midst of the gentlemen of the Lion and the Lamb, and was introduced as the *ambassador from the United States of America*.

Mild and genteel people do not like the idea of persecution, and are advocates for toleration; but, then, they think it no act of intolerance to deprive Catholics of political power. The history of all this is, that all men secretly like to punish others for not being of the same opinion with themselves, and that this sort of privation is the only species of persecution of which the improved feeling and advanced cultivation of the age will admit.

Fire and fagot, chains and stone walls, have been clamored away; nothing remains but to mortify a man's pride and to limit his resources, and to set a mark upon him by cutting him off from his fair share of political power. By this receipt insolence is gratified, and humanity is not shocked.

The gentlest Protestant can see, with dry eyes, Lord Stourton excluded from Parliament, though he would abominate the most distant idea of personal cruelty to Mr. Petre. This is only to say that he lives in the nineteenth, instead of the sixteenth century, and that he is as intolerant in religious matters as the state of manners existing in his age will permit. Is it not the same spirit which wounds the pride of a fellow-creature on account of his faith, or which casts his body into the flames? Are they any thing else but degrees and modifications of the same principle? The true spirit is to search after God and for another life with lowliness of heart; to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer; to heap no penalties and no pains on those solemn supplications which, in divers tongues and in varied forms, and in temples of a thousand shapes, but with one deep sense of human dependence, men pour forth to God.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

LV. — TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF PEACE.

WHILE we act, sir, upon the maxim "In peace prepare for war," let us also remember that the best preparation for war is peace. This swells your numbers; this augments your means; this knits the sinews of your strength; this covers you all over with a panoply of might. And, then, if war must come in a just cause, no foreign state—no, sir, not all combined—can send forth an adversary that you need fear to encounter.

But, sir, give us these twenty-five years of peace. I do believe, sir, that this coming quarter of a century is to be the most important in our whole history. I do beseech you to let us have these twenty-five years, at least, of peace. Let these fertile wastes be filled up with swarming millions; let this tide of emigration from Europe go on; let the steamer, the canal, the railway, and especially let this great Pacific railway, subdue these mighty distances, and bring this vast extension into a span.

Let us pay back the ingots of California gold with bars of Atlantic iron; let agriculture clothe our vast wastes with waving plenty; let the industrial and mechanic arts erect their peaceful fortresses at the waterfalls; and then, sir, in the train of this growing population, let the printing-office, the lecture-room, the

village school-house, and the village church, be scattered over the country. And in these twenty-five years we shall exhibit a spectacle of national prosperity such as the world has never seen on so large a scale, and yet within the reach of a sober, practical contemplation.

EDWARD EVERETT.

LVI. — EFFECT OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

OVER how broad a portion of the world, sir, have we extended the advantages we ourselves enjoy! Our domain unites the noblest valley on the surface of the globe, competent to grow food for human beings many more than now dwell on the face of the earth, with an eastern wing fitted for the site of the principal manufacturing and commercial power of existing Christendom, and a western flank well situated to hold the same position on the Pacific, when Asia shall renew her youth, and Australia shall have risen to the level of Europe. Bewildering, almost, is the suddenness of our expansion to fill these limits, and astounding are the phenomena that accompany this development. This day there stands before the councils of the nation, deputed to participate in their deliberations, a young man* born within sight of old Concord bridge, and educated under the institutions which Concord fight secured, who, when he revisits the old homestead, claims to represent a territory larger than France and the united British kingdom,—capable of containing, if settled to the present density of Great Britain, more than a hundred millions of souls,—a territory lately the joint inheritance of the Indian and the grisly bear, now outstripping, in its instant greatness, all recorded colonies,—the Ophir of our age, richer than Solomon's, richer than the wildest vision that ever dazzled Arabian fancy.

Occupying such a continent, receiving it consecrated by the toils and sufferings and outpouring of ancestral blood, which on the day we now commemorate began, how delightful is the duty which devolves on us, to guard the beacon-fire of liberty, whose flames our fathers kindled! Suffer it not, my friends,—suffer it not, posterity that shall come after us,—to be clouded by domestic dissension, or obscured by the dank, mephitic vapors of faction! Until now, its pure irradiance dispels doubt and fear, and revivifies the fainting hopes of downcast patriotism. For ever may it shine brightly as now; for as yet its pristine luster fades not, but still flashes out the ancient, clear, and steady illumination, joy-giving as the blaze that, leaping from promontory to promon-

* The representative from California.

tory, told the triumph of Agamemnon over fated Troy! It towers and glows, refulgent and beautiful, far seen by the tempest-tost on the sea of revolution, darting into the dungeons of gaunt despair beams whose benignant glory no lapse of time shall dim; the wanderers in the chill darkness of slavery it guides, and cheers, and warms; it fills the universe with its splendor.

ROBERT RANTOUL.

LIVIL — VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

METHINKS I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel.

The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth; weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board; drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers! Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England! Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast! Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this!

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? — was it hard labor and spare meals? — was it disease? — was it the tomahawk? — was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? — was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that no one of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, — so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, — there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

LVIII. — THE COMMON-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

MR. PRESIDENT and gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have done me by calling upon me to respond to a sentiment in behalf of the common schools of New England. I am all the more thankful, because it is too late in the day to require a vindication of common schools as an institution established by the Pilgrim Fathers. In their minds education was an integral element of the great republican idea included in every conception they could form for the organization of a State. Sir, under their rigid exterior the Puritans cherished an intense, a Hebrew faith in God and in everlasting realities; a faith such as shook the strings of David's harp, and fired the lips of the prophets. They were ever seeking to do God's will, and felt that God was with them. They did not seek for material success, but merely for the great elements of the permanent welfare of the individual and the State. They established and cherished the interests of education.

It has been said that external circumstances favored the singleness of purpose and the devotion to permanent realities by which they were distinguished. No doubt there is truth in this. Had they landed on a luxuriant shore, had golden placers opened before their feet, they might have been tempted to luxurious sensuality and the material scramble for this world's goods. But for them there was no luxury, and their reliance was upon the manly elements that grow up in suffering and privation to their full strength. The inclement winter, and the waves dashing upon their icy rocks, drove them back upon the soil, and enabled their vision to detect what were the qualities that alone enable

man to assert his superiority over the elements, and wring the victory from the iron hand of nature.

This brings up the great fact which this talking, philosophical, material age needs to have reiterated, that *no great thing was ever wrought save by an intense religious faith*. It was faith in Providence, the faith that every hero maintains in great principles. I know that when we look into history we see more genial characters than the Puritans; but when we look for foundation-men, men who lay the Cyclopean base of a republic, they alone were the men worthy of the work. God ordains that a republic is not proclaimed from noisy barricades and polytechnic schools. It is found hewn out rough in the quarry of suffering and endurance, and is laid in resolution and in prayer. God appoints for it a granite soil and granite men. The Pilgrims builded better than they knew; it was God that filled them with a great ideal, which they themselves did not comprehend. How else did they lay hold of the great fact that the state is more interested in the coming generation than in our own? This was the idea that animated the hearts of the Pilgrims.

I do not intend to attribute to them all the liberty and the great results which we behold around us. I know how much is due to the Hollander, how much to the generous toleration of Calvert. They are all so mixed up in our present institutions that, thank God! it is impossible for any party to claim a personal property in any part. But it is certain that here alone is a great and true republic. I do not forget Switzerland; but still I say, that here alone is a republic endowed with the power of a great and progressive development. We must remember Italy, stricken down and oppressed; France, where nothing is permanent, and where freedom is but a name; and that other country, where the Danube rolls beside the graves of martyred heroes, and which sends out her most distinguished son* and exile to plead her cause in a voice that shakes the nations. But here the only true republic has risen and expanded into greatness and power.

If we ask whence springs this giant republic, we must look back to that grand historical picture, with its fringe of dark roots, its back-ground of tossing winter waves, with mothers shielding their babes from the icy cold, and fathers treading the crackling snow! We must look back to that stern and manly people that laid there and then the foundation for free thought, free speech, and free schools.

E. H. CHAPIN.

* Kossuth, the Hungarian.

PART SECOND.—THE BAR.

I.—RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENSE.

From a speech before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, 1866, at the trial of Thomas O. Selfredge for shooting Charles Austin, who attacked him with a cowhide.

THE opposing counsel have contended, gentlemen of the jury, in order to establish the guilt of my client, that the right of self-defense is not given by the law of civil society. It is founded, then, on the law of nature — a law of higher authority than any human institution. Surely I need not tell you that the man who is daily beaten on the public exchange can not retain his standing in society by a resort to the laws. Recovering daily damages will rather aggravate the contempt of the community.

It is a most serious calamity for a man of high qualifications for usefulness, of a delicate sense of honor, to be driven to the necessity of repelling a brutal personal attack — of saving himself from the profanation of a ruffian's blow. Yet, should it become inevitable, he is bound to defend himself like a man; to summon all the energies of his soul, rise above ordinary maxims, poise himself on his own magnanimity, and hold himself responsible only to his God. Whatever may be the consequences, he is bound to bear them; to stand like Mount Atlas,

“ When storms and tempests thunder on his brow,
And oceans break their billows at his feet.”

Do not believe that I am inculcating opinions tending to disturb the peace of society. On the contrary, they are the only principles that can preserve it. It is more dangerous for the laws to give security to a man disposed to commit outrages on the persons of his fellow-citizens, than to authorize those, who must otherwise meet irreparable injury, to defend themselves at every hazard. I will not, if I can help it, leave it in the power of any daring miscreant to mutilate, maltreat, or degrade me. I respect the laws of my country; I revere the precepts of our holy religion; I should shudder at shedding human blood; I would practice moderation and forbearance, to avoid so terrible a calamity; yet, should I ever be driven to that impassable point where degradation and disgrace begin, may this arm shrink palsied from its socket, if I fail to defend my own honor! SAMUEL DEXTER.

II.—THE NATURE OF JUSTICE.

From the speech on the trial of Warren Hastings, June 6th, 1788.

LET me call the attention of the court to the magnificent paragraph in which Mr. Hastings concludes his communication. It will give you some idea of this man's notions of justice. "I hope," says Mr. Hastings, "it will not be a departure from official language to say, that the *majesty of justice ought not to be approached without solicitation*. She ought not to descend to inflame or provoke, but to withhold her judgment until she is called on to determine." Justice ought not to be approached without solicitation! Justice ought not to descend! But, my lords, do you, the judges of this land, and the expounders of its rightful laws, do you approve of this mockery, and call it justice? No! *justice* is not this halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature to the *real image*! *Justice* I have now before me, *august* and *pure* — the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men; where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate, to hear their cry and to help them; to rescue and relieve, to succor and save; majestic from its mercy, venerable from its utility; uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy; beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown!

On that justice I rely, deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation, not in words, but in facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the *original compact* of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all, to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws; ay, as they would satisfy *themselves* with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature, — the *self-approving consciousness of virtue*, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world! My lords, I have done.

SHERIDAN.

III. — THE UNITED STATES AND THE CHEROKEES.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, January, 1831, in the case of the
Cherokees against the State of Georgia.

It is with no ordinary feelings that I am about to take leave of this cause. The existence of the remnant of a once great and mighty nation is at stake, and it is for your honors to say whether they shall be blotted out from the creation, in utter disregard of all our treaties. Their cause is one that must come home to every honest and feeling heart. They have been true and faithful to us, and have a right to expect a corresponding fidelity on our part. Our wish has been their law. We asked them to become civilized, and they became so. They have even adopted our resentments, and in our war with the Seminole tribes they voluntarily joined our arms, and gave effectual aid in driving back those barbarians from the very state that now oppresses them. They threw upon the field a body of men who proved, by their martial bearing, their descent from the noble race that were once the lords of these extensive forests.

May it please your honors, this people have refused to us no gratification which it has been in their power to grant. They are here now in the last extremity, and with them must perish the honor of the American name for ever. We have pledged, for their protection and for the guarantee of the remainder of their lands, the faith and honor of our nation — a faith and honor never sullied, nor even drawn into question, until now. We promised them, and they trusted us. They trust us still. Shall they be deceived? They would as soon expect to see their rivers run upwards on their sources, or the sun roll back in his career, as that the United States would prove false to them, and false to the word so solemnly pledged by their Washington, and renewed and perpetuated by his illustrious successors.

With the existence of this people the faith of our nation, I repeat it, is fatally linked. The blow which destroys them quenches for ever our own glory; for what glory can there be, of which a patriot can be proud, after the good name of his country shall have departed? We may gather laurels on the field, and trophies on the ocean, but they will never hide this foul and bloody blot upon our escutcheon. "Remember the Cherokee nation!" will be answer enough to the proudest boast that we can ever make — answer enough to cover with confusion the face and the heart of every man among us, in whose bosom the last spark of grace has not been extinguished.

I will hope for better things. There is a spirit that will yet

save us. I trust that we shall find it here—here in this sacred court; where no foul and malignant dæmon of party enters to darken the understanding, or to deaden the heart, but where all is clear, calm, pure, vital, and firm. I cannot believe that this honorable court, possessing the power of preservation, will stand by, and see these people stripped of their property, and extirpated from the earth, while they are holding up to us their treaties, and claiming the fulfillment of our engagements. If truth, and faith, and honor, and justice, have fled from every other part of our country, we shall find them here. If not, our sun has gone down in treachery, blood, and crime, in the face of the world; and, instead of being proud of our country, as heretofore, we may well call upon the rocks and mountains to hide our shame from earth and from heaven.

WILLIAM WIRT.

IV. — IRISH RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS.

From a speech at the trial of O'Connell, 1843.

SIR, religious conflicts have been our bane. We of Ireland are prevented by our wretched religious distinctions from coöperating for a single object by which the honor and substantial interests of our country can be promoted.

Fatal, disastrous, detestable distinctions! Detestable, because they are not only repugnant to the genuine spirit of Christianity, and substitute for the charities of religion the rancorous antipathies of sect, but because they practically reduce us to a colonial dependency; make the Union a name; substitute for a real Union a tie of parchment which an event might sunder; convert a nation into an appurtenance; make us the footstool of the minister, the scorn of England, and the commiseration of the world!

Ireland is the only country in Europe in which abominable distinctions between Protestant and Catholic are permitted to continue. In Germany, where Luther translated the Scriptures; in France, where Calvin wrote the Institutes,—ay, in the land of the Dragonados and St. Bartholomews; in the land from whence the forefathers of one of the judicial functionaries of this court, and the first ministerial officer of the court, were barbarously driven,—the mutual wrongs done by Catholic and Protestant are forgiven and forgotten; while we, madmen that we are, arrayed by that fell fanaticism which, driven from every other country in Europe, has found a refuge here, precipitate ourselves upon each other in those encounters of sectarian ferocity, in which our

country, bleeding and lacerated, is trodden under foot. We convert the island that ought to be one of the most fortunate in the sea, into a receptacle of degradation and of suffering; counteract the designs of Providence, and enter into a conspiracy for the frustration of the beneficent designs of God.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

V.—TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN CLERGYMEN.

From the speech in the Girard Will Case.

SIR, by the will of Mr. Girard, no minister of the Gospel, of any sect or denomination whatever, can be authorized or allowed to hold any office within the college; and not only that, but no minister or clergyman of any sect can, for any purpose whatever, enter within the walls that are to surround this college. Now, I will not arraign Mr. Girard or his motives for this. I will not inquire into Mr. Girard's opinions upon religion. But I feel bound to say, the occasion demands that I should say, that this is the most opprobrious, the most insulting and unmerited stigma, that ever was cast, or attempted to be cast, upon the preachers of Christianity, from north to south, from east to west, through the length and breadth of the land, in the history of the country. When have they deserved it?—where have they deserved it?—how have they deserved it? They are not to be allowed even the ordinary rights of hospitality: not even to be permitted to put their foot over the threshold of this college!

Sir, I take it upon myself to say, that in no country in the world, upon either continent, can there be found a body of ministers of the Gospel who perform so much service to man, in such a full spirit of self-denial, under so little encouragement from government of any kind, and under circumstances almost always much straitened and often distressed, as the ministers of the Gospel in the United States, of all denominations. They form no part of any established order of religion; they constitute no hierarchy; they enjoy no peculiar privileges. In some of the States they are even shut out from all participation in the political rights and privileges enjoyed by their fellow-citizens. They enjoy no tithes, no public provision of any kind. Except here and there, in large cities, where a wealthy individual occasionally makes a donation for the support of public worship, what have they to depend upon? They have to depend entirely on the voluntary contributions of those who hear them.

And this body of clergymen have shown, to the honor of their own country, and to the astonishment of the hierarchies of the

Old World, that it is practicable in free governments to raise and sustain, by voluntary contributions alone, a body of clergymen, which, for devotedness to their sacred calling, for purity of life and character, for learning, intelligence, piety, and that wisdom which cometh from above, is inferior to none, and superior to most others.

I hope that our learned men have done something for the honor of our literature abroad. I hope that the courts of justice and the members of the bar of this country have done something to elevate the character of the profession of the law. I hope that the discussions in Congress have done something to meliorate the condition of the human race, to secure and extend the great charter of human rights, and to strengthen and advance the great principles of human liberty. But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit, at home and abroad, than the establishment of our body of clergymen, their support by voluntary contributions, and the general excellence of their character for piety and learning.

The great truth has thus been proclaimed and proved, — a truth which I believe will, in time to come, shake all the hierarchies of Europe, — that the voluntary support of such a ministry, under free institutions, is a practicable idea. WINTER.

VI. — FORFEITURES IN TIME OF WAR.

In the case of "the British Debts," 1791.

THE first point, gentlemen of the jury, which I shall endeavor to establish, will be, that debts in common wars become subject to forfeiture; and, if forfeited in common wars, much more must they be so in a revolutionary war, as the late contest was. In this war we had a right to consider British debts as subject to confiscation, and to seize the property of those who originated that war. Notwithstanding the equity and fairness of the debt when incurred, if the security of the property received was afterwards destroyed, the title has proved defective. The title was destroyed by the very men who come here now and demand payment. For the long catalogue of offences committed against the citizens of America every individual of the British nation is accountable. How are you to be compensated for those depredations on persons and property? Are you to go to England to find the very individual who did you the outrage, and demand

satisfaction of him? To tell you of such a remedy as this, is adding insult to injury. Every individual is chargeable with national offences.

What would have been the consequences, sir, if we had been conquered? Would we not have shared the fate of the people of Ireland? A great part of that island was confiscated, though the Irish people thought themselves engaged in a laudable cause. What confiscations and punishments were inflicted in Scotland, the plains of Culloden and the neighboring gibbets would show you. Thank Heaven that the spirit of liberty, under the protection of the Almighty, saved us from experiencing so hard a destiny! Had we been subdued, would our debts have been saved? Would it not have been absurd for the enemy to save debts, while they would have burned, hanged, and destroyed? I would not have wished to live to see the sad scenes we should have experienced. Needy avarice and savage cruelty would have had full scope.

If it be allowed to the British nation to confiscate, not only debts, but life, may we not confiscate—not life, for we never desire it; but that which is the common object of confiscation—property, goods, and debts, which strengthen ourselves and weaken our enemies? If there ever was a case requiring the full use of all human means, it was ours in the late contest; and, sir, I therefore maintain that we were warranted in confiscating the British debts.

PATRICK HENRY.

VII.—THE PRESS THE PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE.

At the trial of John Magee for a libel against the Duke of Richmond.

The attorney-general has talked of his impartiality: he will suppress, he says, the licentiousness of the press. Gentlemen, the attorney-general was waited on, and respectfully requested to prosecute the *Hibernian* journal upon the terms of having the falsehood of certain libelous assertions first proved to him. I need not tell you he refused. These are not the libelers he prosecutes.

Contrast the situation of my client with that of the proprietor of the *Hibernian* journal. The one is prosecuted with all the weight and influence of the crown, the other pensioned by the ministers of the crown; the one dragged to your bar for the sober discussion of political topics, the other hired to disseminate the most horrid calumnies. Let the attorney-general now boast of his impartiality; can you credit him on your oaths? Let

him talk of his veneration for the liberty of the press ; can you believe him in your consciences ? Let him call the press the protection of the people against the government. Yes, gentlemen, believe him when he says so ! Let the press be the protection of the people ! — he admits that it ought to be so. Will you find a verdict for him that shall contradict the only assertion upon which he and I, however, are both agreed ? Gentlemen, the attorney-general is bound by this admission. It is part of his case, and he is the prosecutor here. It is a part of the evidence before you, for he is the prosecutor. Then, gentlemen, it is your duty to act upon that evidence, and to allow the press to afford some protection to the people.

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom ? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice, who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty ? Is there amongst you one friend to the constitution ? — one man who hates oppression ? If there be, my client appeals to his kindred mind, and confidently expects an acquittal. There are amongst you men of great religious zeal — of much public piety. Are you sincere ? Do you believe what you profess ? With all this zeal, with all this piety, is there any conscience amongst you ? Is there any terror of violating your oaths ? Be ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire you ? If you be sincere, if you have consciences, if your oaths can control your interests ; then my client confidently expects an acquittal. If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion, if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty, if I have alarmed patriotism or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, my client is safe, and his country is served. But, if there be none — if you be slaves and hypocrites — he will await your verdict, and despise it.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

VIII.—ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON.

A JURY of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the lord chief justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge ? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of this scene ; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord, — you who preside on that bench, — when the passions and preju-

dices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown.

My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done — to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here — here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unappointed soil opened to receive me — even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No, I do not despair of my poor old country — her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up, — to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world, to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution, — this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal, I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty, — having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, — I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal — a tribunal where a Judge of infinite good-

ness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

MR. AGHER.

IX. — PUBLIC SILENCE AT A TRIAL.

From a speech on the trial of Mr. Justice Johnson, Dublin, Feb. 4, 1805, for a libel on Lord Hardwicke, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

MY LORDS, it has fallen to my lot, either fortunately or unfortunately, as the event may be, to rise as counsel for my client on this most important and momentous occasion. Sorry am I that the task has not been confided to more adequate powers; but, feeble as mine are, they will, at least, not shrink from it. I move you, therefore, that Mr. Justice Johnson be released from illegal imprisonment.

I can not but observe the sort of scenic preparation with which this sad drama is sought to be brought forward. In part, I approve it; in part, it excites my disgust and indignation. I observe, too, the dead silence into which the public is frowned by authority for the sad occasion. No man dares to mutter; no newspaper dares to whisper that such a question is afloat. It seems an inquiry among the tombs, or, rather, in the shades beyond them. I am glad it is so; I am glad of this factitious dumbness; for if murmurs dared to become audible, my voice would be too feeble to drown them. But when all is hushed, when nature sleeps, the weakest voice is heard; the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk; and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad, facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the voice shall be heard; yes, through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard; yes, through that silence shall the felon savage be chased into the toil.

Yes, my lords, I feel myself cheered and impressed by the composed and dignified attention with which I see you are disposed to hear me on the most important question that has ever been subjected to your consideration; the most important to the dearest rights of the human being; the most deeply interesting and animating that can beat in his heart, or burn upon his tongue.

O, how recreating is it to feel that occasions may arise in which the soul of man may reassume her pretensions; — in which she hears the voice of nature whisper to her, "*os hom'ini subli'me dedit, cœlum'que tu-ē-ri jussit!*" — in which even I can look up with calm security to the court, and down with the most

profound contempt upon the reptile I mean to tread upon. I say reptile, my lords, because, when the proudest man in society becomes so much the dupe of his childish malice as to wish to inflict on the object of his vengeance the poison of his sting, — to do a reptile's work, — he must shrink into a reptile's dimensions; and, so shrunk, the only way to assail him is to tread upon him.

CURRAN.

X. — THE PLAINTIFF DENOUNCED.

From the speech in the Wilkinson trial.

GENTLEMEN, although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but a prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, Conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims — victims to his falsehood and treachery — by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict, where was the wordy warrior? Ay, "where was Roderick then?" No "blast upon his bugle horn" encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge their fall. With treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips, the sweet cup of revenge, to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit the haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the "false, perjured Clarence;" and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of his victims, of Meeks and of Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

Upon his head rests not only the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of craft and falsehood fall from his lips are they were hardly loosened from the holy volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of a guilty conscience will be considered in his last account.

A. A. PRENTISS.

XI.—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

From the speech in defense of Rowan, tried for libel.

THIS paper, gentlemen of the jury, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose: in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country, been weakened? Or, is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure: to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church; the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving “UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.”

I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he

sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; — the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.

CURRAN.

V. — GOVERNMENT INFORMERS.

From the speech at the trial of Finnerly.

GENTLEMEN of the jury, it is not upon my client that you are sitting in judgment; you are sitting in judgment upon the lives and liberties of the inhabitants of more than half of Ireland. You are to say that it is a foul proceeding to condemn the government of Ireland. You are called upon, on your oaths, to say that the government is wise and merciful, the people prosperous and happy; and that the statements of a contrary import are libelous and false.

How could you reconcile with such a verdict the jails, the gibbets, the conflagrations, the murders, the proclamations, that we hear of every day? What is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitant of this land? You may find him, perhaps, in a jail, the only place of security — I had almost said of ordinary habitation! If you do not find him there, you may see him flying with his family from the flames of his own dwelling, lighted to his dungeon by the conflagration of his hovel; or you may find his bones bleaching on the green fields of his country; or you may find him tossing on the surface of the ocean, and mingling his groans with tempests, less savage than his persecutors.

Is *this* a “foul misrepresentation”? Or can you, with these facts ringing in your ears, and staring in your face, say, upon your oaths, that they do not exist?

But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the *trayverser* has charged the government with the encouragement

of *informers*. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as *informers*. Let me ask you, honestly, what do you feel when, in my hearing, when, in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, ay, and every man of you, know, by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false?

I speak not now of the public proclamation for informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; — the number of horrid miscreants who acknowledged, upon their oaths, that they had come from the seat of government, — from the very chambers of the Castle, — where they had been worked upon, by the fear of death and the hope of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows; that the mild, the wholesome, and merciful councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch, that is buried a *man*, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up — a *witness*!

Is this a picture created by a hag-ridden fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not seen how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? — how his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death, — a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There *was* an antidote — a juror's oath! — but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and molten in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

CURRAN.

Traverser, a term in law for one who traverses or opposes a plea or indictment.

PART THIRD.—THE CAMP.

I.—CATILINE TO HIS TROOPS.

ON many and great occasions, O soldiers! I have known you brave and faithful; and now the greatest and noblest undertaking of all invites us. You are at last aware of my designs. Rome's rulers must be changed. The enterprise is bold,—ay, some may call it rash, and denounce me as Catiline the conspirator. But my confidence in our venture increases daily, the more I reflect what our fate is likely to be if we do not vindicate our freedom by our own right hands.

What is the condition of the republic? Under the dominion of a haughty few, to whom kings yield their tributes and principalities their profits, all the rest of the people, whether noble or ignoble, are regarded as the mere vulgar by these stern, uncompromising masters. Without influence, without authority, we, who, under the commonwealth, should be to them a terror, are a scorn. All honor, favor, power, wealth, are centered in *them*, and in those whom they approve; to *us* are left dangers, repulses, lawsuits, poverty!

How long will ye endure, O bravest of men, this ignominy? How long will ye submit to despots like these? Were it not better to die bravely, than drag out a miserable and dishonored life, the sport of pride, the victims of disgrace? But, by the faith of gods and men, victory is now in our own grasp! Our strength is unimpaired, our minds energetic; theirs, enfeebled by age, emasculated by riches. All that is needed is a bold beginning; the rest will follow of course. What man of any spirit can sit tamely down and see these lordly proprietors reveling in superfluous wealth; wealth which they squander in ransacking the sea, in leveling mountains, while to us the common necessities of life are wanting? Behold them, each with two or more superb palaces, while we hardly know where to lay our heads. Why, fellow-soldiers, when they buy pictures, statues, basso-relievos, they destroy the old to make way for the new. In every possible way do they lavish the gold wrung from the hard hand of toil; and still their desires are unable to exhaust their means. But we—At home, we have only poverty; abroad, debts; present adversity—worse prospects. Is there indeed aught left us but our woe-stricken souls?

What, then, fellow-soldiers, shall we do? What but that

which you have ever most desired! Liberty is before your eyes; and liberty will soon bring riches, glory, renown. These are the rewards that Fortune holds out to the victors. The time, ~~the~~ place, our dangers, our wants, the splendid spoils of war, exhort you more than my words can do. As for myself, whether as a commander or a private soldier, make what use of me you will. Neither in soul nor in body will I be absent from your side; and you—you, I am persuaded, will prefer to command as rulers, rather than to obey as slaves. SALLUST (*paraphrase from*).

II. — ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.

At length, fellow-soldiers, we enter on the last of our battles. How many regions have we traversed, looking forward to the victory which we must this day achieve! We have crossed the Gran'i-cus, we have climbed the ridges of Cilicia, we have passed through Syria and Egypt; our very entrance into a country has been the signal of victory; what more irresistible incitements could we have to confidence and glory? The Persian fugitives, overtaken, rally and attempt to make head against us, simply because they can not fly. This is the third day that they have stood under their loads of armor, fixed in one position, scarcely surviving their terrors.

What stronger proof of their desperate condition could they give than in burning their cities, and laying waste their fields; thus acknowledging, in act, that whatever they cannot destroy must fall into our hands! We hear of unknown tribes that have joined them,—tribes with barbarous names. Be sure, soldiers, their names are the most formidable part of them. But when were brave men scared by names? And how does it affect the fate of this contest to know who are Scythians, or who Cadusians? Obscurity is the lot of the ignoble. Heroes do not dwell in oblivion. These unwarlike hordes, dragged from their dens and caves, bring into the field—their alarming *names*! Well, even in names we can beat them; for to such eminence in manly virtue have you arrived, that there is not a spot in the whole earth where the name of the Macedonians is not known and respected.

Observe the wretched appointments of these barbarians. Some have no weapon but a dart; others poise stones in a sling; few have proper and efficient arms. *There* stands the larger *mob*—here stands the stronger *army*!

Soldiers! Intrepid sons of Macedonia! Your courage has

been tried in many a well-fought field; nor do I ask you now to show once more that bravery which could defy all odds, unless ~~you see~~ me, Alexander, your general, fighting to the last gasp, in front of the banners! My scars I shall count as ornaments. What spoils we seize shall be bestowed in honoring and enriching yourselves. Did Alexander ever stint you of your share?

Thus much to the brave. Should there be others here,—very few, if any, they must be,—let them consider, that, having advanced thus far, it is impossible for us to retreat. We must conquer—or we must perish. There is no alternative. Such is the extent of country to be retraced, so multiplied and difficult are the rivers and mountains obstructing return, so hostile the tribes in our way, that we can cut a passage to our native land and our household gods no otherwise than by the sword. Forward, then, Macedonians—forward to the field, and victory shall secure at once your glory and your safety!

QUINTUS CURTIUS (*paraphrase from*).

III.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league, half a league onward, all in the valley of Death, rode the six hundred. "Charge!" was the captain's cry: theirs not to reason why; theirs not to make reply; theirs but to do and die! Into the valley of Death rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them, volleyed and thundered. Stormed at with shot and shell, boldly they rode and well; into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell, rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare, flashed all at once in air, sabering the gunners there, charging an army, while all the world wondered. Plunged in the battery smoke, fiercely the line they broke; strong was the saber-stroke, making an army reel, shaken and sundered. Then they rode back; but not—not the six hundred!

Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon behind them, volleyed and thundered; stormed at with shot and shell, they that had struck so well rode through the jaws of Death, half a league back again, up from the mouth of Hell, all that was left of them—left of six hundred! When can their glory fade? O, the wild charge they made!—all the world wondered. Honor the charge they made—honor the Light Brigade! Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IV. — ALASCO TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

SOLDIERS, the chief, Malinski, has betrayed
 His post, and fled. I would that every knave
 He has left behind might strip the patriot cloak
 And follow him. Such ruffian spirits taint
 The cause of freedom. They repel its friends,
 And so disfigure it by blood and violence,
 That good men start, and tremble to embrace it.
 But now, my friends, a sterner trial waits us:
 Within yon castle's walls we sleep to-night,
 Or die to-day before them. Let each man
 Preserve the order of advance, and charge
 As if he thought his individual sword
 Could turn the scale of fate. String every heart
 To valor's highest pitch; — fight, and be free!
 This is no common conflict, set on foot
 For hiring hosts to ply the trade of war.
 Ours is a noble quarrel. We contend
 For what's most dear to man, wherever found —
 Free or enslaved — a savage, or a sage; —
 The very life and being of our country.
 'Tis ours to rescue from the oblivious grave,
 Where tyrants have combined to bury them,
 A gallant race, a nation, and her fame;
 To gather up the fragments of our State,
 And in its cold, dismembered body breathe
 The living soul of empire. Such a cause
 Might warm the torpid earth, put hearts in stones,
 And stir the ashes of our ancestors,
 Till from their tombs our warrior sires come forth,
 Range on our side, and cheer us on to battle.
 Strike, then, ye patriot spirits, for your country!
 Fight, and be free! — for liberty and Poland. SHINE.

V. — A BATTLE-SONG FOR FREEDOM.

MEN of action! men of might!
 Stern defenders of the right!
 Are you girded for the fight?
 Have you marked and trenched the ground,
 Where the din of arms must sound,
 Ere the victor can be crowned?

Have you guarded well the coast ?
 Have you marshaled all your host ?
 Standeth each man at his post ?

Have you counted up the cost ?
 What is gained and what is lost,
 When the foe your lines have crost ?

Gained — the infamy of fame.
 Gained — a dastard's spotted name.
 Gained — eternity of shame.

Lost — desert of manly worth.
 Lost — the right you had by birth.
 Lost — lost ! — freedom for the earth.

Freemen, up ! The foe is nearing !
 Haughty banners high uprearing —
 Lo, their serried ranks appearing !

Freemen, on ! The drums are beating !
 Will you shrink from such a meeting ?
 Forward ! Give them hero greeting !

From your hearths, and homes, and altars,
 Backward hurl your proud assaulters.
 He is not a man that falters.

Hush ! The hour of fate is nigh.
 On the help of God rely !

Forward ! We will do or die ! G. HAMILTON.

VI.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried, — our leader frank and bold ;
 The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green wood, our tent the cypress-tree ;
 We know the forest round us as seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery that little dread us near !
 On them shall light, at midnight, a strange and sudden fear ;
 When, waking to their tents on fire, they grasp their arms in vain ;
 And they who stand to face us are beat to earth again ;
 And they who fly in terror deem a mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands upon the hollow wind.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band that Marion leads—

The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life to guide the fiery barb across the moonlight plain ;

'Tis life to feel the night-wind that lifts his tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp — a moment — and away,

Back to the pathless forest, before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee, grave men with hoary hairs :

Their hearts are all with Marion, for Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band with kindest welcoming,

With smiles like those of summer, and tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay them down no more

Till we have driven the Briton for ever from our shore.

BRYANT.

VII. — DARIUS TO HIS ARMY.

THIS day, O soldiers, will terminate or establish the largest empire that any age has known. But recently lords of all the climes from the Hellespont to the ocean, we have now to fight, not for glory, but for safety, and, for what we prize above safety — liberty ! If we can not make a stand *here*, no place of retreat remains. By continued armaments every thing in our rear is exhausted. The cities are deserted. The very fields are abandoned by their cultivators. Our wives and children, who have followed the levies, are but so many spoils prepared for the enemy, unless we interpose our bodies as a rampart before these dearest objects and pledges of affection.

On *my* part, I have collected an army such as the largest plain can hardly contain. I have chosen a field of battle where our whole line can act. The rest depends on yourselves. *Dare* to conquer, and you *will* conquer ! We hear of the enemy's reputation. Reputation ! — As if that were a weapon which brave men had not learnt to despise ! These spacious plains expose the poverty of your foe — a poverty which the Cilician mountains concealed. We perceive thin ranks, wire-drawn wings, a center quite drained ; while their last line faces to the rear, in readiness to fly.

If we but conquer *now*, all the victories of the war will be transferred to us. The enemy have no place of refuge ; here the Euphrates bars them in, and there the Tigris. A heavy booty impedes their operations. Entangled in the spoils they have won from us, they may be easily overwhelmed ; and thus the means of our triumph will be its reward.

Does a name startle you?—the name of Alexander? Let girls and cowards stand in awe of it! Imprudent, reckless, absurd, our own irresolution, and not his courage, has been the cause of his successes hitherto. Nothing that is not built on moderation can last. His prosperity has reached its height, and punishment now awaits his presumption.

By our guardian deities, O soldiers! by the eternal fire carried before us on our altars; by the dazzling sun which rises within the limits of my dominions; by the immortal memory of Cyrus, who transferred the empire from the Medes and Lydians to the Persians; by your hopes of freedom and your scorn of oppression, I conjure you to vindicate your name and nation from the last disgrace! In your own right hands you carry liberty, power, and every future reliance. Whoever despises death, escapes it. Follow me, then,—for home and country, family and freedom,—follow me to the field!

QUINTUS CURTIUS (*paraphrase from*).

VIII. — HIGHLAND WAR-SONG.

PIBROCH* of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy;
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* A pibroch (pronounced *p'brok*) is a martial air played with the bagpipe. Donuil, pronounce *Don'uil*.

IX. — ARMINIUS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS and friends! we soon shall reach the ground
 Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
 The holiest offering of her children's blood!
 Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
 Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer;
 No, friends, we come to tell our proud invaders
 That we will use our strength to purchase freedom!
 Freedom — prime blessing of this fleeting life! —
 Is there a man that hears thy sacred name,
 And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
 With proud disdain of tyrant whips and chains?

Much-injured friends, your slavish hours are past!
 Conquest is ours! not that your German swords
 Have keener edges than the Roman falchions;
 Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armor
 Impervious to the swift and deadly lance;
 Not that your ranks are thicker than the Roman; —
 No, no; they will outnumber you, my soldiers; —
 But that your cause is good! They are poor slaves
 Who fight for hire and plunder, — pampered ruffians,
 Who have no souls for glory. We are Germans;
 Who here are bound, by oaths indissoluble,
 To keep your glorious birthrights or to die!
 This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
 And, looking on the angel Liberty,
 Might put such mettle in their tender arms
 That veteran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.
 I say no more, my dear and trusty friends!
 Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it,
 To rouse the sleepest spirit from his trance, —
 For Freedom and Germania!

MURPHY.

X. — POLAND.

Is Freedom's latest struggle o'er? Is Poland fallen to rise no more? Is Kosciusko's name forgotten? Is the spirit fled, that once to deathless glory led, and never lessening fame? No! though the imperial Russ decree Poland shall never more be free, — she yet shall burst her chain, — again the sword of Freedom wield, and in the blood-red battle-field her arch foe meet again.

Who, but the driveling despots, dream, — all silent though

Sarmatia sears; — her noble spirit fled? She sleeps a short and troubled sleep — but, when she wakes, let despots weep! — O, Poland is not dead! Still, still, in Tyranny's despite, fair Liberty's all quenchless light shall stronger, brighter shine! Fresh blood shall rush through Poland's veins, and Russia's self throw off her chains, and hail the maid divine!

Was Ostrolenska's fight in vain, — in vain the blood on Grochow's plain, like water freely poured? And still must Kosciuszko's land be crushed beneath the withering hand of a barbarian lord? Perish the thought! our dawning day shall yet see Poland spurn the sway of Moscow's haughty czar. Till all the world shall own her free, or Time itself shall cease to be, her cry shall still be — WAR!

XI. — SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day! BYRON.

XII. — HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To its full height! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and St. George!

SHAKESPEARE.

XIII.—GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen; but he, making his escape, contrived to reach the Dalecarlian mountains, where he worked at the mines like a common slave. Having seized a favorable opportunity, he declared himself to the miners and peasants, whom he incited to join his cause. Fortune befriended him, and in the year 1527 he gained the throne of Sweden.

SWEDES! countrymen! behold at last, after a thousand dangers past, your chief, Gustavus, here! Long have I sighed 'mid foreign bands, long have I roamed in foreign lands;—at length, 'mid Swedish hearts and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear! Yet, looking forth, although I see none but the fearless and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires; for where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where these mountains frown around, can that best heritage be found—the freedom of our sires?—Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke; the galling chain our fathers broke is round our country now! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt, rests on a foreign brow.

On *you* your country turns her eyes—on *you*, on *you*, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem! The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right your fearless fathers claim; *yours* is the glory of *their* name—'t is yours to equal *them*.—As rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way, and all that bars its onward course sweeps to the sea with headlong force,—so swept your sires the Dane and Norse:—can *ye* do less than *they*?

Rise! reassert your ancient pride, and down the hills a living tide of fiery valor pour. Let but the storm of battle lower, back to his den the foe will cower;—then, then shall Freedom's glorious hour strike for our land once more! What! silent—

motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given, wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven;—till ye are slaughtered, wait!

But no! your kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! Hear that bloodhound's bay! Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battle-cry be *Freedom!* We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

XIV.—GERMANICUS TO HIS MUTINOUS TROOPS.

A. D. 14, the Roman soldiers on the lower Rhine mutinied on receiving the news of the death of the Emperor Augustus, and the accession of Tiberius. According to Tacitus, the following speech, by Germanicus, the general, recalled the mutinous troops to their duty, and restored discipline.

To this audience what name shall I give? Can I call you *soldiers*? Soldiers! you who have beset with arms the son of your emperor—confined him in your trenches? *Citizens*, can I call you? you who have trampled under your feet the authority of the Senate; who have violated the most awful sanctions, even those which hostile states have ever held in respect—the rights of ambassadors and the laws of nations?

Julius Caesar, by a single word, was able to quell a mutiny: he spoke to the men who resisted his authority: he called them Romans, and they returned to their allegiance. Augustus showed himself to the legions who fought at Actium, and the majesty of his countenance awed them into submission. The distance between myself and these illustrious characters I know is great; and yet, descended from them, with their blood in my veins, I should resent with indignation a parallel outrage from the soldiers of Syria or of Spain; and will you, men of the first and the twentieth legions,—the former enrolled by Tiberius himself, the other his constant companions in so many battles, and by him enriched with so many bounties,—will you thus requite his benefits?

From every other quarter of the empire Tiberius has received none but joyful tidings; and must I wound his ears with the news of your revolt? Must he hear from me, that neither the soldiers raised by himself, nor the veterans who fought under him, are willing to own his authority? Must he be told that neither exemptions from service, nor money lavishly bestowed, can appease the fury of ungrateful men? Must I tell him that here centurions are butchered, tribunes expelled, ambassadors

imprisoned ; the camp and the rivers polluted with blood ; and that a Roman general drags out a precarious existence, at the mercy of men implacable and mad ?

Wherefore, on the first day that I addressed you, did you wrest from me that sword which I was on the point of plunging into my heart ? Officious friends ! Greater was the kindness of that man who proffered me a sword. At all events, I should have fallen ere I had become aware of the enormities committed by my army. You would have chosen a general who, though he might leave my death unatoned for, would yet avenge the massacre of Varus and his three legions. May that revenge be still reserved for the Roman sword ! May the gods withhold from the Belgic states, though now they court the opportunity, the credit and renown of retrieving the Roman name, and of humbling the German nations ! May *thy* spirit, O, deified Augustus ! which is received into heaven, — *thy* image, my father Drusus ! — prevail with these soldiers, who, even now, I see, are touched with a noble remorse ! May your inspiration dispel the disgrace that sits heavy upon them ; and may the rage of civil discord discharge itself on the enemies of Rome !

TACITUS.

XV.—THE SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

WE heard thy name, O Mina !
 Far through our hills it rang ;
 A sound more strong than tempests,
 More keen than armor's clang.
 The peasant left his vintage,
 The shepherd grasped the spear —
 We heard thy name, O Mina !
 The mountain bands are here.

As eagles to the day-spring,
 As torrents to the sea,
 From every dark sierra
 So rushed our hearts to thee.
 Thy spirit is our banner,
 Thine eye our beacon-sign.
 Thy name our trumpet, Mina !
 The mountain bands are thine.

MRS. HEMANS.

PART FOUR.—THE BEMA.*

I.—AGAINST BRIBERY.

It were better, O Athenians! to die ten thousand deaths, than to be guilty of a servile acquiescence in the usurpations of Philip. Not only is he no Greek, and no way allied to Greece, but he sprang from a part of the barbarian world unworthy to be named—from Macedonia, where formerly we could not find a slave fit to purchase! And why is it that the insolence of this man is so tamely tolerated? Surely there must be some cause why the Greeks, who were once so jealous of their liberty, now show themselves so basely submissive. It is this, Athenians! They were formerly impelled by a sentiment which was more than a match for Persian gold; a sentiment which maintained the freedom of Greece, and wrought her triumphs by sea and land, over all hostile powers. It was no subtle or mysterious element of success. It was simply this: an abhorrence of traitors; of all who accepted bribes from those princes who were prompted by the ambition of subduing, or the base intent of corrupting, Greece. To receive bribes was accounted a crime of the blackest die—a crime which called for all the severity of public justice. No petitioning for mercy, no pardon, was allowed. Those favorable conjunctures with which fortune oftentimes assists the supine against the vigilant, and renders men, even when most regardless of their interests, superior to those who exert their utmost efforts, could never be sold by orator or general, as in these degenerate days. Our mutual confidence, our settled hatred and distrust of all tyrants and barbarians, could not be impaired or turned aside by the force of money.

But now, opportunity, principles, private honor, and the public good, are exposed to sale as in a market; and in exchange we have that pernicious laxity which is destroying the safety, the very vitals, of Greece. Let a man receive a bribe, he is envied; let him confess it, he provokes laughter; let him be convicted, he is pardoned! His very accusation only awakens resentment, so thoroughly is public sentiment corrupted! Richer, more powerful, better prepared, than ever before, we lose all our advantages through these traffickers in their country's welfare.

* The Bema was a raised place, or step, from which the Athenian orators spoke. We have included under this head a specimen of Roman oratory.

How was it formerly? Listen to the decree which your ancestors inscribed upon a brazen column erected in the citadel: "Let Arthmius of Zelia, the son of Pythonax, be accounted infamous, and an enemy to the Athenians and their allies, both he and all his race!" Then comes the reason of his sentence: "Because he brought gold from Media into Peloponnesus." This is the decree. And now, in the name of all the gods, think upon it! Think what wisdom, what dignity, appeared in this action of our ancestors! This receiver of bribes they declare an enemy to them and their confederates, and that he and his posterity shall be infamous! And the sentence imported something more; for, in the laws relating to capital cases, it is enacted, that "when the legal punishment of a man's crime can not be inflicted, he may be put to death." And it was accounted meritorious to *kill* him!

"Let not the infamous man," says the law, "be permitted to live;" implying that the citizen is free from guilt who executes this sentence! Such was the detestation in which bribery was held by our fathers! And hence was it that the Greeks were a terror to the barbarians—not the barbarians to the Greeks! Hence was it that wars were fair and open; that battles were fought, not with *gold*, but *steel*; and won, if won at all, not by *treachery*, but by *force of arms*!

DEMOSTHENES.

II.—THE SUBVERSION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THERE are those who may ask you, Athenians, "What real advantage have we derived from the speeches of Demosthenes? He rises when he thinks proper; he deafens us with his harangues; he declaims against the degeneracy of present times; he tells us of the virtues of our ancestors; he transports us by his airy extravagance; he puffs up our vanity; and then—he sits down."

But, Athenians, could these my speeches produce but their due effect upon your minds, so incalculable would be the advantages conferred upon my country, that were I to attempt to speak them, they would seem visionary to many; yet still must I assume the merit of doing some service by accustoming you to hear salutary truths. From the inveterate habit of listening to falsehoods—to every thing rather than your real interests—your ears have become distempered; and they must first be cured, if your counselors would be of any real service to you and your country.

My countrymen, vouchsafe me a patient hearing! It lately

happened that certain persons broke into the treasury; whereupon your speakers all instantly exclaimed, "Our free constitution is overturned! Our laws are no more!" Impossible! I grant you, that those who are guilty of this crime justly deserve to die! But, by such offenders, our constitution is not overturned.

Again; some oars have been stolen from our arsenal "Stripes and tortures for the villain! Our constitution is subverted!" This is the general cry. But what is my opinion? This criminal, like the others, has deserved to die. But, if some are criminal, our constitution is not therefore subverted.

There has been no man who has dared openly and boldly to declare in what case our constitution is subverted. But *I* shall declare it. When you, Athenians, become a helpless rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity; when neither general nor any other person has the least respect for your decrees; and when no man dares to inform you of this, your condition, to urge the necessary reformation, much less to exert his own efforts to effect it—*then* is your constitution subverted! And this has been your case!

And now, be sure, my countrymen, that it is by arms we are to subdue our enemies—by arms we are to defend our State. It is not by our *decrees* that we can conquer. Assume yourselves the conduct of your own affairs. Do an equal duty, and share an equal glory! In judgment, be ever humane! In action, be ever terrible!

IB.

III.—INVECTIVE AGAINST DEMOSTHENES.

To what causes, Athenians, is the prosperity or the calamity of a State to be ascribed? To none so eminently as to its ministers and generals. Turn your eyes on the state of Thebes. It subsisted once. It was once great. It had its soldiers and commanders. There was a time when Pelopidas led the "sacred band;" when Epaminondas and his colleagues commanded the army. Then did the Thebans gain the victory at Leuctra. Then did they pierce into the territories of Læ-o-de-mon, before deemed inaccessible. Then did they achieve many and noble deeds. For what is the great security of every state and nation? Good generals and able ministers!

Let this be duly and attentively considered, and let us no longer suffer by the corrupt and pernicious conduct of Demosthenes. Let it not be imagined that we shall ever want good men and faithful counselors. With all the generous severity of

our ancestors, let us punish the man whose bribery, whose treason, are unequivocally detected ; who could not resist the temptation of gold ; who in war has proved himself a coward, in his civil conduct a busybody ; who, when his fellow-citizens are called forth to meet their enemies in the field, flies from his post, and hides himself at home ; when the danger is at home, and his aid is demanded here, pretends that he is an ambassador, and runs from the city !

Let this man no longer amuse you with airy hopes and false representations, and promises which he forgets as soon as uttered ! Let not his ready tears and lamentations move you ! Reserve all your pity for your country : your country, which his practices have undone—your country, which now implores you to save it from a traitor's hand. When he would waken all your sympathy for Demosthenes, then turn your eyes on Athens. Consider her former glory. Contrast it with her present degradation ! And ask yourselves, whether Demosthenes has been reduced to greater wretchedness by Athens, or Athens by Demosthenes !

DINARCHUS.

IV.—AGAINST CATILINE.

CONSCRIPT FATHERS, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome ; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome ; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might, even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment ; but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed ; and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say you were not ripe for execution.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is laboring to destroy ? I aver, that on that same night you and your complotters assembled. Can even your own tongue deny it ? Yet secret ! Speak out, man ; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me who shall have an agonising proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods, where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here—here, conscript fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the center of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives—the life of every virtuous senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down with the sword. Proceed, Catiline, in your meritorious career! Go where destiny and desire are driving you! Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a pity that the Manlian army should look so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between me and thee; for, at present, you are much too near. I will not suffer you; I will not longer endure you!

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin as soon as you can this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and, when this you have done, then, do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the establisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents! Save us from his fury; our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses and household gods, our liberties, our lives. Pursue, tutelary god! pursue them, these foes to the gods and to goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life; and in the next let thy vengeance follow them still, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

CICERO.

V.—REPLY TO ÆSCHINES.

UNDER what circumstances, O Athenians, ought the strenuous and patriotic orator to appear? When the state is in jeopardy, when the people are at issue with the enemy, then it is that his vehemence is timely. But now, when I stand clear on all hands,—by prescription, by judgments repeatedly pronounced, by my never having been convicted before the people of any offense,—and when more or less of glory has of necessity resulted to the public from my course—now it is that Æschines turns up, and attempts to wrest from me the honors which you propose to bestow! Personal spite and envy are at the bottom of all his

trumped-up charges, my fellow-citizens; and I proclaim him no true man.

Consider, *Æschines*, whether you are not in reality the country's enemy, while you pretend to be only mine. Let us look at the *acts* of the orator rather than at the *speech*. He who pays his court to the enemies of the state does not cast anchor in the same roadstead with the people. He looks elsewhere than to them for his security. Such a man — mark me! — am not I. I have always made common cause with the people, nor have I shaped my public course for my individual benefit. Can you say as much? Can you? You, who, instantly after the battle, repaired as ambassador to Philip, the author of all our calamities; and this after you had declared loudly, on previous occasions, against engaging in any such commission, — as all these citizens can testify!

What worse charge can any one bring against an orator than that his words and his deeds do not tally? Yet you have been discovered to be such a man; and you still lift your voice and dare to look this assembly in the face! Think you they do not know you for what you are? or that such a slumber and oblivion have come over them all as to make them forget the speeches in which, with oaths and imprecations, you disclaimed all dealings with Philip, and declared that I falsely brought this charge against you from personal enmity? And yet, no sooner was the advice received of that fatal — O! that fatal — battle, than your asseverations were forgotten, your connection publicly avowed! You affected to have been Philip's friend and guest. Such were the titles by which you sought to dignify your prostitution!

But read here the epitaph inscribed by the state upon the monument of the slain, that you may see *yourself* in it, *Æschines*, — unjust, calumnious, and profligate. Read!

"These were the brave, unknowing how to yield,
Who, terrible in valor, kept the field
Against the foe; and, higher than life's breath
Prizing their honor, met the doom of death,
Our common doom — that Greece unyoked might stand,
Nor shuddering crouch beneath a tyrant's hand.
Such was the will of Jove; and now they rest
Peaceful enfolded in their country's breast.
The immortal gods alone are ever great,
And erring mortals must submit to Fate."

Do you hear, *Æschines*? It pertains only to the gods to control fortune and command success. To *them* the power of assuring victory to armies is ascribed, — not to the statesman, but to the gods. Wherefore, then, execrable wretch, wherefore upbraid *me* with what has happened? Why denounce against *me*, what may the just gods reserve for the heads of you and yours!

DEMOSTHENES.

PART FIFTH. — THE TRIBUNE.*

I. — THE DISOBEDIENCE OF MAGISTRATES.

WE have been told, gentlemen, that the magistrate is not bound to execute a law which he has not adopted. We are told that he is not obliged to adopt, as magistrate, a new law which does not suit him; that, when he received his powers, he swore to render justice according to *established* laws. You now offer him new powers; you exact of him the application of new laws. What is his reply? "I do not desire these powers. I do not engage to execute these laws."

And I, in my turn, reply: These magistrates who are not willing to exercise those functions that have reference to *new* laws, have they, in disobeying, abdicated their offices, and resigned their commissions? Unless they have done this, then is their conduct inconsistent with their principles. "We are justified," they say, "by our conscience, in disobeying the laws." Their conscience, like that of all men, is the result of their ideas, their sentiments, their habits of thought and action. Let them cease to be magistrates, these men who presume to regard the eternal rights of the people as "new laws;" — who reverence despotism authority, and whose conscience is wounded by the public liberty. Let them abdicate, and become once more as simple citizens! Who will regret them?

Have not all the parliaments of the kingdom recognized the principle that the interruption of justice is a crime — that combined resignations are a forfeiture? The magistrate, the soldier, every man who has public functions to fulfill, may abdicate his place; but can he desert his post? Can he quit it in the critical moment, at the approach of a combat, when his services are needed? In such a moment, the refusal of the soldier would be an act of cowardice — the pretended scruples of magistrates would be a crime.

The principle of these refractory officers is, that *they will obey such laws only as suit them*; in other words, they will obey only themselves. If this be not a folly and a crime, what is our business here? What need of legislation? What is our power? —

* In the French National Assembly, every speaker who formally addresses that body, instead of speaking from his place, as in the legislative halls of England and the United States, ascends a sort of elevated platform, called a *tribune*, from which he harangues his hearers.

what the object of our labors? Let us hasten to replunge into nothingness that constitution which has given birth to so many false hopes. Let the aurora of public liberty be eclipsed, and let the eternal night of despotism cover once more the earth.

MIRABEAU.

II.—REPLY TO AN ORDER,

THROUGH M. DE BRÉSE, FROM THE KING, FOR THE DISPERSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, JUNE 23D, 1789.

THE Commons of France have resolved to deliberate. We have heard the intentions that have been attributed to the king; and you, sir, who can not be recognized as his organ to the National Assembly,—you, who have here neither place, voice, nor right to speak,—you are not the person to bring to us message of his. Go, say to those who sent you, that we are here by the power of the people, and that we will not be driven hence save by the power of the bayonet.

IB.

III.—ON WAR BEING DECLARED.

You owe it now to the nation, members of the Assembly, to take all means to assure the success of the great and terrible determination by which you have signalized this memorable day. Recall to mind the occasion of that general federation when all Frenchmen pledged their lives to the defense of liberty and the constitution. Recall to mind the oath which you yourselves took on the fourteenth of January, to be buried under the ruins of this temple sooner than consent to the slightest capitulation, or to a single modification of the constitution.

What heart so frigid that it does not palpitate in this supreme crisis? What soul so abject that it does not mount, if I may so speak, even to heaven, upon the acclamations of the universal joy? What man so apathetic that he does not feel his whole being expanded, and his energies uplifted far above the ordinary level of humanity, by a noble enthusiasm?

Ah! then, give once more to France, to Europe, the imposing spectacle of a great national consecration. Revive that intrepid spirit, before which Bastilles were crumbled! Let the whole empire, in every part, reëcho those words sublime, "Liberty or death! The constitution!—the whole constitution, unmodified,—or death!" Let these cries shake the very thrones in league against you; let monarchs learn that they have reckoned in vain

upon our internal divisions; that at a moment when the country is in danger, we are animated by one only passion — that of saving her or perishing in her behalf; that, finally, if, in the coming struggles, fortune should betray so righteous a cause as ours, our enemies may indeed have it in their power to insult our lifeless bodies, but never, never shall they profane one living Frenchman with their fetters!*

VERGNAUD.

IV. — ON THE PUNISHMENT OF LOUIS XVI.

To what punishment shall we condemn Louis the Sixteenth? "The punishment of death is too cruel," says one. "No," says another, "life is more cruel still; let him live." Advocates of the king, is it from pity or from cruelty that you wish to withdraw him from the penalty of his crimes? For my part, I abhor the punishment of death, inflicted so unsparingly by your laws, and I have for Louis neither love nor hatred; I hate only his crimes. I asked for the abolition of the punishment of death in the Assembly which you still call Constituent, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason appeared to it moral and political heresies; but, if you never thought of renouncing them in favor of so many unfortunate men, whose offenses are less theirs than those of the government, by what fatality do you remember them only to plead the cause of the greatest of all criminals?

You demand an exception to the punishment of death for him alone who can render it legitimate! Yes, the punishment of death, in general, is a crime; and, for this reason alone, that, according to the indestructible principles of nature, it can be justified only in the cases where it is necessary for the security of individuals or of society. Now, the public security never calls for it against ordinary offenses, because society can always prevent them by other means, and put it out of the power of the guilty to be dangerous; but a dethroned king in the bosom of a revolution, which is nothing less than cemented by laws, — a king whose name alone brings down the plague of war upon the agitated nation, — neither imprisonment nor exile can render his existence a matter of indifference to the public welfare; and this cruel exception to ordinary laws, which justice avows, can only be imputed to the nature of his crimes. I pronounce with regret this fatal truth; but Louis must die, because the country must

* "These lyric words of Vergniaud," says Lamartine, "resounded at Berlin and Vienna." The campaign was opened by France before Prussia and Austria had completed their armaments.

live. A people at peace, free and respected within and without, might listen to the advice which is given you to be generous; but a people whose liberty is still disputed, after so many sacrifices and combats, can not afford to do so. ROBERTSMERE.

V.—ON BEING CALLED AN ARISTOCRAT.

You have called me an a-ris'tocrat. Listen to my reply. My only aristocracy is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance, and intelligence, will always assure to every man in a free state of society. I belong only to those privileged classes to which you may all belong in your turn. The privileges are not created *for* us, but created *by* us. Our wealth is our own; we have made it. Our ease is our own; we have gained it by the sweat of our brows, or by the labor of our minds. Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves,—with our own intellect, application, zeal, patience, and industry. If you remain inferior to us, it is because you have not the intellect or the industry, the zeal or the sobriety, the patience or the application, necessary to your advancement. This is not our fault, but your own.

You wish to become rich, as some men do to become wise; but there is no royal road to wealth, any more than there is to knowledge. You sigh for the ease and repose of wealth, but you are not willing to do that which is necessary to procure them. The husbandman who will not till his ground shall reap nothing but thistles and briers. You think that there must be something wrong in human society, if you do not become wealthy and powerful; but what right have you to expect—you idlers and drones in the hive—you shall always be fed on the honey and sweets of life? What right have you, who do nothing for yourselves, your families, your country, or your kind, to imagine that you will be selected for public favor, confidence, and reward?

I am not an aristocrat in that sense of the term in which it may be applied in absolute governments, or under imperial rule; but, if by an aristocrat you mean a man who has earned his promotion by his labor, his honors by his toils, and his wealth by his industry, O, then, indeed, I am an aristocrat; and, please God, I will always remain so. The distinctions in human society displease you, because you have not the talent or the industry to amend your own position. You are too idle to labor, and too proud to beg; but I will endeavor to take care that you shall not rob me. I throw back, then, with indignation and resent-

ment, the charge which is made. I belong to the middling classes of society. I have been selected by my fellow-citizens as one of their representatives; and, by the blessing of Heaven, I *will* represent them.

CASIMIR PERRIER.

VI. — UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

GENTLEMEN, one great object of the Revolution of February was to establish universal suffrage; and you would now restrict, abridge, and mutilate it! Have you considered well what you are about? This law, which gives a share in the popular sovereignty to the down-trodden victim of social and political distinctions — to the desperate man, ready for revolt — what does it say to him but this, — “Vote! No more fighting!” Universal suffrage says to all, “Be ye tranquil! Are ye not sovereign? When you have voted, the sovereignty has spoken.” The right of insurrection is abolished by the right of suffrage. It is the overthrow of violence and brute force; the end of the material, and the beginning of the moral fact. And now it is proposed to abolish this sacred right; and, consequently, to reinstate the abominable and impious right of insurrection!

And why, ye ministers and men of state, who govern, why do you attempt this aggression upon popular rights? Why do you engage in this mad enterprise? It is because the people have seen fit to deem worthy of their votes men whom you judge worthy of your insults! It is because they have presumed to compare your promises with your acts. It is because they do not find your administration altogether sublime. It is, finally, because they have dared to give you their advice peaceably, through the ballot-box, and have not prostrated themselves at your feet! And, consequently, you wax indignant and angry. You cry out, “Society is in danger! We will chastise you, people! We will punish you, people! We will take you in hand!” And so, like that maniac, of whom History tells, you beat the ocean with rods! And so, you launch at us your poor little laws, so furious and so feeble! And so, you defy the spirit of the age, defy the good sense of the public, defy the democracy, and tear your unfortunate finger-nails against the granite of universal suffrage!

You, who believe yourselves the conservative upholders of society, are the most dangerous of revolutionists; — the most dangerous, because, in your simplicity, you make revolutions without seeing it, without wishing it, and without knowing it —

may, wishing all the while to do something very different. Go on, gentlemen! Disfranchise, if you will, three millions of voters, four millions, nay, eight millions, out of nine! Get rid of all these. The result will be the same. What you can not get rid of is your own fatal incapacity and ignorance; your own antipathy toward the people, and theirs toward you! What you can not get rid of is the time that marches, and the hour that sounds; the earth that revolves; the onward movement of ideas; the crippled pace of prejudice; the widening gulf between you and the age, between you and the coming generation, between you and the spirit of liberty, between you and the spirit of philosophy! What you can not get rid of is this palpable fact, that while you pass on one side, the nation passes on the other; that what is for you the east, is for her the west; and that while you turn your back on the future, this great people of France, their foreheads all bathed in light from the day-spring of a new humanity, turn their back on the past!

VICTOR HUGO.

VII.—THE DEATH PENALTY.

I REGRET, gentlemen, that this question of the abolition of capital punishment—the most important question, perhaps, of all before this body—comes up at a time when we are little prepared for its discussion. For myself, I have but few words to say on the subject, but they will proceed from convictions profound and long entertained. You have established the inviolability of the domicile; we ask you to establish an inviolability higher and more sacred—the inviolability of human life! Gentlemen, a constitution, and, above all, a constitution made *by France and for France*, is necessarily an important step in civilization. If it is not that, it is nothing. Consider, then, this penalty of death. What is it but the special and eternal type of barbarism? Wherever the penalty of death is most in vogue, barbarism prevails. Wherever it is rare, civilization reigns. Gentlemen, these are indisputable facts.

The modification of the penalty was a great forward step. The eighteenth century, to its honor, abolished the torture. The nineteenth century will abolish the death penalty! You may not abolish it to-day. But, doubt not, you will abolish it to-morrow; or else your successors will abolish it. You have inscribed at the head of the preamble of your constitution the words, “*IN PRESENCE OF GOD* ;” and would you begin by depriv-

ing that God of the right which to Him only belongs — the right of life and death ?

Gentlemen, there are three things which are God's, not man's : the irrevocable, the irrep'arable, the indis'soluble. Woe to man if he introduces them into his laws ! Sooner or later they will force society to give way under their weight ; they derange the equilibrium essential to the security of laws and of morals ; they take from human justice its proportions ; and then it happens, — think of it, gentlemen ! — it happens that the law revolts the conscience !

I have ascended this trib'ne to say but a word, a decisive word, and it is this : After the Revolution of February came a great thought to the French people. The day after they had burned the Throne, they sought to burn the Scaffold ! But this sublime idea they were prevented from carrying into execution. In the first article of this constitution you have consecrated the people's first thought ; *you have cast down the Throne !* Now consecrate its second thought, and *cast down the Scaffold !* I vote for the entire abolition of the penalty of death.

VICTOR HUGO (*Spt.* 15, 1848).

VIII. — REASONS OF STATE.

UNDER the modest title of a *law of deportation*, the measure before us, gentlemen, would, in fact, restore the penalty of death for political offenses — a penalty which, to their lasting glory, the people of France abolished in the revolution of February. To banish a man to Madagascar, or to the Marquesas, what is it but to reëstablish the penalty of death ? The climate contributes its malignity, exile its crushing dejection, the dungeon its despair. In the place of *one* executioner, there are *three*. Ah ! it is something worse than the scaffold ! It is death without a last look at the sky of one's country !

Gentlemen, you will reject this law ; you will confirm that grand principle, the abolition of the death penalty for political offenses, — a principle which emanated from the large, generous heart of the people, in their moment of triumph and of power. You will not give the lie to that which was even something more than a cry of the *popular* conscience — to that which was the cry of the *human* conscience.

Conscience. Ah ! I know there are certain profound statesmen — men very wise (in their own conceit), very practical, very sagacious — who smile whenever this word *conscience* is mentioned in political discussions. They oppose to our word

conscience the overpowering phrase of *reasons of state*. They tell us that we know nothing of business; that we are destitute of political sense; that we are not safe, sober, practical men; and they call us — as the severest stigma they can invent — *poets*!

They affirm that what we find, or believe we find, in our *conscience*, our faith in progress, in justice, in the amelioration of laws and of manners, our aspirations for liberty, for human improvement, for national grandeur, are all very well, no doubt, in themselves, but lead, in the attempt to apply them practically, to illusions and chimeras; and that, above and beyond all these considerations, we must be guided on real occasions by *reasons of state*! *Reasons of state*! Ah! a fine phrase, that! Just now, amid the interruptions from opponents with which I have been honored, I heard those sounding words — *reasons of state*!

But let us examine them — these “reasons of state.” Let us review some of the measures to which they have given birth. I open history, and I see, along the line of the ages, all the acts of baseness, infamy, rascality, cowardice, cruelty, which have been authorized or committed under the plea of *reasons of state*! Marat invoked these *reasons*, as well as Louis the Eleventh; they were quoted to justify the enormities of the Revolution, as well as the massacres of St. Bartholomew. “Reasons of state!” Those *reasons* erected the guillotines of Robespierre, and are now erecting the gibbets of Haynau. Ah! my heart revolts at all this. I would have neither the policy of the guillotine, nor the policy of the gibbet; neither Marat nor Haynau — nor your law of deportation! And, come what may, whenever in critical moments an inspiration or a counsel is needed, I am of those who will never hesitate between that virgin, whom *we* call *conscience*, and that polluted hag, whom *you* call *reasons of state*!

Gentlemen, there is such a thing as political reprisals. O! you murmur at that! Then it is against history that you murmur. Of all the men who have had the direction of government or of public opinion during the last sixty years in France, there is not one — hear you? — not one, who has not, sooner or later, been precipitated from his high place. The names which remind us of great triumphs remind us of great catastrophes also. He who was Lafayette is soon a captive at Olmutz; he who was Napoleon is soon an exile at St. Helena. Examine — consider! Who recovered the throne in 1814? The exile of Hartwell! Who reigned after 1830? The proscribed of Reichenau, — to-day the banished monarch of Claremont! Who governs at this moment? The prisoner of Ham! Now make laws of proscription, now restore the death penalty for political offenses, if you will — if you dare!

PART SIXTH.—THE FLOOR OF PARLIAMENT.

I.—ON CONSTITUTIONAL RESISTANCE.

January 22, 1770.

I THANK God, my lords, for having thus long preserved me, inconsiderable as I am, to take a part upon this great occasion, and to contribute my endeavors, such as they are, to restore, to save, to confirm, the constitution. My lords, I need not look abroad for grievances. The grand capital mischief is fixed at home. It corrupts the very foundation of our political existence, and preys upon the vitals of the state. The constitution has been grossly violated. **THE CONSTITUTION AT THIS MOMENT STANDS VIOLATED.** Until that wound is healed, until the grievance is redressed, it is in vain to recommend union to Parliament, in vain to promote concord among the people. If we mean seriously to unite the nation within itself, we must convince the people that their complaints are regarded, that their injuries shall be redressed. On that foundation, I would take the lead in recommending peace and harmony to them; on any other, I would never wish to see them united again.

If the breach in the constitution is effectually repaired, the people will of themselves return to a state of tranquillity; if not, **MAY DISCORD PREVAIL FOR EVER!** I know to what point this doctrine and this language will appear directed; but I have the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without apprehension or reserve. The crisis is indeed alarming: so much the more does it require a prudent relaxation on the part of government. If the king's servants will not permit a constitutional question to be decided on according to the forms and on the principles of the constitution, it must then be decided in some other manner; and rather than it should be tamely given up, rather than the nation should surrender their birthright to a despotic minister, I hope, my lords, old as I am, I shall see the question brought to an issue, and fairly tried between the people and government. My lords, this is not the language of faction. Let it be tried by that criterion by which alone we can distinguish what is factious from what is not, by the principles of the English constitution. I have been bred up in these principles, and I know that when the liberty of the subject is invaded, and all redress denied him, resistance is justifiable.

LORD CHATHAM.

II.—IN FAVOR OF COERCING THE COLONIES.

February 7, 1775.

MY LORDS, we are reduced to the alternative of adopting coercive measures, or at once submitting to a dismemberment of the empire. Consider the question in ever so many lights, every middle way will speedily lead you to either of these extremities. The supremacy of the British legislature must be complete, entire, and unconditional; or, on the other hand, the colonies must be free and independent.

The claim of *non-taxation* is a renunciation of your authority. If the doctrine be just, it extends to the right of separating from you, and establishing a new republic. It is to the last degree monstrous and absurd to allow that the colonists are entitled to legislate for themselves on one subject, and not on all. If they have any such privilege, the defense of it would justify resistance; and I have not yet heard any noble lord say that their resistance would not be rebellion.

I admit the impolicy of the taxes imposed in 1767, which have been the cause of the troubles and confusion which we now deplore. They irritated the colonists, cramped our own commerce, and encouraged smuggling for the benefit of our commercial rivals. But the course was to petition for their repeal, and not to treat them as illegal. Concession now is an abdication of sovereignty. All classes will feel severely the effects of war, and no one can answer for its events. The British forces may be defeated; the Americans may ultimately triumph. But are you prepared to surrender without striking a blow?

The question being whether the right of the mother-country shall be resolutely asserted or basely relinquished, I trust there can be no doubt that your lordships are prepared firmly to discharge your duty, convinced that the proper season for clemency is when your efforts have been crowned with victory.

LORD MANSFIELD.

III.—ON TAXING AMERICA.

MY LORDS, you have no right to tax America. I have searched the matter; — I repeat it, you have no right to tax America.

The natural rights of man and the immutable laws of nature are all with that people. Much stress is laid upon the supreme legislative authority of Great Britain, and so far as the doctrine is directed to its proper object I accede to it. But it is equally true, according to all approved writers upon government, that no

man, agreeably to the principles of natural or civil liberty, can be divested of any part of his property without his consent.

But some gentlemen tell us, seriously, that administration must reduce the Americans to obedience and submission; that is, you must make them absolute and infamous slaves, and then — what? — we will, say they, give them full liberty. Ay, is this the nature of man? No, my lords; I would not trust myself, American as I am, in this situation. I do not think I should, in that case, be myself for giving them their liberty. No; if they submitted to such unjust, such cruel, such degrading slavery, I should think they were made for slaves, that servility was suited to their nature and genius. I should think they would best serve this country as our slaves — that their servility would be for the benefit of Great Britain; and I should be for keeping such Cappadocians* in a state of servitude, such as was suited to their constitution, and such as might redound much to our advantage.

My lords, some noble lords talk much of resistance to acts of Parliament. King, lords, and commons, are fine-sounding names; but, my lords, acts of Parliament have been resisted in all ages. King, lords, and commons, may become tyrants as well as others. Tyranny in one or more is the same: it is as lawful to resist the tyranny of many as of one. Somebody once asked the great Mr. Selden in what law-book, in what records, or archives† of state, you might find the law for resisting tyranny. "I don't know," said Mr. Selden, "whether it is worth your while to look deeply into the books upon this matter; but I'll tell you what is most certain, that it has always been the 'custom of England,' and the 'custom of England' is the law of the land."

I end, my lords, as I began: you have no right to tax America; — the natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of nature, are all with that people.

LORD CAMDEN (Jan. 30, 1775).

IV. — THE MEASURES AGAINST AMERICA.

SIR, what foundation have we for our claims over America? What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against that loyal, respectable people? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together; they are inseparable. Yet there is scarcely a man in our streets, though so poor as scarcely to be able to get his daily bread, but thinks he is the

* The people of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, petitioned the Romans to send them a king.

† Pronounced *archives*.

legislator of America! In the last Parliament, all was anger—all was rage. *Sine clade victoria*, was the cry! The Americans were abused, misrepresented, and traduced, in the most atrocious manner, in order to give a color to, and urge on the most precipitate, unjust, cruel, and vindictive measures that ever disgraced a nation. But how have this respectable people behaved under all their grievances? With unexampled patience, with unparalleled wisdom!

I know, sir, that no one will avow that he advised, or that he was the author of these measures; every one shrinks from the charge. But somebody has advised his majesty to these measures; and if his majesty continues to hear such evil counselors, his majesty will be undone. He may, indeed, wear his crown, but, the American jewel out of it, it will not be worth the wearing. What more shall I say? I must not say the king is betrayed; but this I *will* say, the kingdom is ruined!

Repeal, therefore, my lords! But bare repeal will not be enough. It will not satisfy this enlightened and spirited people. What! repeal a bit of paper! repeal a piece of parchment! That alone will not do, my lords. You must go through the work; you must declare *you have no right to tax*. Then they may trust you. Then they will have some confidence in you. You must repeal their fears and resentments, and then you may hope for their love and gratitude.

There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking, the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop of blood will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. It will be an *immédicab'ile vulnus*; a rancorous, malignant, corroding, incurable wound!

Sir, I would not encourage America to proceed beyond the true line. I reprobate all acts of violence. But when her inherent constitutional rights are invaded, then I own myself an American; and, feeling myself such, shall, to the verge of my life, vindicate those rights against all men who strive to trample on or oppose them!

LORD CHATHAM (1775).

V.—AGAINST TAXING AMERICA.

You have an act of Parliament stating that it is expedient to raise a revenue in America. Sir, leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. Be content to bind the Americans by laws of trade; you have always done that. Let

be your reason now for binding their trade. Do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the poets; for there only they may be discussed with safety.

But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate and poison the very source of government, by urging subtle deductions, and consequences odious to those who govern, from the limited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will ruin them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question.

When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon hunters. If that sovereignty and their freedom can not be spoiled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. No body will be argued into slavery.

Let the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up, and tell me, what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from, if they are bound in their property and industry by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and at the same time are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them. When they bear the burdens of unlimited monopoly, will you bring them to bear the burdens of unlimited revenue too? The Englishman in America will feel that this is slavery;—that it is *legal* slavery, will be no compensation either to his feelings or his understanding!

BURKE.

VI.—ON THE AMERICAN WAR, DEC. 11TH, 1777.

MY LORDS, I contend that we have not procured, nor can we procure, any force sufficient to subdue America; it is monstrous to think of it. Ministers have been in error; experience has proved it; and, what is worse, in that error they persist. They told you in the beginning that fifteen thousand men would traverse America, with scarcely the appearance of interruption. Two campaigns have passed since they gave us this assurance; treble that number has been employed; and one of your armies, which composed two thirds of the force by which America was to be subdued, has been totally destroyed, and is now led captive through those provinces you call rebellious.

Those men whom you called cowards, poltroons, runaways, and knaves, are become victorious over your veteran troops; and, in the midst of victory and the flush of conquest, have set ministers an example of moderation and magnanimity.

My lords, no time should be lost which may promise to improve this disposition in America, unless, by an obstinacy founded in madness, we wish to stifle those embers of affection which, after all our savage treatment, do not seem as yet to be entirely extinguished. While, on one side, we must lament the unhappy fate of that spirited officer Mr. Burgoyne, and the gallant troops under his command, who were sacrificed to the wanton temerity and ignorance of ministers, we are as strongly impelled, on the other, to admire and applaud the generous and magnanimous conduct, — the noble friendship, brotherly affection, and humanity, of the victors, who, condescending to impute the horrid orders of massacre and devastation to their true authors, supposed that, as soldiers and Englishmen, those cruel excesses could not have originated with the general, nor were consonant to the brave and humane spirit of a British soldier, if not compelled to it as an act of duty. They traced the first cause of those diabolical orders to their source; and, by that wise and generous interpretation, granted their professed destroyers terms of capitulation, which they could be only entitled to as the makers of fair and honorable war.

My lords, I should not have presumed to trouble you, if the tremendous state of this nation did not, in my opinion, make it necessary. Whether or not the day of retribution is at hand, when the vengeance of a much-injured and afflicted people will fall heavily on the authors of their ruin, I am strongly inclined to believe, that before the day to which the proposed adjournment shall arrive, the noble earl who moved it will have just cause to repent of his motion.

LORD CHATHAM.

VII. — RIGHT OF AMERICAN TAXATION.

THE colonies complain that they have not the characteristic mark and seal of British freedom. They complain that they are taxed in a Parliament in which they are not represented. Sir, I am resolved this day to have nothing to do with the question of the right of taxation. I do not examine whether the giving away a man's money be a power excepted and reserved out of the general trust of government; or whether, on the contrary, a right of taxation is necessarily involved in the general principle of legislation, and inseparable from the ordinary supreme power. These are deep questions, where great names militate against each other; where reason is perplexed, and an appeal to authorities only thickens the confusion. For high and reverend authorities lift up their heads on both sides; and there is no sure footing

in the middle. This point is the "great Serbonian bog, betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old, where armies whole have sunk." I do not intend to be overwhelmed in that bog, though in such respectable company.

The question with me is, not whether you have a *right* to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your *interest* to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason, and justice, tell me I *ought* to do. Is a politic act the worse for being a generous one? Is no concession proper, but that which is made from your want of right to keep what you grant? Or does it lessen the grace or dignity of relaxing in the exercise of an odious claim, because you have your evidence-room full of titles, and your magazines stuffed with arms to enforce them? What signify all those titles, and all those arms? Of what avail are they, when the reason of the thing tells me that the assertion of my title is the loss of my suit, and that I could do nothing but wound myself by the use of my own weapons?

I am not determining a point of law; I am restoring tranquillity. And the general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That point nothing else can or ought to determine. My idea, therefore, without considering whether we yield as matter of right, or grant as matter of favor, is to *admit the people of our American colonies into an interest in the constitution*; and, by recording that admission in the journals of Parliament, to give them as strong an assurance as the nature of the thing will admit, that we mean for ever to adhere to that solemn declaration of systematic indulgence.

BURKE.

VIII.—ENGLISH LIBERTY IN AMERICA.

AMERICA, gentlemen say, is a noble object; it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. But, sir, in the character of the Americans a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and, as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonists, probably, than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are, therefore, not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were, from the earliest times, chiefly upon the question of taxing; maintaining that the people must in effect possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist.

The American colonists draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound.

The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We can not, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery. 1B.

IX. — THE LABORING POOR.

THE gentleman has spoken of "the laboring poor." Sir, the laboring people are poor only because they are numerous. Numbers, in their nature, imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude, none can have much. That class called the rich is so extremely small, that if all their throats were cut, and a distribution made of all that they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labor.

The vigorous and laborious class have lately got from the *bon ton* of the humanity of this day this name of the "laboring poor." We have heard many plans for the relief of the "laboring poor." This puling jargon is not as innocent as it is foolish. In meddling

with great affairs, weakness is ever innoxious. Hitherto the name of poor, in the sense in which it is used to excite compassion, has not been used for those who *can*, but for those who *can not* labor; for the sick and infirm, for orphan infancy, for languishing and decrepit age. But when we affect to pity as poor those who must labor, or the world can not exist, we are trifling with the condition of mankind.

Sir, it is the common doom of man, that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, that is, by the sweat of his body, or the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is, — as might be expected from the Father of all blessings, — it is tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse; and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks which are put upon them by the great Master of the world.

Sir, I do not call a healthy young man, cheerful in mind, and vigorous in his arms, — I can not call such a man *poor*. I can not pity my kind, as a kind, merely because they are men. This affected pity only tends to dissatisfy them with their condition, and to teach them to seek resources where no resources are to be found, — in something else than their own industry, frugality, and sobriety.

IB.

X. — THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

You will remember, gentlemen, that in the beginning of the American war (that era of calamity, disgrace, and downfall — an era which no feeling mind will ever mention without a tear for England) you were greatly divided. A very strong body, if not the strongest, opposed itself to the madness which every art and every power were employed to render popular. This opposition continued till after our great but most unfortunate victory on Long Island.* Then all the mounds and banks of our constancy were borne down at once, and the frenzy of the American war broke in upon us like a deluge. This victory, which seemed to put an immediate end to all difficulties, perfected us in that spirit of domination which our unparalleled prosperity had but too long nurtured. Our headlong desires became our politics and our morals. All men who wished for peace, or retained any sentiments of moderation, were overborne or silenced. But time

* In August, 1776, the British followed up their success by the occupation of New York.

at length has made us all of one opinion; and we have all opened our eyes on the true nature of the American war — of all its successes and all its failures.

Do you remember our commission? We sent out a solemn embassy across the Atlantic Ocean, to lay the Crown, the Peerage, the Commons of Great Britain, at the feet of the American Congress. My Lord Carlisle, once the mover of a haughty address against America, was put in the front of this Embassy of Submission. Mr. Eden was taken from the office of Lord Suffolk, to whom he was then Under-Secretary of State; from the office of that Lord Suffolk who, but a few weeks before, in his place in Parliament, did not deign to inquire where "*a congress of vagrants*" was to be found. This Lord Suffolk sent Mr. Eden to find these "vagrants," without knowing where his majesty's generals were to be found, who were joined in the same commission of supplicating those whom they were sent out to subdue.

They enter the capital of America only to abandon it; and these assertors and representatives of the dignity of England, at the tail of a flying army, let fly their Parthian shafts of memorials and remonstrances at random behind them. Their promises and their offers, their flatteries and their menaces, were all despised; and we were saved the disgrace of their formal reception, only because the American Congress scorned to receive them; whilst the state-house of independent Philadelphia opened her doors to the public entry of the ambassador of France. From war and blood we went to submission, and from submission plunged back again to war and blood, to desolate and be desolated, without measure, hope, or end! I am a royalist—I blushed for this degradation of the Crown. I am a Whig—I blushed for the dishonor of Parliament. I am a true Englishman—I felt to the quick for the disgrace of England. I am a man—I felt for the melancholy reverse of human affairs in the fall of the first power in the world.

LB.

XL.—ON THE EXPULSION OF WILKES, 1768.

MY LORDS, let us be cautious how we admit an idea that *our* rights stand on a footing different from those of the people. Let us be cautious how we invade the liberties of our fellow-subjects, however mean, however remote; for, be assured, my lords, that in whatever part of the empire you suffer slavery to be established, whether it be in America or in Ireland, or here at home, you will find it a disease which spreads by contact, and soon reaches from the extremities to the heart. The man who has lost

his own freedom becomes, from that moment, an instrument in the hands of an ambitious prince, to destroy the freedom of others.

These reflections, my lords, are but too applicable to our present situation. The liberty of the subject is invaded, not only in provinces, but here at home. The English people are loud in their complaints; they proclaim, with one voice, the injuries they have received; they demand redress; and, depend upon it, my lords, that one way or other they *will have* redress. They will never return to a state of tranquillity until they *are* redressed. *Nor ought they*; for, in my judgment, my lords, — and I speak it boldly, — it were better for them to perish in a glorious contention for their rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single iota of the constitution. Let me entreat your lordships, then, in the name of all the duties you owe to your sovereign, to your country, and to yourselves, to perform that office to which you are called by the constitution, by informing his majesty truly of the condition of his subjects, and of the real cause of their dissatisfaction.

LORD CHATHAM.

XII. — ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

SIR, whenever one sect degrades another on account of religion, such degradation is the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that, on account of his religion, no Catholic shall sit in Parliament, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a sheriff, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect. When you enact that no Catholic shall be a general, you do what amounts to the tyranny of a sect.

For the benefit of eleven hundred, to disqualify four or five millions, is the insolent effort of bigotry, not the benignant precept of Christianity; and all this, not for the preservation of their property, for that was secured; but for intolerance, for avarice, for a vile, abominable, illegitimate and atrocious usurpation. The laws of God cry out against it; the spirit of Christianity cries out against it; the laws of England, and the spirit and principles of its constitution, cry out against such a system. Whenever you attempt to establish your government, or your property, or your church, on religious restrictions, you establish them on a false foundation, and you oppose the Almighty; and, though you had a host of miters on your side, you banish God from your ecclesiastical constitution, and freedom from your political.

I know the strength of the cause I support; it will walk the

earth and flourish when dull declamation shall be silent, and the pert sophistry that opposed it shall be forgotten in the grave.

Sir, I appeal to the hospitals which are thronged with the Irish who have been disabled in your cause; and to the fields of Spain and Portugal, yet drenched with their blood; and I turn from that policy which disgraces your empire, to the spirit of civil freedom that formed it. That is the charm by which your kings have been appointed, and in whose thunder you ride the waters of the deep. I invoke these principles, and I call upon you to guard your empire in this perilous moment, — to guard it from religious strife, and from that death-doing policy which would teach one part to cut the throats of the other, in a metaphysical, ecclesiastical, unintelligible warfare. I call upon you to guard your empire from such a calamity, and to rescue four millions of your fellow-subjects from a senseless, shameless, diabolic oppression.

HENRY GRATTAN.

XIII.—THE VOCATION OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

SIR, there is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with, than what is termed the "*march of intellect*;" and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The *conqueror* moves in a *march*. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war;" banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with any thing like a *march*; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men — men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, per-

haps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their numbers every where abound, and are every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the prosperity of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy."

LORD BROUGHAM.

XIV.—ON WAR WITH FRANCE OR AMERICA.

You have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you can not support. The war against America is against your own countrymen—you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: America must be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of France is a war of interest; it was her interest which first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that interest that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed; crush her commerce wherever you can; make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion. It is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and

perseverance, to man, the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them, of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them, and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1778).

XV. — THE IMPOLICY OF INJUSTICE.

THE march of the human mind is slow. Sir, it was not until after two hundred years discovered, that, by an eternal law, Providence had decreed vexation to violence, and poverty to rapine. Your ancestors did, however, at length open their eyes to the ill-husbandry of injustice. They found that the tyranny of a free people could of all tyrannies the least be endured; and that laws made against a whole nation were not the most effectual methods for securing its obedience. Accordingly, in the twenty-seventh year of Henry the Eighth, the course was entirely altered. With a preamble stating the entire and perfect rights of the crown of England, it gave to the Welsh all the rights and privileges of English subjects. A political order was established; the military power gave way to the civil; the marches were turned into counties. But that a nation should have a right to English liberties, and yet no share at all in the fundamental security of these liberties, the grant of their own property, seemed a thing so incongruous, that eight years after, that is, in the thirty-fifth of that reign, a complete and not ill-proportioned representation by counties and boroughs was bestowed upon Wales by act of Parliament. From that moment, as by a charm, the tumults subsided. Obedience was restored. Peace, order, and civilisation, followed in the train of liberty. When the day-star of the English constitution had arisen in their hearts, all was harmony within and without:

—— Simul alba nautis,
Stella refulsit,
De'fuit saxis agitatus humor;
Con'cidunt venti, fugiunt'que nubes,
Et mi'nax (quod sic volu-ere) ponto
Unda recumbit.

Are not the people of America as much Englishmen as the Welsh? The preamble of the act of Henry the Eighth says, the Welsh speak a language no way resembling that of his majesty's English subjects. Are the Americans not as numerous? The people of Wales can not amount to above two hundred thousand—not a tenth part of the number in the colonies. Is America in rebellion? Wales was hardly ever free from it.

My resolutions go to establish the equity and justice of a taxation of America by *grant*, and not by *imposition*; to admit the legal competency of the colony assemblies for the support of their government in peace, and for public aids in time of war; to acknowledge that this legal competency has had a dutiful and beneficial exercise; and that experience has shown the benefit of their grants, and the futility of parliamentary taxation as a method of supply. These solid truths compose six fundamental propositions; six massive pillars of strength, sufficient, I think, to support the temple of British concord.

BURKE (*March, 1775*).

XVI.—THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WHILE the Bank of England continues in its present state of dependence on the minister, it is impossible to hope, Mr. Speaker, that public credit can be restored, and the funds raised. Last year, much was said in the newspapers about the connection between the right honorable gentleman and the bank. It was said that the banns had been forbidden. The conduct of the chancellor of the exchequer showed that he cultivated the connection on account of the lady's dowry, not for the comfort of her society.

The advances made by the bank to government occasioned the first stoppage, and now three millions are again to be advanced without any security whatever. If the directors do not insist on some security for their repayment, they will be guilty of a gross breach of duty, and the most culpable neglect of the interest of their constituents.

It seems that the bank is to be the new temple of Janus—ever shut in time of war. While war continues we must be contented to view the meager paper profile; nor will we be permitted to contemplate the golden bust till the return of peace. The French directory are thus to have the keys of the bank, which can not be opened till they grant permission.

Sir, it is mere cant and delusion to talk any longer of giving

up a part to preserve the whole, that we must leave both ~~our~~ liberty and property unmortgaged to posterity. If I am called upon to pay a shilling to preserve a pound, this is intelligible; but if I am called upon twenty times successively for my shilling, it is ridiculous to tell me of giving up a part for the preservation of the whole. This will not do; and, as a worthy baronet said on another occasion, "if it is so often repeated, it comes to be no joke."

Sir, this kind of paradoxical insult can not long be endured. It will not do to tell us that sending millions of money to Germany for the defense of this country is true economy; that to lop off the most valuable of our liberties is to preserve the constitution; that not to pay its lawful creditors is to support the credit of the bank; and to introduce a general disclosure of income is to protect property. This is the last stage of such delusion. The tricks have been too often repeated to elude the most inattentive observation. While the affairs of this country continue in the same hands, they can not be administered wisely or well. The country can not have confidence in a system always unsuccessful, now hopeless; and the dismissal of ministers must be the preliminary step to any vigor of system, any prospect of peace.

SHERIDAN.

XVII. — JUSTICE TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

On moving for a committee on the Roman Catholic claims, February 23, 1821.

SIR, on the part of the Roman Catholics, I will be bold to say, that they harbor no principle of hostility to our Establishment. What have they said or done, since the period of the Revolution, to show that they mean to touch the Establishment? "Let them swear what they will," it is said, "the Catholics must break their oaths, and our Establishment must be endangered." The right honorable gentleman maintains, that he is authorized by his views to exclude them from this State on principles that would make them unworthy of any State.

Sir, I cannot find, in the large volume of human nature, any principle which calls upon the Roman Catholic to subvert that State by whose laws he is protected, merely that the heads of his priests may be decorated with a miter! And the right honorable gentleman must excuse me if I say, that he equally mistakes the institutions of man and the principles of human action. The Catholic does not indulge the chimerical notion of heaving the British constitution from its basis, that his priest may wear lawn sleeves and a miter. If, however, he is excluded from the privi-

leges of the State merely on account of his religion; if he is made an invidious exception in a country which permits the talents and virtues of all other men to advance them to the highest honors; and if this exception extend to his posterity,—"nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis,"—he will indeed have a sufficient motive to aim at the destruction of that State which heaps upon him only so heavy a load of injustice.

Sir, I would unite the Catholic by every affection and every good feeling of his nature, by every motive that can operate upon his heart and head, by every obligation that can bind his conscience, and every argument that can convince his understanding; not so much by adding to his power, as by removing every offensive exclusion, every unworthy distinction. I do not propose here to strike the shackle from his limbs, for he is free; but to remove the brand from his forehead, for he is stigmatized. I would not have him a marked man and a plotting sectary, but would raise him to the proudest rank that man can attain, to the rights and privileges of a free-born subject. Do not, I entreat you, as sincere friends to the Protestant establishment, do not reject this appeal for justice and grace. Do not drive your Roman Catholic brother from your bar a discontented sectary. Do not tell him who wishes to be a friend, that he is, and ought to be, an enemy.

W. C. PLUNKETT.

XVIII.—THE DELIVERANCE OF EUROPE.

THAT we have objects, great and momentous objects, in our view, there is no man that must not feel. I can have no difficulty in declaring that the most complete and desirable termination of the contest would be the deliverance of Europe. I am told, indeed, that there are persons who affect not to understand this phrase; who think there is something confused, something involved, something of a studied ambiguity and concealment, in it. I can not undertake to answer for other gentlemen's powers of comprehension. The map of Europe is before them. I can only say that I do not admire that man's intellect, and I do not envy that man's feelings, who can look over that map without gathering some notion of what is meant by *the deliverance of Europe*. I do not envy that man's feelings who can behold the sufferings of Switzerland, and who derives from that sight no idea of what is meant by *the deliverance of Europe*. I do not envy the feelings of that man who can look without emotion at Italy, —plundered, insulted, trampled upon, exhausted, covered with ridicule, and horror, and devastation, — who can look at all this,

and be at a loss to guess what is meant by the *deliverance of Europe*! As little do I envy the feelings of that man who can view the people of the Netherlands driven into insurrection, and struggling for their freedom against the heavy hand of a merciless tyranny, without entertaining any suspicion of what may be the sense of the word *deliverance*!

Does such a man contemplate Holland groaning under arbitrary oppressions and exactions? Does he turn his eyes to Spain trembling at the nod of a foreign master? And does the word *deliverance* still sound unintelligibly in his ear? Has he heard of the rescue and salvation of Naples by the appearance and the triumphs of the British fleet? Does he know that the monarchy of Naples maintains its existence at the sword's point? And is his understanding and is his heart still impenetrable to the sense and meaning of the *deliverance of Europe*?

Sir, that we shall succeed in effecting this general deliverance, I do not pretend to affirm. That in no possible case we should lay down our arms and conclude a peace before it is fully effected, I do not mean to argue. But that this is the object which we ought to have in view, even if we look to our own safety only, — that of this we ought to accomplish as much as our means, our exertions, our opportunities, will allow, — I do most anxiously contend. If circumstances should unhappily arise to make the attainment of the object hopeless, it will be time enough when they do arise to give up the hopes of attaining it. But do not let us run before misfortune; do not let us presume disappointment, and anticipate the necessity of disgrace.

GEORGE CANNING.

XIX. — THE VOTE BY BALLOT.

SIR, it is said that the morals of the people would be affected by clandestine voting. We are told that it would conduce to the propagation of the most pernicious habits; that falsehood and dissimulation would be its natural results; men would make promises which they had no intention of keeping, and suspicion and mistrust would arise where confidence and reliance now happily prevail. Sir, I am persuaded that promises spontaneously made, flowing from a free and unbiassed volition, would be observed under the ballot as faithfully as they now are; and, with regard to promises purchased from corruption or wrung from fear, they belong to that class of engagements of whose inchoate* depravity the profligate performance is the infamous consummation.

* Pronounced in'cho-ate.

I am well aware that, generally speaking, citations from the writers of antiquity are little applicable to our system of government and our code of morality. The opinions of men who lived two thousand years ago have little weight; but there is a passage with reference to the morality of the ballot, in a speech of the great Athenian, which I have never seen quoted, so forcible and so true that I shall be excused for adverting to it:

"If," says Demosthenes, in his speech on the False Embassy, addressing an assembly of five hundred judges who were to vote by ballot, "if there be any man here sufficiently unfortunate to have been betrayed into a corrupt engagement to vote against his conscience and his country, let him bear in mind that to the fulfilment of that promise he is not bound; that those with whom he has entered into that profligate undertaking will have no cognizance of its performance, but that there is a divinity above us who will take cognizance of his thoughts, and know whether he shall have fulfilled that duty to his country which is paramount to every other obligation. Your vote is secret. You have nothing to apprehend; for safety is secured to you by the wisest regulation which your lawgivers ever yet laid down."

To all times and to all countries the principle thus powerfully expressed is appropriate. A dishonorable contract is void, and to the discharge of a great trust impunity should be secured. The franchise, you often tell us, is a trust granted; but for whom? If for the proprietor of the soil, if for the benefit of the landlord, if it is in him indeed that the beneficial interest is vested, by all means let the vote be public, and let the real owner of the vote have the fullest opportunity of knowing with what fidelity the offices of servitude have been performed; but if the franchise is a trust for the benefit of the community, and if the publicity of its exercise conduces to its violation, then, in the name of common consistency, do not insist upon our adherence to that system of voting by which the object you have, or ought to have, most of all at heart, is so manifestly counteracted.

SHIEL.

XX. — THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong — towards a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation. It has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this house, as you value

the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances can not be too strong, agitation can not be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize. You call it a *court-martial*—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a *revolutionary tribunal*. What, in the name of heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal? It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench,—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case; who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence; who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation. It turns out this man, who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced, who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself;—that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country?—that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? O, they will be heard there; yes, and they will not be forgotten! The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, “We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

I have done my duty. I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country. I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust; as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

DANIEL O'CONNELL,

XXI.—THE LICENSE OF OPPOSITION.

GENTLEMEN, all power is, or ought to be, accompanied by responsibility. Tyranny is irresponsible power. This definition is equally true, whether the power be lodged in one or many;—whether in a despot, exempted by the form of government from the control of the law; or in a mob, whose numbers put them beyond the reach of law. Idle, therefore, and absurd, to talk of freedom where a mob domineers! Idle, therefore, and absurd, to talk of liberty, when you hold your property, perhaps your life, not indeed at the nod of a despot, but at the will of an inflamed, an infuriated populace!

I trust there are few, very few, reasonable and enlightened men ready to lend themselves to projects of confusion. But I confess I very much wish that all who are not ready to do so would consider the ill effect of any countenance given, publicly or by apparent implication, to those whom, in their hearts and judgments, they despise. I remember that most excellent and able man, Mr. Wilberforce, once saying, in the House of Commons, that he “never believed an opposition really to wish mischief to the country; that they only wished just so much mischief as might drive their opponents out, and place themselves in their room.”

Now, gentlemen, I can not help thinking that there are some persons tampering with the question of reform something in the same spirit. They do not go so far as the reformers; they even state irreconcilable differences of opinion; but to a certain extent they agree, and even coöperate with them. They coöperate with them in inflaming the public feeling, not only against the government, but against the support given by Parliament to that government, in the hope, no doubt, of attracting to themselves the popularity which is lost to their opponents, and thus being enabled to correct and retrieve the errors of a displaced administration.

Vain and hopeless task, to raise such a spirit and then to govern it! They may stimulate the steeds into fury, till the chariot is hurried to the brink of a precipice, but do they flatter themselves that they can then leap in, and, hurling the incompetent driver from his seat, check the reins just in time to turn from the precipice, and avoid the fall? I fear they would attempt it in vain. The impulse, once given, may be too impetuous to be controlled; and, intending only to change the guidance of the machine, they may hurry it and themselves to irretrievable destruction.

GEORGE CANNING.

XXII. — IRISH "ALIENS."

In reply to Lord Lyndhurst (1837), who had stigmatized the Irish as *aliens*.

THERE is a man of great abilities — not a member of this house, but whose talents and boldness have placed him in the topmost place in his party—who has been heard to speak of the Irish as "*aliens*." Disdaining all imposture, and abandoning all reserve, he distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people that they are not entitled to the same privileges as *Englishmen*; that they are "*aliens*." Aliens? Good heavens! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*" The "battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed," ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable, — from Assaye to Waterloo, — the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiéra through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats of Badajos? * All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiéra, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuéra, Toulouse; and, last of all, the greatest — Tell me, for you were there, — I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (*Sir Henry Hardinge*), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; — tell me, for you must needs remember, — on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers; when the artillery of France, leveled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset, — tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the "*aliens*" blanched! And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault, — tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland,

* Pronounced *Bad'a-his*,

Ireland, flowed in the same stream, drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave! Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate?—and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

SHIEL.

XXIII. — THE LOVE OF POPULARITY.

THE honorable gentleman who opened the debate on the other side of the house, on the first day of this lengthened discussion, was pleased to ask me, in terms of great civility and kindness, whether I do not love popularity. Sir, I am not insensible to the good opinion of honorable men, such as he who put to me this question. I am not insensible to the good will of an enlightened community. The man who disregards it is not worthy to hold a high official station in a country which boasts a popular constitution.

I have encountered too many of the vicissitudes of public life, not to know how to meet censures which I am conscious I do not deserve. On the other hand, I desire to retain popularity; but I would hold it honorably, or not at all. "*Laudo manentem*;" or, to use the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden:

"I can applaud her, — when she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay, —
I puff the runagate away."

Yes, sir, I love, I covet, I enjoy popularity; but I will not court it by the surrender of my conscientious judgment, or by the sacrifice of my settled opinions.

CANNING.

XXIV. — JUSTICE TO EAST INDIANS.

SIR, are we to keep the people of India ignorant in order that we may keep them submissive? Or do we think we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition? Or do we mean to awaken ambition and to provide it with no legitimate vent? Who will answer any of these questions in the affirmative? Yet one of them must be answered in the affirmative by every person who maintains that we ought permanently to exclude the natives

of India from high office. I have no fears. The path of duty is plain before us: and it is also the path of wisdom, of national prosperity, of national honor.

Sir, what is that power worth which is founded on vice, on ignorance, and on misery?—which we can only hold by violating the most sacred duties which, as governors, we owe to the governed?—which, as a people blessed with far more than an ordinary measure of political liberty and of intellectual light, we owe to a race debased by three thousand years of despotism and priestcraft? Ah! sir, we are free, we are civilized, to little purpose, if we grudge to any portion of the human race an equal measure of freedom and civilization!

Sir, it may be that by good government we may educate our subjects of India into a capacity for *better* government; it may be that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English history. To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would, indeed, be a title to glory all our own.

The scepter may pass away from us. Unforeseen accidents may derange our most profound schemes of policy. Victory may be inconstant to our arms. But there are triumphs which are followed by no reverses. There is an empire exempt from all natural causes of decay. These triumphs are the pacific triumphs of reason over barbarism; that empire is the imperishable empire of our arts and our morals, our literature and our laws!

MAOULAY (1833).

XXV.—THE JEWS' DISABILITIES BILL.

THE question before us is, Shall Jews be admitted to the privilege of sitting in Parliament? That they wish to have access to this privilege has already been shown; it now remains to show that some harm is calculated to result from that admission. Unless this is shown, the refusal is neither more nor less than *persecution*.

My honorable friend put a different interpretation on this word *persecution*; but when we come to define the sense, it must be found that we are only quibbling about a word. With some persons, perhaps, *burning* would be persecution, while the *screwing of thumbs* would not be persecution; others may call

the *screwing of thumbs* persecution, and deny the justice of that expression applied to *whipping*. But, according to my impression, the infliction of any penalties on account of religious opinions, and on account of religious opinions alone, comes within the meaning of the term *persecution*. It is as much persecution in principle as an *auto da fé*; the only difference is in degree. No argument can be adduced in favor of the *mildest* degree of this injustice, which, logically speaking, though not morally, indeed, might not be used with equal force in favor of the most cruel inflictions from similar motives.

If it was to be full and entire persecution, after the example of our ancestors, I could understand it. If we were called on to revert to the days when, as a people, the Jews were pillaged, their warehouses torn down, their every right sacrificed, the thing would be comprehensible. But this is a delicate persecution, with no abstract rule for its guidance. All that the house has been told is, that the Jews are not Christians, and that, therefore, they must not have power. But this has not been declared openly and ingenuously, as it once was.

Formerly, the persecution of the Jews was, at least, consistent. The thing was once made complete by taking away their property, their liberty, and their lives. My honorable friend is now equally vehement as to taking away their political power; and yet, no doubt, he would shudder at what such a principle might really take away. The only power that my honorable friend seems to wish to deprive the Jews of is to consist in maces, gold chains, and skins of parchment with pieces of wax dangling at the end of them. But he is leaving them all the things that bestow real power. He allows them to have property, and in these times property is power, mighty and overwhelming power; he allows them to have knowledge, and knowledge is no less power.

Then why is all this power poisoned by intolerance? Why is the Jew to have the power of a principal over his clerk, of a master over his servant, of a landlord over his tenant — why is he to have all this which is power, and yet to be deprived of the fair and natural consequences of this power? A Jew may be the richest man in England; he may possess the whole of London; his interest may be the means of raising this party or depressing that; his influence may be of the first consequence in a war which shall shake all Europe to its center; his power may assist or retard the greatest plans of the greatest prince; he may *make* members of Parliament; and yet, with all this, confessed, acknowledged, undenied, he is not to have the power of sitting in Parliament himself!

XXVI.—THE AMERICANS NOT REBELLIOUS.

On the Address to the King, February 2, 1775.

SIR, the noble lord has endeavored, by every light into which he can throw the question, to prove that the resistance of the Americans, though it has gone no further than votes and resolutions, is actual and open rebellion. I think, sir, that there is no difficulty in proving the direct contrary position. Against what is it that the Americans rebel? Do they deny allegiance to his majesty? Are they in arms in opposing the king's troops? By what explanation or by what misconception their conduct is now to be branded with so violent and so fatal an epithet, I can not apprehend.

You passed acts, at the last session, which overturned all legal semblance of a constitution in one of their provinces; and you utterly ruined* the capital of the empire in that part of the world, by way of punishing the insolence of a mob. You executed those acts by force of arms. The people of the colonies, thinking themselves tyrannically used, convened a General Congress. The deputies met in that Congress, and came to resolutions full of duty and allegiance to the king, and respect towards Parliament.

And we, the Parliament of Great Britain, are now to overlook the conduct of the Congress, and search for proofs of rebellion among the American mobs and the colony newspapers! And these last have been actually laid before us as state papers! Yet, in the action of these mobs, and in the expressions of these newspapers, is not rebellion to be found. It must be by the most sophistical of all arguments that such a deduction is to be drawn. A people governed by a constitution subordinate to our own, professing loyalty and obedience to the king, and using no violence against his troops, nor being any where in arms, can not, but by the utmost perversion of sense and expression, be denominated rebels.

I insist that America is not in a state of rebellion. I insist that every appearance of riot, disorder, tumult, and sedition, which the noble lord has so faithfully recounted from newspapers, arises not from disobedience, treason, or rebellion, but is created by the conduct of those who would establish a despotism in the land; ay, sir, of those whose views are manifestly directed to the reduction of America to the most abject state of servility, as a prelude to the realizing the same atrocious system in the mother country.

JOSEPH DUNNING.

* Parliament shut up the port of Boston, March, 1774.

PART SEVENTH.—THE FLOOR OF CONGRESS.

L.—ON THE BRITISH TREATY, 1796.

THE treaty is bad, fatally bad, is the cry. It sacrifices the interest, the honor, the independence, of the United States, and the faith of our engagements to France. If we listen to the clamor of party intemperance, the evils are of a number not to be counted, and of a nature not to be borne, even in idea. The language of passion and exaggeration may silence that of sober reason in other places. It has not done it here. The question here is, whether the treaty be really so very fatal as to oblige the nation to break its faith.

This, sir, is a cause that would be dishonored and betrayed if I contented myself with appealing only to the understanding. That faculty is too cold, and its processes are too slow, for the occasion. I desire to thank God that, since he has given me an intellect so fallible, he has impressed upon me an instinct that is sure. On a question of shame and honor, reasoning is sometimes useless, and worse. I feel the decision in my pulse; if it throws no light upon the brain, it kindles a fire at the heart.

It is not easy to deny, it is impossible to doubt, that a treaty imposes an obligation on the American nation. It would be childish to consider the President and Senate obliged, and the nation and House free. What is the obligation? Perfect or imperfect? If perfect, the debate is brought to a conclusion. If imperfect, how large a part of our faith is pawned? Is half our honor put at risk, and is that half too cheap to be redeemed? How long has this hair-splitting subdivision of good faith been discovered, and why has it escaped the researches of the writers on the law of nations? Shall we add a new chapter to that law, or insert this doctrine as a supplement to, or, more properly, a repeal of, the ten commandments?

The consequences of refusing to make provision for the treaty are not all to be foreseen. By rejecting it, vast interests are committed to the sport of the winds; chance becomes the arbiter of events, and it is forbidden to human foresight to count their number, or measure their extent. Before we resolve to leap into this abyss, so dark and so profound, it becomes us to pause and reflect upon such of the dangers as are obvious and inevitable. If this assembly should be wrought into a temper to defy these

consequences, it is vain, it is deceptive, to pretend that we can escape them. It is worse than weakness to say that as to public faith our vote has already settled the question: another tribunal than our own is already erected. The public opinion, not merely of our own country, but of the enlightened world, will pronounce a judgment that we can not resist, that we dare not even affect to despise.

FISHER AMES.

II. — WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN, 1812.

If we are not fully prepared for war, let the sublime fact be soon exhibited, that a free and valiant nation, with our numbers, and a just cause, is always a powerful nation — is always ready to defend its essential rights! In the Congress of 1774, among other arguments used to prevent a war, and discourage separation from Great Britain, the danger of having our towns battered down and burnt was zealously urged. The venerable Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, rose and replied to it in these memorable words: "Our seaport towns, Mr. President, are composed of brick and wood. If they are destroyed, we have clay and timber enough in our country to rebuild them. But, if the liberties of our country are destroyed, where shall we find the materials to replace them?"

During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the house should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was so deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but, if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country, require their being burnt to ashes, *issue the order for that purpose immediately.*"

What inspiring lessons of duty do examples like these inculcate! War, fellow-citizens, is not the greatest of evils. Submission to injustice is worse. Loss of honor is worse. A peace purchased by mean and inglorious sacrifices is worse. I am no apologist of war. It should be the last resort of nations. It brings tremendous evils in its train. It fomented some of the worst passions of our nature, even as it sometimes develops the

most heroic virtues. But an ignoble peace is more demoralizing than a sanguinary war. It is an incubus on a nation's character, in the oppression of which every true patriot must share; till he could almost exclaim, with disgraced Cassio, "O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

BROWN.

III.—NATIONAL OBLIGATIONS.

I DIFFER, Mr. Chairman, from the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, who denies that sympathy ought to be felt for the children of deceased officers, who may be in want. Those children have not served us, it is true; but their fathers who did are beyond the reach of our gratitude, and the transfer of the feeling is natural and just. Public benefits bestowed on the children of the deceased father encourages him who is alive in the discharge of his duty, by the purest of all motives—paternal affection; and that legislation must be unwise, indeed, that fails to enlist, in support of the State, all the best impulses of humanity.

Let that republic get on as it can, where the veteran, blind, maimed, and poor, like Belisarius, is forced to apply to public charity for support! Let that republic get on as it can, where contracts are broken, and public beneficence refused; where nothing is given but what is in the bond—and that is frequently refused! Let that republic get on as it can! It will never produce any thing great; its career will be short and inglorious; its fall certain and unpitied; its history remembered as a warning, not as an example; and the names of its legislators and statesmen buried in the oblivion to which their false economy tends to consign the memory of those who have established its freedom, or defended it from aggression. May our republic show, by its decision on this bill, that it has a higher destiny, and that it is guarded as well by liberality and honor, as by justice!

EDWARD LIVINGSTON (*Jan. 15, 1827*).

IV.—THE LABORING CLASSES.

SIR, it is an insult, to our laboring classes to compare them with the debased poor of Europe. Why, sir, we of this country do not know what poverty is. We have no poor in this country, in the sense in which that word is used abroad. Every laborer, even the most humble, in the United States, soon becomes a capi-

alist, and even, if he choose, a proprietor of land; for the West, with all its boundless fertility, is open to him.

How can any one dare to compare the mechanics of this land (whose inferiority, in any substantial particular, in intelligence, in virtue, in wealth, to the other classes of our society, I have yet to learn) with that race of outcasts, of which so terrific a picture is presented by recent writers—the poor of Europe?—a race among no inconsiderable portion of whom famine and pestilence may be said to dwell continually; many of whom are without morals, without education, without a country, without a God! and may be said to know society only by the terrors of its penal code, and to live in perpetual war with it. Poor bondsmen! mocked with the name of liberty, that they may be sometimes tempted to break their chains, in order that, after a few days of starvation in idleness and dissipation, they may be driven back to their prison-house to take their shackles up again, heavier and more galling than before; severed, as it has been touchingly expressed, from nature, from the common air, and the light of the sun; knowing only by hearsay that the fields are green, that the birds sing, and that there is a perfume in flowers!

And is it with a race whom the perverse institutions of Europe have thus degraded beneath the condition of humanity that the advocates, the patrons, the protectors, of our working-men, presume to compare them? Sir, it is to treat them with a scorn at which their spirit should revolt, and does revolt.

HUGH S. LEGARÉ.

V.—ON THE EMBARGO.

THE gentleman from North Carolina exclaimed, the other day, in a strain of patriotic ardor, "What! shall not our laws be executed? Shall their authority be defied? I am for enforcing them, at every hazard." I honor that gentleman's zeal, and I mean no deviation from that true respect I entertain for him, when I tell him that in this instance "his zeal is not according to knowledge."

I ask this house, is there no control to its authority, is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man, when I intimate that two limits exist—*nature* and the *constitution*. Should this house undertake to declare that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate, that the needle should not vibrate to the pole,—sir, I hope I shall not offend—I think I may venture to affirm that,

such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate; the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac, would roll their floods to the ocean; heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet held on its course to its celestial cynosure.

Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it to attempt to prohibit the people of New England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests and relations, of that people, but the nature of our soil and of our coasts, the state of our population and its mode of distribution over our territory, render it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast, all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins, with every variety of invitation to the sea, with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes; they are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water, or on the surface of it, for the excitement and the reward of their industry.

Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights will have a binding effect not one moment longer than the public sentiment supports them. Gentlemen talk of twelve revenue cutters additional, to enforce the embargo laws. Multiply the number by twelve, multiply it by a hundred, join all your ships of war, all your gun-boats, and all your militia, — in despite of them all, such laws as these are of no avail, when they become odious to public sentiment. JOSIAH QUINCY (*Nes.* 28, 1808).

VI. — NATIONAL GLORY.

We are asked what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country *before* the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war.

Is there a man who would not desire a participation in the national glory acquired? Yes, *national glory*, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished

by every genuine patriot. What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry, have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the 8th of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country; every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people.

Do gentlemen derive no pleasure from the recent transactions in the Mediterranean? Can they regard unmoved the honorable issue of a war in support of our national rights, declared, prosecuted, and terminated by a treaty, in which the enemy submitted to a *carte blanche** in the short period of forty days? The days of chivalry are not gone. They have been revived in the person of Commodore Decatur, who, in releasing from infidel bondage Christian captives, the subjects of a foreign power, and restoring them to their country and friends, has placed himself beside the most renowned knights of former times. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it.

CLAY.

VII.—IN FAVOR OF FREE TRADE.

SIR, next to the Christian religion, I consider free trade in its largest sense as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon any people. Hear, sir, what Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia, whose soul was the very temple of freedom, says on this subject:

“Why should we fetter commerce? If a man is in chains, he

* Pronounced *kart blansh*—the *a* in *blansh* having its sound as in *father*, and the *n* having a slightly nasal sound.

droops and bows to the earth, because his spirits are broken; but let him *twist the fetters from his legs*, and he will stand erect. *Fetter not commerce!* Let her be as free as the air. She will range the whole creation, and return on the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty."

But it has been said that free trade would do very well if all nations would adopt it; but, as it is, every nation must protect itself from the effect of restrictions by countervailing measures. I am persuaded, sir, that this is a great, a most fatal error. If retaliation is resorted to for the honest purpose of producing a redress of the grievance, while adhered to no longer than there is a hope of success, it may, like war itself, be sometimes just and necessary. But if it have no such object, "it is the unprofitable combat of seeing which can do the other the most harm."

The case can hardly be conceived in which permanent restrictions, as a measure of retaliation, could be profitable. In every possible situation, a trade, whether more or less restricted, is profitable, or it is not. This can only be decided by experience; and if the trade be left to regulate itself, water would not more naturally seek its level, than the intercourse adjust itself to the true interest of the parties.

Sir, as to this idea of the regulation by government of the pursuits of men, I consider it as a remnant of barbarism, disgraceful to an enlightened age, and inconsistent with the first principles of rational liberty. I hold government to be utterly incapable, from its position, of exercising such a power wisely, prudently, or justly. Are the rulers of the world the depositaries of its collected wisdom? Sir, can we forget the advice of a great statesman to his son: "Go, see the world, my son, that you may learn with how little wisdom mankind is governed."

And is our own government an exception to this rule? Or do we not find here, as every where else, that

"Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep."

HAYNE.

VIII. — EUROPEAN EXAMPLES.

A continuation of the preceding speech.

THE gentleman has appealed to the example of other nations, on the subject of free trade. Sir, they are all against him. They have had restrictions enough, to be sure, but they are got-

ting heartily sick of them, and in England, particularly, would willingly get rid of them if they could. We have been amazed by the declaration of a minister of the crown, from his place in Parliament, "that there is a growing conviction, among all men of sense and reflection in that country, that the true policy of all nations is to be found in unrestricted industry." Sir, in England they are now retracing their steps, and endeavoring to relieve themselves of the system as fast as they can. Within a few years past, upwards of three hundred statutes, imposing restrictions in that country, have been repealed.

Sir, the experience of France is equally decisive. Bonaparte's effort to introduce cotton and sugar has cost that country millions; and, but the other day, a foolish attempt to protect the iron mines spread devastation through half of France, and nearly ruined the wine-trade, on which one fifth of her citizens depend for subsistence. As to Spain, unhappy Spain, fenced round with restrictions, her experience one would suppose would convince us, if any thing could, that the protecting system in politics, like bigotry in religion, is utterly at war with sound principles and a liberal and enlightened policy.

Sir, I say, in the words of the philosophical statesman of England, "leave a generous nation free to seek their own road to perfection." Thank God, the night is passing away, and we have lived to see the dawn of a glorious day. The cause of free trade must and will prosper, and finally triumph. The political economist is abroad; light has come into the world; and, in this instance, at least, men will not "prefer darkness rather than light."

Sir, let it not be said, in after times, that the statesmen of America were behind the age in which they lived; that they initiated this young and vigorous country into the enervating and corrupting practices of European nations; and that, at the moment when the whole world were looking to us for an example, we arrayed ourselves in the cast-off follies and exploded errors of the Old World, and, by the introduction of a vile system of artificial stimulants and political gambling, impaired the healthful vigor of the body politic, and brought on decrepitude and premature dissolution.

12.

IX. — SMUGGLING CAUSED BY HIGH DUTIES.

THE gentleman complains of frauds upon the revenue, and fraudulent invoices, and smuggling; but it is his system which has produced these evils. Smuggling, from the very nature of

things, must exist, when the duties exceed the risk and expense of the illicit intercourse. For a season, sir, the high moral sense of a young and uncorrupted people may oppose some obstacle to these practices. No government on earth can prevent them. Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, was unable to maintain his continental system. His prohibitions and restrictions were constantly violated with impunity. Yes, sir, he who sported with kingdoms, who constructed thrones upon the ruins of empires; and appointed the officers of his household to fill them; whose armies were his custom-house officers, who drew his cordons around the nations which he conquered, was utterly unable to put down the great principles of free trade. It has been well said, sir, "that when all Europe was obedient to his nod, the smuggler disputed his commands, set at naught his edicts, laughed to scorn his power, and overthrew his policy."

How is it with England, that sea-girt isle, surrounded with a thousand ships, and thirty thousand guardians of her revenue? Sir, do we not all know that smuggling is there a profitable trade, and that the revenue laws of England are constantly violated with impunity?

And how is it in Spain? A modern traveler asserts that there are a hundred thousand persons in that unhappy country who live by smuggling, and that there are thirty thousand others paid by the government to detect their practice, but who are in a league with the offenders; and, as to the condition of things in our own country, the gentleman has told us a tale this day, which, if he be not himself deceived, shows what fearful progress these practices have already made.

The time was when smuggling was absolutely unknown any where in this country, as it still is in the Southern States. It is your protecting system which has introduced it. It is the natural consequence of high duties. The evil was foretold; and, as we predicted, it has come upon us. The protecting system has already, in the minds of many, removed the odium which formerly rested on this practice. It was but the last year that a distinguished senator rose up in his place here and held this language: "Your tariff policy compels respectable men to violate your law; you force them to disregard its injunctions, in order to elude its oppressions." It was his perfect conviction that there was not a virtuous man throughout the Union who would now think it criminal to smuggle into the country every article consumed in it. And why? Because you force them to it in self-defense.

Sir, when these sentiments shall become prevalent, what think

you will become of that system? How long will it last, after the payment of duties shall come to be considered as a badge of servitude?

IR.

X. — ON INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

House of Representatives, Jan., 1819.

On this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it, than overcoming the effects of distance? No country, enjoying freedom, ever occupied any thing like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago, the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale, even, as the island of Great Britain. What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and, what is most remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the state and general powers blended, that much of our political happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity.

Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities, — next to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences, — disunion. We are great, and rapidly, I was about to say fearfully, growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be intrusted with the liberties of this people, who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligation to counteract every tendency to disunion.

The strongest of all cement is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this house; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration. Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the center of the republic, weakens the Union. The more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse — the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies.

Those who understand the human heart best know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together

with a perfect system of roads and canals! Let us conquer space! It is thus the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the center; it is thus that a citizen of the West will read the news of Boston still moist from the press.

J. C. CALHOUN.

XL — EFFECT OF OUR NAVAL VICTORIES.

THIS country is left alone to support the rights of neutrals. Perilous is the condition, and arduous the task. We are not intimidated. We stand opposed to British usurpation, and by our spirit and efforts have done all in our power to save the last vestiges of neutral rights. Yes, our embargoes, non-intercourse; non-importation, and, finally, war, are all manly exertions to preserve the rights of this and other nations from the deadly grasp of British maritime policy.

But, say our opponents, these efforts are lost, and our condition hopeless. If so, it only remains for us to assume the garb of our condition. We must submit, humbly submit, crave pardon, and hug our chains. It is not wise to provoke where we can not resist.

But first let us be well assured of the hopelessness of our state before we sink into submission. On what do our opponents rest their despondent and slavish belief? On the recent events in Europe? I admit they are great, and well calculated to impose on the imagination. Our enemy never presented a more imposing exterior. His fortune is at the flood. But I am admonished by universal experience that such prosperity is the most precarious of human conditions. From the flood the tide dates its ebb. From the meridian the sun commences his decline. Depend upon it, there is more of sound philosophy than of fiction in the fickleness which poets attribute to fortune. Prosperity has its weakness, adversity its strength. In many respects, our enemy has lost by those very changes which seem so very much in his favor. He can no more claim to be struggling for existence; no more to be fighting the battles of the world in defence of the liberties of mankind. The magic cry of "French influence" is lost. In this very hall, we are not strangers to that sound. Here, even here, the cry of "French influence," that baseless fiction, that phantom of faction now banished, often resounded. I rejoice that the spell is broken by which it was attempted to bind the spirit of this youthful nation. The minority can no longer act under cover, but must come out and defend their opposition on its own intrinsic merits.

Our example can scarcely fail to produce its effects on other nations interested in the main'tenance of maritime rights. But if, unfortunately, we should be left alone to maintain the contest, and if—which may Heaven forbid!—necessity should compel us to yield for the present, yet our generous efforts will not have been lost. A mode of thinking and a tone of sentiment have gone abroad which must stimulate to future and more successful struggles. What could not be done with eight millions of people will be done with twenty. The great cause will never be yielded; no, never, never! I hear the future audibly announced in the past, in the splendid victories over the *Guerrière*,* *Java*, and *Macedonian*. We and all nations, by these victories, are taught a lesson never to be forgotten. Opinion is power. The charm of British naval invincibility is gone.

IR.

XII.—OUR NATIONAL CITIZENSHIP.

SIR, proud as I am of the title of citizen of Virginia, grateful as I am for the unmerited favor which that honored mother has shown me, I yet feel, with the Father of the Country, that “the just pride of patriotism is exalted” by the more comprehensive title of citizen of the United States,—that title which gives me a share in the common inheritance of glory which has descended to us from our Revolutionary sages, patriots, and heroes; that title which enables me to claim the names of the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, and the Sumpters, of South Carolina, of the Hancocks, the Adamses, and the Otises, of Massachusetts, and all the other proud names which have illustrated the annals of each and all of these States, as “copatriot with my own.”

In reviewing, Mr. President, the fundamental tenets of that new school of constitutional law, which has sprung up within the last four or five eventful years of our political history, I have endeavored to show that they have no foundation whatever in any just view of the constitution,—that they are directly at war with the cotemporary understanding and expositions of its founders, and that they derive no countenance whatever from the principles of that genuine republican school, which reëstablished the constitution in its purity, after the temporary perversions to which it had been subjected.

These modern doctrines, I do firmly believe, are, in their tendency, utterly subversive of that happy system of government,

* Pronounced *Gerryair*.

the preservation of which is not only the sole security for liberty with us, but the last hope of freedom throughout the world. If, in the depth of these convictions, I shall have fallen into a warmer tone of discussion than is my habit, it will be attributed, I trust, to its true cause, and not to any want of proper respect or kind feeling towards the members, one and all, of this body.

Sir, we live in times when it is a solemn duty which every man owes his country to speak his opinions, without disguise or equivocation, even at the risk of giving offense to some of those whom it would be his greatest pleasure, as well as highest ambition, to content in all things. I have been already admonished, sir, that a sword is, at this moment, suspended over my head, which may descend and sever the worthless thread of my political existence, for the act of public duty I am now performing. Sir, if it should be so, I shall have at least one consolation, the consciousness of having fallen in the defence of the constitution of my country, and of that liberty which is indissolubly connected with it.

WM. C. RIVES (1833).

XIII. — WAR UNDER THE GUISE OF PEACE.

SIR, I have been exceedingly struck, while listening to gentlemen, with the fact that while the ends and objects at which they aim are all so pacific, their speeches are strewn and sown thick, broad-cast, with so much of the food and nourishment of war. Their ends and objects are peace — a treaty of peace; but their means and their topics wear a certain incongruous grimness of aspect. The "bloom is on the rye;" but, as you go near, you see bayonet-points sparkling beneath, and are fired upon by a thousand men in ambush! The end they aim at is peace; but the means of attaining it are an offensive and absurd threat.

I declare, sir, that while listening to senators whose sincerity and patriotism I can not doubt, and to this conflict of topics and objects with which they half-bewilder me, I was forcibly reminded of that consummate oration in the streets of Rome, by one who "came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." He did not wish to stir up any body to mutiny and rage! O, no! He would not have a finger lifted against the murderers of his and the people's friend — not he! He feared he wronged them. Yet who has not admired the exquisite address and the irresistible effect with which he returns again and again to "sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths," and puts a tongue in each, — to the familiar mantle, first worn on the evening of the day his great friend overcame the Nervii, now pierced by the cursed steel of

Cassius, of the envious Casca, of the well-beloved Brutus, — to his legacy of drachmas, arbors, and orchards, to the people of Rome, whose friend, whose benefactor, he shows to them, all marred by traitors, — till the mob break away from his words of more than fire, with :

“ We will be revenged ! — Revenge ! About !

Seek — burn — fire — kill — slay ! — let not a traitor live ! ”

Antony was insincere. Senators are wholly sincere. Yet the contrast between their pacific professions and that revelry of belligerent topics and sentiments which rings and flashes in their speeches here, half suggests a doubt to me, sometimes, whether they or I perfectly know what they mean or what they desire. They promise to show you a garden ; and you look up to see nothing but a wall “ with dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms ! ” They propose to teach you how peace is to be preserved ; and they do it so exquisitely that you go away half inclined to issue letters of marque and reprisal to-morrow morning.

The proposition is peace ; but the audience rises and goes off with a sort of bewildered and unpleasing sensation, that if there were a thousand men in all America as well disposed as the orator, peace might be preserved ; but that, as the case stands, it is just about hopeless ! I ascribe it altogether to their anxious and tender concern for peace, that senators have not a word to say about the good she does, but only about the danger she is in. They have the love of compassion, not the love of desire. Not a word about the countless blessings she scatters from her golden urn ; but only “ the pity of it, Iago ! the pity of it ! ” to think how soon the dissonant clangor of a thousand brazen throats may chase that bloom from her cheek, —

“ And Death’s pale flag be quick advanced there.”

Sir, no one here can say one thing and mean another ; yet much may be meant, and nothing directly said. “ The dial spoke not, but pointed full upon the stroke of murder.”

CHOATE.

XIV.—DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.

ONE of England’s own writers has said : “ The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception.” Sir, it is an

august conception, finely embodied; and I trust in God that it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak, throughout our wide-spread borders, the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all, is it my prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity.

Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye! Civilization and intelligence started in the East; they have traveled, and are still traveling, westward; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores, then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode; then shall we enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the Gospel, back to the dark family which has so long lost both truth and freedom; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while with one hand she points to the Polynesian isles, rejoicing in the late-recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese.

It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the Bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth. I hope the day is not distant, — soon, soon may its dawn arise! — to shed upon the farthest and the most benighted of nations the splendor of more than a tropical sun.

H. W. HILLIARD.

XV. — WAR CONSEQUENT ON DISSOLUTION.

MR. PRESIDENT, I have said what I solemnly believe — that the dissolution of the Union and war are identical and inseparable; that they are convertible terms. Such a war, too, as that would be, following the dissolution of the Union! Sir, we may search the pages of history, and none so furious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating, from the wars of Greece down, including those of the commonwealth of England, and the revolution of France — none, none of them raged with such violence — none was ever conducted with such bloodshed and enormities as

must attend that war which shall follow the disastrous event — if that event ever happen — of dissolution.

And what would be its termination? Standing armies and navies, to an extent draining the revenues of each portion of the dissevered empire, would be created; exterminating wars would follow, — not a war of two or three years, but of interminable duration, — exterminating wars would follow, until some Philip or Alexander, some Cæsar or Napoleon, would rise to cut the Gordian knot, and solve the capacity of man for self-government; and crush the liberties of both the dissevered portions of this Union. Can you doubt it?

Look at history — consult the pages of all history, ancient or modern; look at human nature; look at the character of the contest in which you would be engaged in the supposition of a war following the dissolution of the Union, such as I have suggested, and I ask you if it is possible for you to doubt that the final but perhaps distant termination of the whole will be some despot treading down the liberties of the people? — that the final result will be the extinction of this last glorious light which is leading all mankind, who are gazing upon it, to cherish hope and anxious expectation that the liberty which prevails here will sooner or later be advanced throughout the civilized world? Can you lightly contemplate the consequences? Can you yield yourself to a torrent of passion, amid dangers which I have depicted in colors far short of what would be the reality, if the event should ever happen?

I con-jure gentlemen, — whether from the South or the North, — by all they hold dear in the world, by all their love of liberty, by all their veneration for their ancestors, by all their regard for posterity, by all their gratitude* to Him who has bestowed upon them such unnumbered blessings, by all the duties which they owe to mankind, and all the duties which they owe to themselves, — by all these considerations I implore them to pause — solemnly to pause — at the edge of the precipice, before the fearful and disastrous leap is taken in the yawning abyss below, which will inevitably lead to certain and irretrievable destruction. And, finally, I implore, as the best blessing which heaven can bestow upon me on earth, that if the direful and sad event of the dissolution of the Union shall happen, I may not survive to behold the sad and heart-rending spectacle.

CLAY.

* The long u in such words as *gratitude*, *duty*, *student*, *tumult*, &c., has a y sound, as in *mute*. But after r in the same syllable long u has the sound of long oo in *food*; as in *rule*, *brute*, *rude*, *intrude*, &c.

XVI.—ON THE FORCE BILL.

For what purpose is the unlimited control of the purse and of the sword to be placed at the disposition of the executive? To make war against one of the free and sovereign members of this confederation, which the bill proposes to deal with, not as a State, but as a collection of banditti or outlaws; thus exhibiting the impious spectacle of this government, the creature of the States, making war against the power to which it owes its existence.

Do I say that the bill declares war against South Carolina? No! It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence, that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage; a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare—as an attempt to take away life, under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

It has been said, by the senator from Tennessee, to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb, the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community! It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself!

Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others, still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity; when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly!

CALHOUN.

XVII.—THE PUBLIC LAND BILL.

MR. PRESIDENT, I rise to ask leave to introduce a bill to appropriate, for a limited time, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands of the United States, and for granting lands to certain States. Sir, I have ever regarded with feelings of the profoundest regret the decision which the President of the United States felt himself induced to make on the bill of 1833. If that bill had passed, about twenty millions of dollars would have been, during the last three years, in the hands of the several States, applicable by them to the beneficent purposes of internal improvement, education, or colonization. What immense benefits might not have been diffused throughout the land by the active employment of that large sum! What new channels of commerce and communication might not have been opened! What industry stimulated, what labor rewarded! How many youthful minds might have received the blessings of education and knowledge, and been rescued from ignorance, vice, and ruin! How many descendants of Africa might have been transported from a country where they never can enjoy political or social equality, to the native land of their fathers, where no impediment exists to their attainment of the highest degree of elevation, intellectual, social, and political—where they might have been successful instruments, in the hands of God, to spread the religion of his Son, and to lay the foundation of civil liberty!

But, although we have lost three precious years, the Secretary of the Treasury tells us that the principal of this vast sum is yet safe; and much good may still be achieved with it. The spirit of improvement pervades the land in every variety of form,—active, vigorous, and enterprising, wanting pecuniary aid as well as intelligent direction. The States are strengthening the Union by various lines of communication thrown across and through the mountains. As the general government withholds all direct agency from these truly national works, and from all new objects of internal improvement, ought it not to yield to the States, what is their own, the amount received from the public lands? It would thus but execute faithfully a trust expressly created by the original deeds of cession, or resulting from the treaties of acquisition. With this ample resource, every desirable object of improvement, in every part of our extensive country, may in due time be accomplished. Placing this exhaustless fund in the hands of the several members of the confederacy, their common federal head may address them in the glowing language of the British bard, and

"Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
 Bid temples worthier of our God ascend.
 Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
 The mole projecting break the roaring main.
 Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
 And roll obedient rivers through the land."

CLAY.

XVIII.—THE PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE election of a chief magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, a political impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems, even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be coëxtensive with popular intelligence. In this respect, the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients.

The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free states of antiquity. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of republican Rome was confined to the walls of the great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world, the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire. Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist among a numerous and scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the art of navigation.

Here, then, is the source of our superiority, and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union can converse together, like the philosophers of Athens in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and of Maine can be brought to coöperate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings as actuated the tribes of Rome in the assemblies of the people. It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States

than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle, — a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients, — the whole mass of society is brought to operate in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty.

G. M'DUFFIE.

XIX. — OBJECTS OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

SIR, I propose to hold a plain talk to-day; and I say that, according to my best judgment, the object of this bill is patronage, office, the gratification of friends. This very measure for raising ten regiments creates four or five hundred officers, — colonels, subalterns; and not them only, — for all these I feel some respect, — but there are also paymasters, contractors, persons engaged in the transportation service, commissaries, even down to sutlers, *et id omne genus*, people who handle the public money without facing the foe, one and all of whom are true descendants, or, if not, true representatives of Ancient Pistol, who said,

“I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.”

Sir, I hope, with no disrespect for the applicants and the aspirants, and the patriots (and among them are some sincere patriots) who would fight for their country, and those others who are not ready to fight, but who are willing to be paid, — with due respect for all of them according to their several degrees and their merits, I hope they will all be disappointed. I hope that, as the pleasant season advances, the whole may find it for their interest to place themselves, of mild mornings, in the cars, and take their destination to their respective places of honorable private occupation and of civil employment. They have my good wishes that they may find the way to their homes from the Avenue and the Capitol, and from the purlieus of the President's house, in good health themselves, and that they may find their families all very happy to receive them.

But, sir, to speak more seriously, this war was waged for the object of creating new States on the southern frontier of the United States out of Mexican territory, and with such population as could be found resident thereupon. I have opposed this object. I am against all accessions of territory to form new States. And this is no matter of sentimentality, which I am to parade before mass-meetings or before my constituents at home. It is not a matter with me of declamation or of regret, or of expressed repugnance. It is a matter of firm, unchangeable purpose. I

yield nothing to the force of circumstances that have occurred, or that I can consider as likely to occur. And therefore I say, sir, that if I were asked to-day whether, for the sake of peace, I would take a treaty for adding two new States to the Union on our southern border, I would say *No!*—distinctly, *No!* And I wish every man in the United States to understand that to be my judgment and my purpose.

I said upon our *southern* border, because the present proposition takes that locality. I would say the same of the western the north-eastern, or of any other border. I resist to-day, and for ever, and to the end, any proposition to add any foreign territory, south or west, north or east, to the States of this Union as they are constituted and held together under the constitution. Sir, I see well enough all the adverse indications. But I am sustained by a deep and a conscientious sense of duty; and while supported by that feeling, and while such great interests are at stake, I defy auguries, and ask no omen but my country's cause!

WEBSTER.

XX.—UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.

I.

MR. PRESIDENT, the uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as eternal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor *any thing* which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment.

I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz.

Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfill its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of

Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Caesar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this *same* Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena* proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation, spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution: she must pay for *her* share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

II.

MR. PRESIDENT, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine can not fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small,—Europe he thought should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he too becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist, gathered the snows of the North, and blew them upon his

* Pronounced Yé'na.

six hundred thousand men. They fled,—they froze,—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he*, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena,—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he, the man of *destiny*, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still,—even as the beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room," at last. And France, *she* too has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borystheneæ. They have returned home, to their old *aëria*, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them: but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

THOMAS CORWIN.

XXI.—A HIGHWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

MR. PRESIDENT, I go for a national highway from the Mississippi to the Pacific. And I go against all schemes of individuals or of companies, and especially those who come here and ask of the Congress of the United States to give themselves and their assigns the means of making a road and taxing the people for the use of it. If they should make it, they are to tax us for the use of it—tax the people eight or ten millions a year for using the road which their own money built. A fine scheme, that! But they would never build it, neither themselves nor their assigns. It would all end in stockjobbing. I repudiate the whole idea, sir. I go for a national highway—no stockjobbing.

We find all the localities of the country precisely such as a national central road would require. The bay of San Francisco, the finest in the world, is in the center of the western coast of North America; it is central, and without a rival. It will accommodate the commerce of that coast, both north and south, up to the frozen regions, and down to the torrid zone. It is central in that respect. The commerce of the broad Pacific Ocean will center there. The commerce of Asia will center there. Follow the same latitude across the country, and it strikes the center of the valley of the Mississippi. It strikes the Mississippi near the confluence of all the great waters which concentrate in the valley of the Mississippi. It comes to the center of the valley. It comes to St. Louis. Follow the prolongation of that central line, and you find it cutting the heart of the great States between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean. Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, a part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania,—they are all traversed or touched by that great central line.

We own the country, from sea to sea,—from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—and upon a breadth equal to the length of the Mississippi, and embracing the whole temperate zone. Three thousand miles across, and half that breadth, is the magnificent parallelogram of our domain. We can run a national central road through and through the whole distance, under our flag and under our laws. Military reasons require us to make it; for troops and munitions must go there. Political reasons require us to make it; it will be a chain of union between the Atlantic and Pacific States. Commercial reasons demand it from us; and here I touch a boundless field, dazzling and bewildering the imagination from its vastness and importance. The trade of the Pacific Ocean, of the western coast of North America, and of eastern Asia, will all take its track; and not only for ourselves, but for posterity.

Sir, in no instance has the great Asiatic trade failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it to the highest attainments of letters, art, and science. And so will it continue to be. An American road to India, through the heart of our country, will revive upon its line all the wonders of which we have read, and eclipse them. The western wilderness, from the Pacific to the Mississippi, will spring into life under its touch. A long line of cities will grow up. Existing cities will take a new start. The state of the world calls for a new road to India, and it is our destiny to give it—the last and greatest. Let us act up to the great-

ness of the occasion, and show ourselves worthy of the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed, by securing while we can an American road to India, central and national, for ourselves and our posterity, now and hereafter, for thousands of years to come.

T. H. BENTON.

XXII.—THE CAPITOL OR THE CONSTITUTION.

SIR, the senator from Massachusetts has expressed a preference for the constitution to the capitol of his country. He has dared to declare that he prized the *magna charta* * of American liberty—the sacred bond of our union, the tie which binds together twelve millions of freemen—above the stones and mortar which compose the crumbling mass within whose walls we are assembled. “The very head and front of his offending hath this extent; no more.” Now, grant, sir, that in his judgment, as well as that of many here, the very existence of our liberties is involved in the surrender of the principle he contended for; grant that the concentration of legislative and executive power in the hands of a single man is the death-blow to the constitution, and that the senator was right in considering the proposed appropriation as establishing the very principle which gave that fatal blow; and who is he that, thus believing, would support that proposition because the guns of the enemy were battering at the walls of the capitol?

Where, sir, is the coward—where is the traitor who would not rather see the capitol than the constitution of his country in ruins? or who would lend himself to the establishment of a despotism among us, with a view to save this building for the despot to revel in? Sir, in the days when Themistocles led the Athenians to victory at Salamis, he advised them to surrender their capitol for the preservation of the constitution of their country. That gallant people rose under the impulse of patriotism as one man, and with a stern resolution to yield life itself rather than abandon their liberties, and surrender the proud privilege of legislating for themselves to the delegate of a Persian despot, who offered them “all their own dominions, together with an accession of territory ample as their wishes, upon the single condition that they should receive law and suffer him to preside in Greece.” At that eventful period of their history, Cysyllus alone proposed the surrender of their constitution to save the capitol; and they stoned him to death. The public indignation

* Pronounced *magna har'ta*.

was not yet satisfied ; for the Athenian matrons then rose and indicted the same punishment on his wife. Leaving their capitol and their noble city, rich as it was in the productions of every art, and glittering all over with the proudest trophies and the most splendid temples in the world ; deserting, in the cause of free government, the very land that gave them birth, they embarked on board their ships, and fought that battle, the name of which has made the bosoms of freemen to thrill with sympathy in all succeeding ages, and shall cause the patriot's heart to beat higher with emotion through countless ages to come.

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

XXIII.—PEACEABLE SECESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

MR. PRESIDENT, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by any body that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world for their political services.

Secession ! Peaceable secession ! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion ! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface ! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing ?

Sir, he who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off ? No, sir ! No, sir ! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union ; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, what that disruption itself must produce ; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its two-fold character.*

Daniel WEBSTER

XXIV. — PERMANENCY OF STATES.

MR. PRESIDENT, it has always seemed to me to be a grateful reflection, that, however short and transient may be the lives of individuals, States may be permanent. The great corporations that embrace the government of mankind, protect their liberties, and secure their happiness, may have something of perpetuity, and, as I might say, of earthly immortality. For my part, sir, I gratify myself by contemplating what in the future will be the condition of that generous State which has done me the honor to keep me in the counsels of the country for so many years. I see nothing about her in prospect less than that which encircles her now. I feel that when I and all those that now hear me shall have gone to our last home, and afterwards, when mould may have gathered upon our memories, as it will have done upon our tombs, that State, so early to take her part in the great contest of the Revolution, will stand, as she has stood and now stands, like that column which, near her capital, perpetuates the memory of the first great battle of the Revolution, firm, erect, and immovable.

I believe, sir, that if commotion shall shake the country, there will be one rock for ever, as solid as the granite of her hills, for the Union to repose upon. I believe that, if disasters arise, bringing clouds which shall obscure the ensign now over her and over us, there will be one star that will but burn the brighter amid the darkness of that night; and I believe that, if in the remotest ages (I trust they will be infinitely remote!) an occasion shall occur when the sternest duties of patriotism are demanded and to be performed, Massachusetts will imitate her own example; and that, as at the breaking out of the Revolution she was the first to offer the outpouring of her blood and her treasure in the struggle for liberty, so she will be hereafter ready, when the emergency arises, to repeat and renew that offer, with a thousand times as many warm hearts, and a thousand times as many strong hands!

LB.

XXV. — LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

IMPORTANT, sir, as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom

of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretenses, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin, in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high, constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defense of them.

11.

XXVI. — SECRET AND PROSCRIPTIVE SOCIETIES.

I AM not allowed, sir, to reach the merits of the question before the Senate without alluding to the body of men who bear the name of "Know Nothings." They are said to have contrived their disguise with so much ingenuity that even a person who is not a novitiate can not disclaim a knowledge of their ceremonies and principles, without implying his communion and membership with them. Nevertheless, sir, I must be permitted to deny all connection with this new order. I am under no responsibility for its doings, and I have not the least sympathy with its principles or sentiments.

I belong to one voluntary association of men; one which has to do with *spiritual* affairs — it is a branch of the Christian church. That association is an *open* one; it performs all its rites and gives all its instructions with publicity; it invites every man to come in and partake of its privileges.

I belong to one *temporal* society of men, and that is the political party which embodies most fully and truly, according to my notions, though, I confess, very inadequately, the principles of

the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. This also is an *open* association. All its transactions are conducted in broad daylight; and it invites *all* citizens to coöperate with it in maintaining good government and advancing the cause of human nature.

These two are* the only voluntary associations to which I now belong, or ever have belonged, since I became a man; and, unless I am bereft of reason, they are the only associations of men to which I shall ever suffer myself to belong.

Secret societies, sir? — Before I would place my hand between the hands of other men in a secret Lodge, Order, Class, or Council, and, bending my knee before them, enter into combination with them for any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of the pity, and even of the mockery, of my fellow-men. *Swear, sir?* — I, a man, an American citizen, a Christian, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering *my own* judgment to *their* judgment, and my own conscience to *their* keeping? No, sir, no!

Proscribe a man, sir, because he was not born in the same town, or county, or state, or country, in which *I* was born? Why, sir, I do most earnestly and affectionately advise all persons, hereafter to be born, that they be born in the United States; and, if they can, without inconvenience, to be born in the State of New York, and thus avoid a great deal of trouble for themselves and for others. Mr. President, you now know the length and the breadth of my connection with the new and mysterious Order of patriots, the Know Nothings!

W. H. SEWARD.

XXVII.—POLICY OF ROADS.

It would be difficult, Mr. President, to exaggerate the influence of roads as a means of civilization. This, at least, may be said: Where roads are not, civilization can not be; and civilization advances as roads are extended. By roads, religion and knowledge are diffused; intercourse of all kinds is promoted; the producer, the manufacturer, and the consumer, are all

* Pronounces *are* like the letter *r*; been, *bīn*; again, *agēn*. Give short *e* in *yet, get, &c.*, its true sound. Say *cūck*, not *kēck*; *just*, not *jest*. In several words (but not in all) like *evil, even, heaven, &c.*, the vowel before the final consonant is unsounded. Give the *ph* in *sphere* its *f* sound. The *t* and *e* in *often* should be unsounded.

brought nearer together; commerce is quickened; markets are opened; property, wherever touched by these lines, is changed, as by a magic rod, into new values; and the great current of travel, like that stream of classic fable, or one of the rivers of our own California, hurries in a channel of golden sand.

The roads, together with the laws of ancient Rome, are now better remembered than her victories. The Flaminian and Appian ways, once trod by returning proconsuls and tributary kings, still remain as beneficent representatives of her departed grandeur. Under God, the road and the schoolmaster are the two chief agents of human improvement. The education begun by the schoolmaster is expanded, liberalized, and completed, by intercourse with the world; and this intercourse finds new opportunities and inducements in every road that is built.

Our country has already done much in this regard. Through a remarkable line of steam communications, chiefly by railroad, its whole population is now, or will be soon, brought close to the borders of Iowa. The cities of the southern seaboard—Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile—are already stretching their lines in this direction; while the traveler from all the principal points of the northern seaboard—from Portland, Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—now passes without impediment to this remote region, traversing a territory of unexampled resources, at once a magazine and a granary,—the largest coal-field, and at the same time the largest corn-field of the known globe,—winding his way among churches and school-houses, among forests and gardens, by villages, towns, and cities, along the sea, along rivers and lakes, with a speed which may recall the gallop of the ghostly horseman in the ballad:

“Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
On right and left fled past how fast
Each city, town, and tower!

“Tramp! tramp! along the land they speed,
Splash! splash! along the sea!”

On the banks of the Mississippi he is now arrested. The proposed road in Iowa will bear the adventurer yet further, to the banks of the Missouri; and this distant giant stream, mightiest of the earth, leaping from its sources in the Rocky Mountains, will be clasped with the Atlantic in the same iron bracelet. In all this I see not only further opportunities for commerce, but a new extension to civilization, and increased strength to our national Union.

SUMNER.

XXVIII.—THE OREGON SETTLEMENT.

It would seem that the white race alone received the divine command to subdue and replenish the earth; for it is the only race that has obeyed it—the only one that hunts out new and distant lands, and even a new world, to subdue and replenish. Starting from western Asia, taking Europe for their field, and the sun for their guide, and leaving the Mongolians behind, they arrived, after many ages, on the shores of the Atlantic, which they lit up with the lights of science and religion, and adorned with the useful and the elegant arts. Three and a half centuries ago, this race, in obedience to the great command, arrived in the New World, and found new lands to subdue and replenish. Even four-score years ago the philosophic Burke was considered a rash man because he said the English colonists would top the Alleghanies, and descend into the valley of the Mississippi, and occupy without parchment, if the crown refused to make grants of land. What was considered a rash declaration eighty years ago, is old history in our young country at this day.

I cannot repine, sir, that this capitol has replaced the wigwam, this Christian people replaced the savages, white matrons the red squaws, and that such men as Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, have taken the place of Powhatan, Opechonecanough, and other red men, however respectable they may have been as savages.

Sir, the apparition of the van of the Caucasian race, rising upon the Oriental nations in the east, after having left them on the west, and after having completed the circumnavigation of the globe, must wake up and animate the torpid body of old Asia. Our position and policy will commend us to their hospitable reception; political considerations will aid the action of social and commercial influences. Pressed upon by the great powers of Europe,—the same that press upon us,—they must in our approach see the advent of friends, not of foes; of benefactors, not of invaders.

The moral and intellectual superiority of the white race will do the rest; and thus the youngest people and the newest land will become the reviver and the regenerator of the oldest. It is in this point of view, and as acting upon the social, political, and religious condition of Asia, and giving a new point of departure to her ancient civilization, that I look upon the settlement of the Columbia River by the van of the Caucasian race as the most momentous human event in the history of man since his dispersion over the face of the earth.

T. H. BENTON.

PART EIGHTH. — THE STAGE.

I. — THE CONSPIRATORS OF PALERMO.

MONTALBA, GUIDO, PROCIDA, RAIMONDO.

Procida. Welcome, my brave associates! — We can share
The wolf's wild freedom here. The oppressor's haunt
Is not 'midst rocks and caverns. — Art thou here,
With thy deep wrongs and resolute despair,
Childless Montalba?

Montalba (advancing). He is at thy side.
Call on that desolate father, in the hour
When his revenge is nigh.

Pro. Art thou, too, here,
Guido, the exile from thy mountain home?

Guido. Even so. I stood
Last night before my own ancestral towers,
An unknown outcast, while the tempest beat
On my bare head — what reaked it? — There was joy
Within, and revelry. They little deemed
Who heard their melodies. But there are vows
Known to the mountain-echoes. Pro'cida!
Call on the outcast when revenge is nigh.

Pro. I knew a young Sicilian, one whose heart
Should be all fire. On that most guilty day,
When, with our martyred Con'radin, the flower
Of the land's knighthood perished, he of whom
I speak, a weeping boy,
Stood by the scaffold, with extended arms,
Calling upon his father, whose last look
Turned full on him its parting agony.
Doth he remember still that bitter hour?

Gui. He bears a sheathless sword! —
Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.

Pro. Our band shows gallantly — but there are men
Who should be with us now, had they not dared
In some wild moment of festivity
To give their full hearts way, and breathe a wish

For freedom ! — But have they not
Brothers or sons amongst us ?

Gui. Look on me !

I have a brother, a young, high-souled boy,
His doom is sealed

With theirs of whom you spoke ; and I have knelt —

Ay, scorn me not ! 't was for his life — I knelt

E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on

That heartless laugh of cold malignity

We know so well, and spurned me. But the stain

Of shame like this takes blood to wash it off,

e. And *thus* it shall be canceled ! — Call on me,

When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.

Pro. I call upon thee *now* ! — now — now — before

The majesty of yon pure Heaven, whose eye

Is on our hearts, whose righteous arm befriends

The arm that strikes for freedom ; speak ! decree

The fate of our oppressors.

Mont. Let them fall

When dreaming least of peril ! Hide the sword

With a thick veil of myrtle, and in halls

Of banqueting, where the full wine-cup shines

Red in the festal torch-light ; meet we there,

And bid them welcome to the feast of death.

Raimond. Must innocence and guilt

Perish alike ?

Mont. Who talks of innocence ?

When hath *their* hand been stayed for innocence ?

Let them all perish ! — Heaven will choose its own.

Let them all perish ! — And if one be found

Amid our band, to stay the avenging steel

For pity or remorse, or boyish love,

Then be *his* doom as theirs ! — Why gaze ye thus ?

Brethren, what means your silence ?

Gui. Be it so !

If one amongst us stay the avenging steel

For love or pity, be his doom as theirs !

Pledge we our faith to this !

Rai. Our faith to *this* !

No ! I but *dreamed* I heard it ! — Can it be ?

My countrymen, my father ! — Is it thus

That freedom should be won ? — Awake ! Awake !

To loftier thoughts ! — Lift up, exultingly,

On the crowned heights, and to the sweeping wind,

Your glorious banner! — Let your trumpet's blast
 Make the tombs thrill with echoes! Call aloud,
 Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear
 The stranger's yoke no longer! — What is he
 Who carries on his practiced lip a smile,
 Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits
 Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings?
 That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,
 And our blood curdle at, — ay, yours and mine, —
 A murderer! — Heard ye? — Shall that name with ours
 Go down to after days? — O, friends! a cause
 Like that for which we rise hath made bright names
 Of the elder time as rallying-words to men,
 Sounds full of might and immortality!
 And shall not ours be such?

Mont. Fend dreamer, peace!

Fame! What is fame? — Will our unconscious dust
 Start into thrilling rapture from the grave,
 At the vain breath of praise? — I tell thee, youth,
 Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst,
 Which must be quenched, though death were in the draught:
 We must have vengeance, for our fees have left
 No other joy unblighted.

Pro. O! my son,
 The time is past for such high dreams as thine.
 Thou know'st not whom we deal with. Knightly faith,
 And chivalrous* honor, are but things whereon
 They cast disdainful pity. We must meet
 Falsehood with wiles, and insult with revenge.

Rai. Precida, knew,
 I shrink from crime alone. O, if my voice
 Might yet have power amongst you, I would say,
 Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet
 As knights, as warriors!

Mont. Peace! have we not borne
 The indelible taint of contumely and chains?
 We are not knights and warriors. Our bright crests
 Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.
 Boy! we are slaves — and our revenge shall be
 Deep as a slave's disgrace.

Rai. Why, then, farewell;
 I leave you to your counsels. He that still

* The *ch* in *chivalry*, *chivalrous*, &c., has the sound of *sh*.

Would hold his lofty nature, undebased,
And his name pure, were but a loiterer here.
Dearer than vengeance — ay, than freedom, dearer
Is honor to me. And so, fare ye well.

MRS. HEWANE (altered).

II. — CÆSAR'S MESSAGE TO CATO.

DECIVS AND CATO.

Decivs. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. These very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honors:
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more;

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom —

Cato. Nay, more, — though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou 'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and — crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, 'as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffered friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

ADDISON.

III. — CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.

The passages enclosed between brackets in the following scene are by Shakspeare; the rest, with a few alterations, are by Thomson.

Coriolanus. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Aufidius. I mean not to assail thee with the clamor
Of loud reproaches and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert

The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have performed
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman.
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It yet may be in danger from our arms.
Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.

Cor. With safety? — safety? Thinkest thou that I,
Coriolanus, of Co-ri-oli,
Will stoop to thee for *safety*? — No: my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.

O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness
To seize the very time my hands are fettered
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment, to insult me. *Safety*! —
Were I now free, as on that day I was,
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been.

Auf. Thou speakest the truth: it had not.
O, for that time again! Propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou shouldst return; I pray thee, Marcias, do it;
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my honor in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge, — as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here!

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do: — nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will! — What wouldst thou more?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would —

Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbors round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind —
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods! — 'Tis not for thee, vain boaster, —
'Tis not for such as thou, so often spared
By her victorious sword, — to speak of Rome
But with respect, and awful veneration.
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage: — This full displays the traitor.

[*Cor.* Traitor! How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcus.

Cor. Marcus!

Auf. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords, and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome, —
I say, your city, — to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel of the war: but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.

Cor. Hearest thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O, slave! —
Cut me to pieces, Volscos; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy! — But let us part,
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Ans. I court

The worst thy sword can do ; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction.
Quit, then, this hostile camp : once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

[*Cor.* O that I had thee in the field,
With six Amfidinaes, or more — thy tribe ! —
To use my lawful sword !]

IV. — THE RESOLVE OF REGULUS.

RÉGULUS, a Roman consul, having been defeated in battle and taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was detained in captivity five years, and then sent on an embassy to Rome to solicit peace, under a promise that he would return to Carthage if the proposals were rejected. These, it was thought, he would urge in order to obtain his own liberty ; but he urged contrary and patriotic measures on his countrymen ; and then, having carried his point, resisted the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, and returned to Carthage, where a martyr's death awaited him. Some writers say that he was thrust into a cask covered over on the inside with iron spikes, and thus rolled down hill. The following scene presents Regulus just as he has made known to his friends in Rome his resolution to return to Carthage.

Enter REGULUS, followed by SERTORIUS.

Sertorius. Stay, Roman, in pity ! — if not for thy life,
For the sake of thy country, thy children, thy wife.
Sent, not to urge war, but to lead Rome to peace,
Thy captors of Carthage vouchsafed thee release.
Thou return'st to encounter their anger, their rage ; —
No mercy expect for thy fame or thy age !

Regulus. To my captors one pledge, and one only, I gave :
To RETURN, though it were to walk into my grave !
No hope I extended, no promise I made,
Rome's Senate and people from war to dissuade.
If the vengeance of Carthage be stored for me now,
I have reaped no dishonor, have broken no vow.

Sert. They released thee, but dreamed not that thou wouldst
fulfill

A part that would leave thee a prisoner still ;
They hoped thy own danger would lead thee to sway
The councils of Rome a far different way ;
Would induce thee to urge the conditions they crave,
If only thy freedom, thy life-blood, to save.
Thought shudders, the torment and woe to depict
Thy merciless foes have the heart to inflict !
Remain with us, Rēgulus ! do not go back !

No hope sheds its ray on thy death-pointing track !
 Keep faith with the faithless ? The gods will forgive
 The balking of such. O, live, Regulus, live !

Reg. With the consciousness fixed in the core of my heart,
 That I had been playing the perjurer's part ?
 With the stain ever glaring, the thought ever nigh,
 That I owe the base breath I inhale to a lie ?
 O, never ! Let Carthage infract every oath,
 Be false to her word and humanity both,
 Yet never will I in her infamy share,
 Or turn for a refuge to guilt from despair !

Sert. O, think of the kindred and friends who await
 To fall on thy neck, and withhold thee from fate ;
 O, think of the widow, the orphans to be,
 And let thy compassion plead softly with me.

Reg. O, my friend, thou canst soften, but canst not subdue :
 To the faith of my soul I must ever be true.
 If my honor I cheapen, my conscience discrown,
 All the graces of life to the dust are brought down ;
 All creation to me is a chaos once more —
 No heaven to hope for, no God to adore !
 And the love that I feel for wife, children, and friend,
 Has lost all its beauty, and thwarted its end.

Sert. Let thy country determine.

Reg. My country ? Her will,
 Were I free to obey, would be paramount still.
 I go to my doom for my country alone ;
 My life is my country's ; my honor, my own !

Sert. O, Regulus ! think of the pangs in reserve !

Reg. What menace should make me from probity swerve ?

Sert. Refinements of pain will these miscreants find
 To daunt and disable the loftiest mind.

Reg. And 't is to a Roman thy fears are addressed !

Sert. Forgive me. I know thy untterrified breast.

Reg. Thou know'st me but human — as weak to sustain
 As thyself, or another, the searchings of pain.
 This flesh may recoil, and the anguish they wreak
 Chase the strength from my knees, and the hue from my cheek ;
 But the body alone they can vanquish and kill ;
 The spirit immortal shall smile at them still.
 Then let them make ready their engines of dread,
 Their spike-bristling cask, and their torturing bed ;
 Still Regulus, heaving no recreant breath,
 Shall greet as a friend the deliverer Death !

Their cunning in torture and taunt shall defy,
And hold it a joy for his country to die! ORIGINAL.

V. — ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

Enter ANTONY, Right, meeting VENTIDIUS, who enters Left.

Antony. Art thou Ventidius?

Ventidius. Are you Antony?

I 'm liker what I was, than you to him
When that I left you last.

Ant. I 'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private; leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Ven. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.

If I said more, I think 't were scarce a sin;

You 're all that 's good and noble.

Ant. All that 's wretched!

You will not leave me, then?

Ven. 'T was too presuming

To say I would not, but I dare not leave you;

And 't is unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;

I have not wept these forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I can not help her softness.

Ant. Sure, there 's contagion in the tears of friends.

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 't is not

For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father——

Ven. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! Why, that 's the style of victory.

The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his general so; but never more

Shall that sound reach my ears. I lost a battle.

Ven. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly :

But Antony —

Ven. Nay, stop not !

Ant. Antony —

(Well, thou wilt have it) — like a coward, fled, —
Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepared to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius.

Ven. Yes, and a brave one ; but —

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease,
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it ;
And purple greatness met my ripened years.

Ven. You are too sensible already

Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings ;
And, like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

Ant. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause ? No ; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here ; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ven. Caesar thinks not so.

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you ? Why, then,
Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself ; and so resolve.

Ven. I can die with you too, when time shall serve ;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Ven. No ; 't is you dream ; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake ! Twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief.

Ant. Where left you them ?

Ven. I say, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither ;
There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Why did they refuse to march?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make *her* conquer,
And make *you* more a slave?

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! Plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou an envious traitor.
O, that thou wert my equal, — great in arms
As the first Caesar was, — that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honor!

Ven. You may kill me.

You have done more already — called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Ven. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, — a glorious, happy traitor;
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir!
Pray, kill me! Yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage. Pr'ythee, forgive me.

(*They shake hands.*)

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

Ven. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell.

Ant. O, thou hast fired me! My soul's up in arms,

And man each part about me. Once again
 The nobleness of fight has seized me.
 Come on, my soldier !
 Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
 Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
 May drag fate on with us, mow out a passage,
 And, entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
 Begin the noble harvest of the field.

DRYDEN (*aloud*.)

VL.—THE GAMBLER'S SON.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

M. de Ferrières (pronounced *Ferryer*), after years of extreme poverty, has risen suddenly to opulence. His son, George, returns home from sea, and questions his father as to the source of his wealth. The father evades his inquiries. George follows him to the gaming-table, sees him play with M. Dubourg, and win all his money, and satisfies himself that his father cheated at cards. He stands overwhelmed, and, in the following scene, intimates to his father what he has discovered. If convenient, there should be a table on the stage, with a pack of cards on it, and a chair on either side of the table.

Enter M. DE F. first, Left; then GEORGE, Right.

M. de Ferrières. What would you, George ?

George. (*Aside*.) How shall I broach it ?

M. de F. You tremble, my son ! What's the matter ?

George. (*Looking around him*.) No one can enter ? Are we sure of that ?

M. de F. Why all these precautions ?

George. (*With much emotion*.) Did Dubourg lose all — all — at cards ? Did you win his all ?

M. de F. The luck went against him.

George. (*Mustering courage*.) But that money — you will give it back to him ?

M. de F. How ?

George. You will give it back to him — will you not ?

M. de F. Are you mad ?

George. O ! keep it not, my father ! Keep it not ! Dubourg is a merchant. He must have that money in order to meet his engagements. Without it he is ruined. Give it him back. It is all I ask.

M. de F. (*Looking at him with surprise*.) I do not understand you.

George. (*Aside*.) Yes, it is my duty ! (*Aloud*.) You must renounce all that you won from Dubourg ; absolutely, you must.

M. de F. The more I look at you, the more am I astonished. Are you in your senses, George? This paleness—these convulsive movements—What has happened to you?

George. I am very wretched!

M. de F. Are you suffering?

George. More than I can tell.

M. de F. You alarm me! What profound despair! Speak, George!

George. I shall never be able—

M. de F. It is I who beseech you—I, your father.

George. (*Recoiling.*) My father!

M. de F. You repel me, my son.

George. O, misery!

M. de F. Have I ever failed in a father's love and care? From your youth upwards have you not found me your best friend?

George. Ah, yes! I have not forgotten the days of my childhood. Often do I remember me of the lessons you used to instill when we dwelt in our humble hut. Every principle of honor and of virtue—it is from you that I have received it; and nothing is forgotten.

M. de F. You know it; you were the object of my tenderness; all my hopes reposed on you.

George. Yes! You would say to me in those days, "My son, whatever may be your fate, remember that he is never without consolation who keeps his conscience pure!" You said it, my father, and I remember it well.

M. de F. George, that state of destitution and wretchedness, to which I had reduced you and your mother,—how did I reproach myself with it! That horrible poverty—that absolute want—what torture! And what regrets did I experience because of you, whose heritage I had so foolishly dissipated!

George. Did I ever utter a complaint? Did I ever reproach you with our misfortunes—our poverty? Have I not always cherished, respected, served you?

M. de F. Yes, George is a good son; he is no ingrate; he will not heedlessly wound a father's heart.

George. No, no! Only one boon.

M. de F. Speak, my son.

George. That money of Dubourg's—

M. de F. (*Angrily.*) Again you recur to it!

George. Do you not remember those words which you added to your lessons? "All that now remains to us, my son, is *honor*!"

M. de F. Doubtless. But how wretched, George, had you been without this change of fortune which time has brought!

George. This fortune — its source ? Tell me whence you —

M. de F. (*Interrupting him.*) Never could you have presumed to marry her you love ; never would a career have been opened to you ; you would have had no means of exercising your talents, no resources ! You do not realize the humiliation which poverty brings with it in an age like ours, where favor and consideration are measured according to the amount of gold one has ; where the virtues are repulsed, merit disdained, talent ignored, unless intrigue or fortune open the way. With gold one has every thing — without it, nothing.

George. (*Aside.*) All is now explained. (*Aloud.*) Ah, well ! my choice is made : indigence and probity.

M. de F. Indigence — the return of all those sufferings you once experienced ? Can aught be worse ?

George. Yes — dishonor.

M. de F. (*Aside.*) I tremble. (*Aloud.*) What would you say ?

George. That there is no wretchedness equal to mine, sir !

M. de F. "Sir ?" (*He gives his hand to his son, who takes it with a disordered air.*)

George. Hear me. Can you imagine all which that man suffers who sees in a single day the overthrow of all that he believed in — the destruction of what he had regarded, up to that moment, as the summit of his hopes and affections ; who sees the past rendered hateful, the future desperate, since he can trust no longer in all that he had adored and respected ? Love, honor, ye sole blessings which make life precious, ye are gone — gone for ever !

M. de F. George !

George. Do you comprehend, sir, this misfortune without consolation ? A son who cherished, who revered his father, who bore with pride an honorable name — ah, well ! this son — he must now blush for evermore, and repulse that man whom he had learned to venerate and love.

M. de F. Gracious powers !

George. Ay, sir ; for he knows all.

M. de F. What knows he ?

George. He knows that yonder, at that table, an old friend was ruined by him.

M. de F. And if hazard did it all ?

George. No, sir, no ; that old friend was deceived — was swindled.

M. de F. Swindled ? George ! You believe it ?

George. Ah ! 't is that belief is the burthen of my woe !

M. de F. And if it were not true?

George. (*Producing a pack of cards.*) That pack of cards —

M. de F. What of them?

George. They are — they are — O, shame! I can not say it!

M. de F. Ah! you know not what real misery is.

George. I know what honor is, and I will not permit —

M. de F. Would you ruin me?

George. Shall I let you dishonor me? O, I have no longer a father! The name he gave me, here I give him back. I am but an orphan, without a home, without means; but still — still, sir, I have a conscience left, and what that dictates I will obey to the death! Farewell!

M. de F. What would you, unhappy boy? Is it not enough that I am humbled thus? — that you see me blush and tremble before you — before my son? What would you more? Go! I fear you not! (*He produces a pistol.*) I fear nothing!

George. (*Placing himself before him.*) I, too, sir, am without fear; and to me life is hateful.

M. de F. What sayest thou? Be mine alone the —

George. (*Wresting the pistol from him.*) My father!

M. de F. I am no longer thy father.

George. (*Rushing to his arms.*) Yes, yes! You are my father still.

M. de F. O, anguish insupportable!

George. All may be repaired. Go where you will, your son will follow. This city — we must quit it. This money — it must be restored — must be restored, I say. Happiness shall yet be ours. Do not hesitate, my father!

M. de F. Think you I have never anticipated a situation like this? But fate has driven me on.

George. What would you say?

M. de F. In our old house, beneath that humble roof where I suffered so much, my passion for play, that deadly passion which had devoured my substance, was not quite extinct. I sought in secret to satisfy it; often, to find the opportunity, I had to have recourse to men of the lowest grade, to vagabonds and ignoble gamblers. Yes, George, yes — I, the Count de Ferrières — I, your father, played with such! They taught me terrible secrets. And yet I did not think to make use of them. But I returned one day to Paris, and there tried my fortune. It proved favorable. Considerable sums successively came to reanimate my hopes. I still was guiltless. But no, no! my heart was no longer so. The greed of gold had filled it wholly. Ambition, vanity, the need of luxury, all contributed to my insatua-

tion. One day — hear me — one day I lost. Your mother had just come to occupy this hotel which I had prepared for her; already the story, adroitly spread, had given our neighbors the idea that I was rich. Well, I lost. Must I, then, always be the fool of fortune? I had felt the pangs of poverty; I had seen her suffer whom I loved; I had seen two children, my brothers, pushed by misery into the tomb; friends, society, rank, all had then disappeared. And must there now be a repetition of all these woes? No, no! cried I; it must not be. It is too much. I can no longer be a loser; and a loser I was no longer!

George. Ah! the fatal, fatal step! But, come! We must retrace it. You will make restitution of all you have won unfairly; you will do it, my father?

M. de F. Ay, call me father, and do with me what you will.

George. It is bravely said. Come on! Know'st thou where I shall guide thee? Back, back to poverty and — honor, my father!

M. de F. Lead on!

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

VII.—SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

Enter first SIR E., Left; then WILFORD, Right.

Sir Edward. Wilford, is no one in the picture-gallery?

Wilford. No — not a soul, sir — not a human soul; None within hearing, if I were to bawl... Ever so loud.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me. — What am I to say For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me, Despise me for it?

Wil. I! — O, sir.

Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!

Wil. Indeed, indeed, sir;
You deeply wrong yourself. — Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you; and I — I owe you all; —
I am most bound to bless you!

Sir E. Mark me, Wilford. —
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;
I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,

As to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
 Which the remunerating angel draws
 From the eternal fountain of delight,
 To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.
 I feel this — I! How must my nature, then,
 Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
 In human blood! And yet, it seems, this day
 I sought your life. O, I have suffered madness!
 None know my tortures — pangs; but I can end them, —
 And them as far as appertains to thee.
 I have resolved it: fearful struggles tear me;
 But I have pondered on't, and I must trust thee.

Wil. Your confidence shall not be —

Sir E. You must swear.

Wil. Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then —

Sir E. No retreating.

Wil. (After a pause.) I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
 Divine or human, never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret, — yes,
 Extorted it. — I have not thrust it on you.

'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
 While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
 Know, Wilford, that —

Wil. Dearest sir,
 Collect yourself; this shakes you horribly. —
 You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
 At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is. Her uncle —

Wil. Her uncle!

Sir E. Him — she knows it not, — none know it:
 You are the first ordained to hear me say,
 I am — his murderer!

Wil. O, heaven!

Sir E. His assassin!

Wil. What! You that — mur — the murder — I am choked!

Sir E. Honor — thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
 Sit war and homicide, O! to what madness
 Will insult drive thy votaries! Heaven bear witness!
 In the world's range there does not breathe a man,
 Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
 With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
 Than his who fell by me. — But he disgraced me,
 Stained me! — O, death and shame! the world looked on
 And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;

Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro
 On the base earth, like carrion. — Desperation,
 In every fiber of my frame, cried Vengeance!
 I left the room which he had quitted. Chance
 (Curse on the chance!), while boiling with my wrongs,
 Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street. —
 I stabbed him to the heart; and my oppressor
 Rolled lifeless at my foot! (*Crosses to R.*)

Wil. (*L.*) O, mercy on me!
 How could this deed be covered?

Sir E. Would you think it? —
 E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
 Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
 I had all good men's love. — But my disgrace,
 And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
 Demanded notice of the magistracy.
 They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
 To acts of import and communication. —
 We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumor,
 To put me on my trial. No accuser,
 No evidence appeared, to urge it on;
 'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then?
 How cover it? you say. — Why, by a lie, —
 Guilt's offspring and its guard! I taught this breast,
 Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie, —
 This tongue to utter it; rounded a tale,
 Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
 So well compacted, that the o'er-thronged court
 Disturbed cool justice in her judgment-seat,
 By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finished. —
 The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
 Bore me in triumph home. — Ay, look upon me!
 I know thy sight aches at me.

Wil. Heaven forgive you!
 It may be wrong: indeed, I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity.
 I ask no consolation! Idle boy!
 Thinkst thou that this compulsive confidence
 Was given to move thy pity? Love of fame
 (For still I cling to it) has urged me thus
 To quash the curious mischief in its birth;
 Hurt honor, in an evil, cursèd hour,
 Drove me to murder, — lying; — 't would again!
 My honesty — sweet peace of mind — all, all

Are bartered for a name. — I will maintain it!
 Should slander whisper o'er my sepulcher,
 And my soul's agency survive in death,
 I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
 And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
 Should strike the blaster of my memory
 Dead in the church-yard! Boy, I would not kill thee:
 Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger;
 To check them, there was no way left but this,
 Save one — your death. You shall not be my victim.

Wil. My death! — What! take my life — my life, to prop
 This empty honor!

Sir E. Empty! — Groveling fool! (*Crosses to L.*)

Wil. (R.) I am your servant, sir, child of your bounty,
 And know my obligation. — I have been
 Too curious haply. — 'Tis the fault of youth;
 I ne'er meant injury. — If it would serve you,
 I would lay down my life — I'd give it freely.
 Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
 You could not — should not.

Sir E. How!

Wil. You dare not.

Sir E. Dare not!

Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
 Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
 But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
 My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
 And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
 How would you look to find a peasant boy
 Return the knife you leveled at his heart,
 And ask you which in heaven would show the best, —
 A rich man's honor, or a poor man's honesty?

Sir E. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. — To spare it,
 I have endangered mine. — But dread my power:
 You know not its extent. — Be warned in time;
 Trifle not with my feelings. — Listen, sir:
 Myriads of engines, which my secret working
 Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
 Your ruin hangs upon a thread; provoke me,
 And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
 The slightest movement to awake my fears,
 And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
 Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
 Till lingering death shall end his agony,

Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than cherubs to the cursed!

Wu. O, misery!

Discard me, sir; I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence: I will be mute as death;
But let me quit your service.

Sir E. Never! Fool!

To buy this secret, you have sold yourself, —
Your movements, eyes, and most of all your breath,
From this time forth, are fettered to my will.

COLMAN.

VIII. — HOTSPUR.

Enter KING HENRY, L., followed by HOTSPUR.

K. Henry. Why, yet you do deny your prisoners,
Unless at our own charge we ransom straight
Your brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer!
No; on the barren mountains let him starve!
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war.

Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. *(Exit KING HENRY, R.)*

Hot. (R.) And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Enter WORCESTER, L.

Worcester. What! drunk with choler?

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him!
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king —
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke ! (*Crosses L.*)

Wor. (*R.*) Who struck this heat up ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have *all* my prisoners ;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale ;
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. (*Crosses R.*)
Therefore, I say —

Wor. (*L.*) Peace, cousin, say no more :
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night ! — or sink or swim, —
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple : — O ! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

Wor. (*Aside.*) Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. Good heaven ! methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright Honor from the pale-faced moon ;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown'd Honor by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. (*Aside.*) He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.

(*Aloud.*) Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all ; (*Crosses and recrosses.*)
He shall not have a Scot of them — not one :
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer! (*Cresses and recresses.*)
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke.
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,—
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.
Why, what a wasp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke!
In Richard's time——What do you call the place?—
A plague upon't! it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept—
His uncle York;—where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

Wor. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”
And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin!”—
O, out upon such cozeners!—Heaven forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
I'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms.

Hot. Uncle, adieu. O let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport!

SHAKESPEARE (*altered*).

IX. — SPARTACUS AND JOVIUS.

Enter SPARTACUS, L., JOVIUS, R.

Spartacus. Speak, Roman! wherefore does thy master send
Thy gray hairs to the "cut-throat's," camp?

Jovius. Brave rebel —

Spart. Why, that's a better name than rogue or bondman;
But in this camp I am called *General*.

Jov. Brave General, — for, though a rogue and bondman,
As you have said, I'll still allow you General,
As he that beats a consul surely is.

Spart. Say two — two consuls; and to that e'en add
A proconsul, three prætors, and some generals.

Jov. Why, this is no more than true. Are you a Thracian?

Spart. Ay.

Jov. There is something in the air of Thrace
Breeds valor up as rank as grass. 'Tis pity
You are a barbarian.

Spart. Wherefore?

Jov. Had you been born
A Roman, you had won by this a triumph.

Spart. I thank the gods I am barbarian;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crowned heads to his chariot-wheels,
Their regal necks to be his stepping-blocks.
But come, what is thy message?

Jov. Julia, niece
Of the prætor, is thy captive.

Spart. Ay.

Jov. For whom
Is offered in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.

Spart. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian's wife is ransomed.

Jov. How is that?

Spart. Ransomed, and by the steel, from out the camp
Of slaughtered Gellius! (*Pointing off.*) Behold them, Roman!

Jov. (*Looking as SPART. points.*) This is sorcery!
But name a ransom for the general's niece.

Spart. Have I not now the prætor on the hip?
He would, in his extremity, have made
My wife his buckler of defence; perhaps
Have doomed her to the scourge! But this is Roman.
Now the barbarian is instructed. Look!
I hold the prætor by the heart; and he
Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.

Jov. Men do not war on women. Name her ransom.

Spart. Men do not war on women! Look you:
One day I climbed up to the ridgy top
Of the cloud-piercing Hæmus, where, among
The eagles and the thunders, from that height,
I looked upon the world, as far as where,
Wrestling with storms, the gloomy Euxine chafed
On his recoiling shores; and where dim Adria
In her blue bosom quenched the fiery sphere.
Between those surges lay a land, might once
Have matched Elysium; but Rome had made it
A Tartarus. In my green youth I looked
From the same frosty peak where now I stood,
And then beheld the *glory* of those lands,
Where Peace was tinkling on the shepherd's bell
And singing with the reapers.
Since that glad day, Rome's conquerors had passed
With withering armies there, and all was changed.
Peace had departed; howling War was there,
Cheered on by Roman hunters. Then, methought,
E'en as I looked upon the altered scene,
Groans echoed through the valleys, through which ran
Rivers of blood, like smoking Phleg'ethons;
Fires flashed from burning villages, and Famine
Shrieked in the empty corn-fields! Women and children,
Robbed of their sires and husbands, left to starve—
These were the dwellers of the land! Say'st thou
Rome wars not, then, on women?

Jov. This is not to the matter.

Spart. Now, by Jove,
It is! These things do Romans. But the earth
Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,
Not Roman, but is Rome's extremest foe:

And such am I; sworn from that hour I saw
 Those sights of horror, while the gods support me,
 To wreak on Rome such havoc as Rome wreaks,
 Carnage and devastation, woe and ruin.
 Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay?
 Begone! This is my answer!

BIRD: eye view

X. — THE SIEGE OF GHENT.

Enter first VAN DEN BOSCH, R.; then VAN ARTEVELDE, L.

Van den Bosch. What ho! Van Artevelde.

Artevelde. Who calls?

Bosch. 'T is I.

Thou art an early riser, like myself;
 Or is it that thou hast not been to bed?

Art. What are thy tidings?

Bosch. Nay, what can they be?

A page from pestilence and famine's day-book.

So many to the pest-house carried in,

So many to the dead-house carried out, —

The same dull, dismal, horrible old story.

Art. Be quiet; listen to the westerly wind,
 And tell me if it brings thee nothing new.

Bosch. (*Listening.*) Naught to my ear, save howl of hungry dog
 That hears the house is stirring: nothing else.

Art. No — now — I hear it not myself; no — nothing.
 The city's hum is up; but ere you came
 'T was audible enough.

Bosch. In Heaven's name, what?

Art. A horseman's tramp upon the road from Bruges.

Bosch. Why, then, be certain 't is a flag of truce!
 If once he reach the city, we are lost.

Nay, if he be but seen, our danger's great.

What terms so bad they would not swallow now?

Let's send some trusty varlets forth at once
 To cross his way.

Art. And send him back to Bruges?

Bosch. Send him to — heaven — and that's a better place.

Art. Nay, softly, Van Den Bosch; let war be war,
 But let us keep its ordinances.

Bosch. Tush!

I say, but let them see him from afar,

And in an hour shall we, bound hand and foot,
Be on our way to Bruges.*

Art. Not so, not so.

My rule of governance has not been such
As e'er to issue in so foul a close.

Bosch. What matter by what rule thou mayst have governed?
Think'st thou a hundred thousand citizens
Shall stay the fury of their empty maws
Because thou 'st ruled them justly?

Art. It may be
That such a hope is mine.

Bosch. Then thou art mad,
And I must take this matter on myself. (*Crosses L.*)

Art. (*R.*) Hold, Van den Bosch! I say this shall not be.
I must be madder than I think I am
Ere I shall yield up my authority,
Which I abuse not, to be used by thee.

Bosch. This comes of lifting dreamers into power!
I tell thee, in this strait and stress of famine,
The people, but to pave the way for peace,
Would instantly dispatch our heads to Bruges.
Once and again I warn thee that thy life
Hangs by a thread.

Art. Why, know I not it does?
What hath it hung by else since Utas' eve?
Did I not, by mine own advised choice,
Place it in jeopardy for certain ends?
And what were these? — To prop *thy* tottering state?
To float *thee* o'er a reef, and, that performed,
To cater for our joint security?
No, verily; not such my high ambition!
I bent my thoughts on yonder city's weal;
I looked to give it victory and freedom;
And, working to that end, by consequence,
From one great peril did deliver thee,
Not for the love of thee or of thy life,
Which I regard not, but the city's service;
And if, for that same service, it seem good,
I will expose thy life to equal hazard.

Bosch. Thou wilt?

Art. I will.

Bosch. Truly! to hear him speak!
What a most mighty emperor of puppets

* Pronounce *Breezh*. Pronounce *Bosch*, *Beest*.

Is this that I have brought upon the board !

But how if he that made it should unmake ?

Art. Unto His sovereignty who truly made me
With infinite humility I bow !

Both, both of us are puppets, Van den Bosch ;

Part of the curious clock-work of this world ;

We scold, and squeak, and crack each other's crowns ;

And if, from twitches moved by wires we see not,

I were to toss thee from this steeple's top,

I should be but the instrument — no more —

The tool of that chastising Providence

Which doth exalt the lowly, and abase

The violent and proud. But let me hope

Such is not mine appointed task to-day.

Thou passest in the world for worldly-wise.

Then, seeing we must sink or swim together,

What can it profit thee, in this extreme

Of our distress, to wrangle with me thus

For my supremacy and rule ? Thy fate,

As of necessity bound up with mine,

Must needs partake my cares. Let that suffice

To put thy pride to rest till better times.

Bosch. Tush, tush ! Van Artevelde ; thou talk'st and talk'st,

And honest burghers think it wondrous fine ;

But thou might'st easi'lier, with that tongue of thine,

Persuade yon smoke to fly i' the face o' the wind,

Than talk away my wit and understanding.

I say yon herald shall not enter here.

Art. I know, sir, — no man better, — where my talk

Is serviceable singly, where it needs

To be by acts enforced. I say, beware,

And brave not mine authority too far.

Bosch. Hast thou authority to take my life ?

What is it else to let yon herald in

To bargain for our blood ?

Art. Thy life again !

Why, what a very slave of life art thou !

Look round about on this once populous town ;

Not one of these innumerable house-tops

But hides some spectral form of misery,

Some peevish, pining child, and moaning mother,

Some aged man that in his dōtage scolds,

Not knowing why he hungers ; some cold corpse

That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it.

Look round, and answer what thy life can be
 To tell upon the balance of such scales.
 I too would live — I have a love for life —
 But rather than to live to charge my soul
 With one hour's lengthening out of woes like these,
 I'd leap this parapet with as free a bound
 As e'er was school-boy's e'er a garden wall.

Bosch. I'd like to see thee do it.

Art. I know thou wouldst.

But for the present be content to see
 My less precipitate descent; for, lo!

There comes the herald o'er the hill!

(*Exit, R.*)

Bosch. Beshrew thee!

Thou shalt not have the start of me in this.

(*Calls.*) Van Artevelde!

What ho! Beware! Beware, I say! (*Follows hastily.*)

HENRY TAYLOR.

XI. — SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

FUSTIAN and DAGGERWOOD discovered; FUSTIAN sitting in one chair, DAGGERWOOD asleep in another. The clock strikes eleven.

Fustian. Eight, nine, ten, eleven? Zounds! eleven o'clock, and here I have been waiting ever since nine for an interview with the manager. (*A servant crosses.*) Hark ye, young man, is your master visible yet?

Servant. Sir?

Fus. I say, can I see your master?

Serv. He has two gentlemen with him at present, sir.

Fus. Ay, the old answer! Who is this asleep here in the chair?

Serv. O, that, sir, is a gentleman who wants to come out.

Fus. Come out! then wake him, and open the door. Upon my word, the greatest difficulty in this house is to get in.

Serv. Ha, ha! I mean he wants to appear on the stage, sir: 't is Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, of the Dunstable company.

Fus. O ho! a country candidate for a London trancheon — a sucking Prince of Denmark. He snores like a tinker: fatigued with his journey, I suppose.

Serv. No, sir. He has taken a nap in this room for these five mornings, but has not been able to obtain an audience here yet.

Fus. No, nor at Dunstable, neither, I take it.

Serv. I am so loth to disturb him, poor gentleman, that I never wake him till a full half-hour after my master is gone out.

Fus. Upon my honour, that's very obliging! I must keep watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend —, you'll let your master know Mr. Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

Serv. The moment they make their exit. (*Exit.*)

Fus. Make their exit! This fellow must have lived here some time, by his language, and I'll warrant him lies by rote, like a parrot. (*Sits down and pulls out a manuscript.*) If I could nail this manager for a minute, I'd read him such a tragedy!

Daggerwood. (*Dreaming.*) Nay, and thou'lt mouth — I'll rant as well as thou.

Fus. Eh! he's talking in his sleep! Acting Hamlet before twelve tallow candles in the country.

Dag. "To be, or not to be" . . .

Fus. Yes, he's at it: let me see. (*Turning over the leaves of his play.*) I think there's no doubt of its running.

Dag. (*Dreaming.*) "That's the question" . . . "who would fardels bear" . . .

Fus. Zounds! There's no bearing you! — His grace's patronage will fill half the boxes, and I'll warrant we'll stuff the critics in the pit.

Dag. (*Dreaming.*) "To groan and sweat,
When he himself might his quietus make."

Fus. Quietus? I wish, with all my heart, I could make yours. — The Countess of Crambo insists on the best places for the first night of performance: she'll sit in the stage-box.

Dag. (*Still dreaming.*) "With a bare bodkin!"

Fus. O, the deuce, there's no enduring this! Sir, sir, do you intend to sleep any more?

Dag. (*Waking.*) Eh! what? when?
Methought I heard a voice say, "Sleep no more!"

Fus. Faith, sir, you have heard something very like it; that voice was mine. (*They rise.*)

Dag. Sir, I am your servant to command, Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction. You'd make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

Fus. Sir!

Dag. Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course — nay, and sometimes

her first course, too — when a dinner is unavoidably deferred, by your humble servant, Sylvester Daggerwood.

Fus. I am very sorry, sir, you should ever have occasion to postpone so pleasant a performance.

Dag. Eating, sir, is a most popular entertainment, for man and horse, as I may say ; but I am apt to appear nice, sir ; and, somehow or other, I never could manage to sit down to dinner in bad company.

Fus. Has your company been bad, then, of late, sir ?

Dag. Very bad, indeed, sir — the Dunstable company, where I have eight shillings a week, four bits of candle, one wife, three shirts, and nine children.

Fus. A very numerous family.

Dag. A crowded house, to be sure, sir, but not very profitable. Mrs. Daggerwood, a fine figure, but, unfortunately, stutters, so of no use in the theatrical line ; children too young to make a debut, except my eldest, Master Apollo Daggerwood, a youth only eight years old, who has twice made his appearance in Tom Thumb, to an overflowing and brilliant barn — house, I mean — with unbounded applause.

Fus. Have you been long on the stage, Mr. Daggerwood ?

Dag. Fifteen years since I first smelt the lamp, sir ; my father was an eminent button-maker, at Birmingham, and meant me to marry Miss Molly Mop, daughter to the rich director of coal works at Wolverhampton ; but I had a soul above buttons, and abhorred the idea of a mercenary marriage. I panted for a liberal profession, so ran away from my father, and engaged with a traveling company of comedians. In my travels I had soon the happiness of forming a romantic attachment with the present Mrs. Daggerwood, wife to Sylvester Daggerwood, your humble servant to command, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by desire of several persons of distinction ; so you see, sir, I have a taste.

Fus. Have you ? Then sit down and I'll read you my tragedy. I'm determined some one shall hear it before I go out of this house. (*Sits down.*)

Dag. A tragedy ! Sir I'll be ready for you in a moment ; let me prepare for woe. (*Takes out a very ragged pocket-handkerchief.*) "This handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give."

Fus. Faith, I should think so ; and, to all appearance, one of the Norwood party.

Dag. Now, sir, for your title, and then for the *dram'atis personæ*. (*Sits.*)

Fus. The title, I think, will strike ; the fashion of plays, you

know, is to do away with old prejudices, and to rescue certain characters from the illiberal odium with which custom has marked them. Thus we have a generous Israelite, an amiable cynic, and so on. Now, sir, I call my play "The Humane Footpad."

Dag. What?

Fus. There's a title for you! Is n't it happy? Eh! how do you like my "Footpad"?

Dag. Humph! I think he'll strike—but, then, he ought to be properly executed.

Fus. O, sir, let me alone for that. An exception to a general rule is the grand secret of dramatic composition. Mine is a free-booter of benevolence, and plunders with sentiment.

Dag. There may be something in that, and, for my part, I was always with Shakspeare—"Who steals my purse, steals trash." I never had any weighty reasons for thinking otherwise. Now, sir, as we say, please to "leave off your horrible faces, and begin."

Fus. My horrible faces!

Dag. Come, we'll to't like French falconers.

Fus. (*Reading.*) Scene first. . . . A dark wood, night.

Dag. A very awful beginning.

Fus. (*Reading.*) The moon behind a cloud.

Dag. That's new. An audience never saw a moon behind a cloud before—but it will be very hard to paint.

Fus. Don't interrupt; where was I?—O! behind a cloud.

Dag. "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces—"

Fus. Hey, the deuce! What are you at?

Dag. Beg pardon; but that speech never comes into my head but it runs away with me. Proceed.

Fus. Enter. (*Reading.*)

Dag. "The solemn temples."

Fus. Nay, then, I've done.

Dag. So have I. I'm dumb.

Fus. Enter Egbert, musing. (*Reading.*)

Dag. O. P.?*

Fus. Pshaw! what does that signify?

Dag. Not much. . . . "the great globe itself."

Fus. (*Reading.*) Egbert, musing. Clouded in night I come—

Dag. (*Starting up.*) "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," &c. &c. &c.

Fus. (*Gets up.*) He's mad! a bedlamite! raves like a Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakspeare without drawing breath! I'm almost afraid to stop in the room with him.

* Stage initials for Opposite Prompter.

Enter SERVANT.

O! I'm glad you're come, friend! Now I shall be delivered; your master would be glad to see me, I warrant.

Servant. My master is just gone out, sir.

Fus. Gone out!

Dag. "O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange."

Fus. What! without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours?

Dag. Three hours! — pooh! I've slept here these five mornings, in this old arm-chair.

Fus. Pretty treatment! Pretty treatment, truly! to be kept here half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's ante-room, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

Dag. Mad! Zounds, sir! I'd have you to know that "when the wind is northerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Fus. Tell your master, friend, tell your master, — but no matter; he don't catch me here again, that's all. I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on 't, and bring it out at one of the winter theaters. (*Exit.*)

Dag. Young man, you know me. I shall come to my old chair again to-morrow, — but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement. Wish for an interview — inclination to tread the London boards, and so on. You remember my name — Mr. Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

Serv. I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

Dag. "I find thee apt;

And duller wouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself at ease on Le'the's wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this." Open the street door.

Go on! I'll follow thee.

COLMAN.

XII. — PAUL PRY.

Enter DOUBLEDOT and SIMON, L.

Doubledot. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of these idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Simon. Ay, and he's inquisitive into all matters, great and small.

Doub. Inquisitive! Why, he makes no scruple of questioning you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the

loss of a sleeve-button, or some such idle matter. And so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him.

Enter PRY, L., with umbrella, which he places against the wall.

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "Pretty well, thank ye." (*Turns from him as if writing in memorandum book. SIMON advances.*)

Pry. Ha, Simon! you here? Rather early in the morning to be in a public house. Been taking a horn, eh? Sent here with a message from your master, perhaps? I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Simon. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. (*Touches SIMON's sleeve.*) Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Simon. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I shall complain of you to the colonel. By the way, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Doub. And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Simon. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer. (*Exit SIMON, R.*)

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant! Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only, as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then you may now drop out again. The London coach will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No; but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day. I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly!

Pry. Always see it go out; have done so these ten years.

Doub. (*Going up.*) Tiresome blockhead! Well; good-morning to you.

Pry. Good-morning, Mr. Doubledot. Your tavern doesn't appear to be very full just now.

Doub. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent? (*Pauses for an answer, after each question.*) I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom. If it's not an impertinent question; don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when Christmas comes round?

Doub. If it is n't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. O, nothing; only some folks have the luck of it: they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the opposition house, the Green Dragon.

Doub. What's that? A nobleman at the Green Dragon!

Pry. Traveling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an outrider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night. A pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon! How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss any thing for want of asking. 'Tis no fault of mine that the nabob is not here, at your house.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopped the carriage as it was coming down the hill—brought it to a dead stop, and said that if his lordship—I took him for a lord at once—that if his lordship intended to make any stay, he could n't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well?

Pry. Well,—would you believe it?—out pops a saffron-colored face from the carriage window, and says, "You're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go to Doubledot's, if there's another inn to be found within ten miles of it!"

Doub. There, that comes of your confounded meddling! If you had not interfered I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry; but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! Dence take you! By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighborhood than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney, all together.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude! Now, really, I must go. Good-morning.
(*Exit PAUL PRY.*)

Doub. I'm rid of him at last, thank fortune! (*Pay reënters.*)
Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropped one of my gloves. Now, that's very odd—here it is in my hand all the time!

Doub. Go to confusion!

(*Exit.*)

Pry. Come, that's civil! If I were the least of a bore, now, it would be pardonable—but—Hullo! There's the postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day. They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can—(*Feels hastily in his pockets.*) By the way, talking of letters, here's one I took from the postman last week for the colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her. I dare say it is not of much importance. (*Peeps into it—reads.*) "Likely—unexpected—affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter; I'll contrive to take it to the house—though I've a deal to do to-day. (*Runs off and returns.*) Dear me! I had like to have gone without my umbrella.

JOHN POOLS (*shred*).

XIII. — GUSTAVUS AND CRISTIERN.

Enter GUSTAVUS, Right, CRISTIERN, Left.

Cristiern. How now, Gustavus? An insurgent? Thou?
In arms against me—me, thy lawful king?
Hast counted well the chances? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebake
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
The impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion!

Gustavus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! *what* rights, thou tyrant?
Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,
If wrongs give right, O, then, supreme in mischief,
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim! But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,

And bow her general issue to the yoke
 Of private domination ; then, thou proud one,
 Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
 Not claim hereditary, not the trust
 Of frank election ;
 Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,
 Can authorize oppression, give a law
 For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
 On reason build misrule, or justly bind
 Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
 Absolves all faith ; and who invades our rights,
 Howe'er his own commence, can never be
 But a usurper. But for thee — for thee
 There is no name. Thou hast abjured mankind,
 Dashed safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
 And waged wild war with universal nature.

Cris. Licentious traitor ! thou canst talk it largely.
 Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
 And power, prime attribute — as on thy tongue
 The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
 To throw defiance in the front of duty ?
 Look round, unruly boy ! Thy battle comes
 Like raw, disjointed mustering, feeble wrath,
 A war of waters, borne against the rock
 Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
 And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man !
 I come empowered and strengthened in thy weakness ;
 For though the structure of a tyrant's throne
 Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,
 Fear trembles in the cement ; prayers, and tears,
 And secret curses, sap its mouldering base,
 And steal the pillars of allegiance from it ;
 Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
 Headlong it turns and drives upon destruction.

Cris. Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven !
 Art thou still hardened to the wrath divine,
 That hangs o'er thy rebellion ? Know'st thou not
 Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
 Made an anathéma, a curse enrolled
 Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
 Shorn from our holy church, and offered up
 As sacred to perdition ?

Gus. Yes, I know,

When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That Heaven itself had barred against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountains, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate.

Cris. No more of this!

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless! Mine they were,
Both mine, and every Swede's, whose patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canst not,
Thou hast outsin'd all reckoning! Give me, then,
My all that's left — my gentle mother, there,
And spare yon little trembler!

Cris. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee?

Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my country, —
Compact, submission, thralldom, for my country, —
For Sweden? No! So hold my heart but firm,
Although it wring for 't, though blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth —
All of my kin that's left shall perish first!

BROOKER (*altered*).

XIV. — THE WILL.

Characters. — SWIPES, a brewer; CURRIE, a saddler; FRANK MILLINGTON,
and 'SQUIRE DRAWL. Enter SWIPES, R., CURRIE, L.

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie! Who would
have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes. Those who
live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her last will and testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper! the 'Squire is as close as a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a shilling.

Swipes. Has she? Good soul! Has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer-barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON, R.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you, at last!

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly, as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*As he is going, R., enter 'SQUIRE DRAWL, R.*)

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good-morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'Squire. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs.

'Squire. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. *Slow and sure* is my maxim. Well, since the heirs at law are all

convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While the SQUIRE is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner!

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, All is vanity!

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit. — The SQUIRE puts on his spectacles, and reads slowly.*) "Imprimis: Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-court, saddler." (*SQUIRE takes off his spectacles to wipe them.*)

Swipes. (*Dreadfully overcome.*) Generous creature! kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She *was* good, she *was* kind! She was in her right mind. Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie! My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes! And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did not I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence —

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? And who knows —

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*Going.*)

'Squire. (*Wiping his spectacles, and putting them on.*) Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see; where was I? — Ay, — "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt-street, brewer —"

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. "And Christopher Currie, Fly-court, saddler —"

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. "To have and to hold IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely

be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!*—how does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There! In two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of! She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you!

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie! We will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

Cur. That will we!

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen; for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

XV.—THE DEBTOR AND THE DUN.

*Enter REMNANT, R.**

Remnant. Well, I am resolved I'll collect my bill of Col. Blarney this time. He shan't put me off again. This is the twentieth time, as I'm a sinner, that I have dunned him! His smooth words shan't humbug me now. No, no! Richard Remnant is not such a goose as to be paid in fine words for fine clothes. (*Takes out a long bill, and unrolls it.*) A pretty collection of items, that! Why, the interest alone would make a good round sum. But hark! He is coming. (*Hastily rolls up the bill, and returns it to his pocket.*)

Enter COL. BLARNEY, R.

Blarney. Ah! my dear Remnant, a thousand welcomes! How delighted I am to see you! And what stupidity on the part of my people not to make you enter at once! True, I had given orders that they should admit nobody; but those orders

*The initials R. and L. stand for the Right and Left of the stage, facing the audience.

did not extend to you, my dear sir, for to you I am always at home.

Rem. Much obliged, sir. (*Fumbling in his pocket for his bill.*)

Blar. (*Calling to his servants.*) What ho! John! Martha! confound you! I will teach you to keep my friend Remnant kicking his heels in the entry! I will teach you to distinguish among my visitors!

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is no sort of consequence.

Blar. But it is consequence! To tell you—you, one of my best friends—that I was not in!

Rem. I am your humble servant, sir. (*Drawing forth bill.*) I just dropped in to hand you this little—

Blar. Quick, there, quick! A chair for my friend Remnant!

Rem. I am very well as I am, sir.

Blar. Not at all! I would have you seated.

Rem. It is not necessary. (*Servant hands a common chair.*)

Blar. Rascal!—not that! An arm-chair!

Rem. You are taking too much trouble. (*An arm-chair is placed for him.*)

Blar. No, no; you have been walking some distance, and require rest. Now be seated.

Rem. There is no need of it—I have but a single word to say. I have brought—

Blar. Be seated, I say. I will not listen to you till you are seated.

Rem. Well, sir, I will do as you wish. (*Sits.*) I was about to say—

Blar. Upon my word, friend Remnant, you are looking remarkably well.

Rem. Yes, sir, thank heaven, I am pretty well. I have come with this—

Blar. You have an admirable stock of health—lips fresh, skin ruddy, eyes clear and bright—really—

Rem. If you would be good enough to—

Blar. And how is Madam Remnant?

Rem. Quite well, sir, I am happy to say.

Blar. A charming woman, Mr. Remnant! A very superior woman.

Rem. She will be much obliged, sir. As I was saying—

Blar. And your daughter, Claudine, how is she?

Rem. As well as can be.

Blar. The beautiful little thing that she is! I am quite in love with her.

Rem. You do us too much honor, sir. I — you —

Blar. And little Harry — does he make as much noise as ever, beating that drum of his?

Rem. Ah, yes! He goes on the same as ever. But, as I was saying —

Blar. And your little dog, Brisk, — does he bark as loud as ever, and snap at the legs of your visitors?

Rem. More than ever, sir, and we don't know how to cure him. He, he! But I dropped in to —

Blar. Do not be surprised if I want particular news of all your family, for I take the deepest interest in all of you.

Rem. We are much obliged to your honor, much obliged. I —

Blar. (*Giving his hand.*) Your hand upon it, Mr. Remnant. Don't rise. Now, tell me, do you stand well with people of quality? — for I can make interest for you among them.

Rem. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Blar. And I am yours, with all my heart. (*Shaking hands again.*)

Rem. You do me too much honor.

Blar. There is nothing I would not do for you.

Rem. Sir, you are too kind to me.

Blar. At least I am disinterested; be sure of that, Mr. Remnant.

Rem. Certainly I have not merited these favors, sir. But, sir, —

Blar. Now I think of it, will you stay and sup with me? — without ceremony, of course.

Rem. No, sir, I must return to my shop; I should have been there before this. I —

Blar. What ho, there! A light for Mr. Remnant! and tell the coachman to bring the coach and drive him home.

Rem. Indeed, sir, it is not necessary. I can walk well enough. But here — (*Offering bill.*)

Blar. O! I shall not listen to it. Walk? Such a night as this! I am your friend, Remnant, and, what is more, your debtor — your debtor, I say — all the world may know it.

Rem. Ah! sir, if you could but find it convenient —

Blar. Hark! There is the coach. One more embrace, my dear Remnant! (*Shakes hands again.*) Take care of the steps. Command me always; and be sure there is nothing in the world I would not do for you. There! Good-by.

(*Exit REMNANT, conducted by COL. B.*)

ALTERED FROM MOLIÈRE.

XVI.—THE CHOLERIC FATHER.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, L.; CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, R.

Capt. Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall not probably trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. O! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir?

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Odd so! I must n't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife: but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what's the matter? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of!

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I can not obey you.

Sir A. Harkye, Jack; I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool, quite cool; but take care; you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led, when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy!

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it; in this I can not obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word! — not one word! So, give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack, — I mean, you dog, — if you don't, by —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness; to —

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crook'd as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's mu-se-um; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew; — she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty! (*Crosses and recrosses.*)

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy! — no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please! It won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! But it won't do!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

Sir A. So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me? What good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impatient, insolent, overbearing reprobate! There, you sneer again! Don't provoke me! But you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet, take care; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! But mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, I may, in time, forgive you. If not, sounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission: I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest! I'll disown you, I'll disenherit you! and hang me, if ever I call you Jack again! (Exit.)

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

SHERIDAN'S "RIVALS."

XVII. — SCENE FROM THE RIVALS.

[There should be a table on the stage, with pen, ink, and paper; also two chairs.]

Enter SIR LUCIUS, R.; MR. ACRES, L.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you!

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hand!

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the case? — I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius: I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady; her friends take my part; I follow her to Bath, send word of my arrival, and receive answer, that the young lady is to be otherwise disposed of. — This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience. — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverly, who, I am told, is now in Bath. — Odds slander and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there? — and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acr. Unfairly? — to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then, sure, you know what is to be done!

Acr. Not I, upon my honor!

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acr. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure! What can I mean else?

Acr. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous* offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship!

Acr. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all; he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acr. Why, that's true. I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it! But could n't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir L. What signifies *right*, when your *honor* is concerned? Do you think Achilles,† or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acr. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! — I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising, as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my little friend! If I had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room; every one of whom had killed his man! For, though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honor and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acr. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors, too! — every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! — Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! — As the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds —"

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

* Pronounce *hā'nus*.

† Pronounce *A-kī'lēs*.

Acr. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius! I must be in a rage! Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray, compose yourself.

Acr. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath?

Sir L. Pho, pho! do the thing decently. Begin now: *Sir*

Acr. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. *To prevent the confusion that might arise —*

Acr. Well.

Sir L. *From our both addressing the same lady —*

Acr. Ay, there's the reason — *same lady.* — Well.

Sir L. *I shall expect the favor of your company —*

Acr. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acr. Well, then, *honor of your company —*

Sir L. *To settle our pretensions, —*

Acr. Well.

Sir L. Let me see; ay, King's-Mead-fields will do; in *King's-Mead-fields.*

Acr. So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently. My own crest — a hand and dagger — shall be the seal. (*Rises.*)

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acr. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 't will be off your mind to-morrow.

Acr. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country; and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acr. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you stand up to shoot him, if it was only to get a little lesson!

SHERIDAN.

XVIII.—PEDANTS SEEKING PATRONAGE

[R. stands for the right of the stage, facing the audience; L. for the left; C. for the center.]

CHARACTERS. — DIGIT, a mathematician; he has a folio volume under his arm, and wears a very seedy black coat. SESQUIPEDALIA, a linguist and philosopher; he wears spectacles, and carries a cane. TRILL, a musician; he has a roll of music, to which he occasionally refers. DRONE, a serpent, slave of motion and slow of speech. The scene is supposed to be in the ante-room of Mr. Morrell's house.*

Enter DIGIT, L.

Digit. If theologians are in want of a proof that mankind are daily degenerating, let them apply to me, Archimedes† Digit. I can furnish them with one as clear as any demonstration in Euclid's third or fifth book; and it is this, — the growing inattention to the sublime and exalted science of mathematics. O, that the patriotic inhabitants of this extensive country should suffer so degrading a circumstance to exist! Why, yesterday, I asked a lad of fifteen which he preferred, algebra or geometry, and he told me — O, horrible! — he told me he had never studied either! I was thunderstruck, I was astonished, I was petrified! Never studied geometry! never studied algebra! — and fifteen years old! The dark ages are returning. Heathenish obscurity will soon overwhelm the world, unless I do something immediately to enlighten it: and for this purpose I have now applied to Mr. Morrell, who lives here, and is celebrated for his patronage of learning and learned men. I wish somebody would come. (*Looks off R., and calls.*) Who waits there?

Enter DRONE, R.

Is Mr. Morrell at home?

Drone. Can't say; s'pose he is; indeed, I am sure he is — or was just now. On the whole, I rather think he *is*.

Digit. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answering a question of five words, — I mean if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him?

* It is important, in the delivery of dialogues, in order to prevent confusion, to have the places of entrance and exit, whether right or left, well understood beforehand; also to have every *crossing* of the stage marked and understood. Unless this is done, awkwardness will be produced by an unexpected movement. In some of the dialogues the editor has inserted the proper marks; in others, the speakers are left to arrange them. The animation and naturalness of a dialogue often depend upon proper and expressive movements across the stage, or to and fro.

† Pronounced *Ar-to-me'dia*.

Drone. There is nobody in this house by the name of Quation.

Digit. (Aside.) Now, here 's a fellow that can not distinguish between an algebraic term and the denomination of his master! — I wish to see Mr. Morrell upon an affair of infinite importance, — ahem!

Drone. O, very likely, sir. I will inform him that Mr. Quation wishes to see him (*mimicking*) upon an affair of infinite importance, — ahem!

Digit. No, no! Digit—Digit. My name is Digit.

Drone. O, Mr. Digy-Digy. Very likely. (*Exit DRONE, L.*)

Digit. (Alone.) That fellow is certainly a negative quantity. He is minus common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he can not but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of sines and cotangents; and my elbows have so often formed right angles with the plane surface of my table, that a new coat or a parallel patch is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell.

Enter SESQUIPEDALIA, L.

Sir (*bowing low*), I am your most mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble; but an affair of consequence — (*pulling the rags over his elbows*) — an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you —

Sesquipedalia. *Servus non est mihi, Dom'i-ne*; that is, I have no servant, sir. I presume you have erred in your calculation; and —

Digit. (R.) No, sir. The calculations I am about to present you are founded on the most correct theorems of Euclid. You may examine them, if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. Sir, you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon my observations. I was about, or, according to the Latins, *fu-tu-rus sum*, to give you a little information concerning the luminary who appears to have deceived your vision. My name, sir, is Tullius Maro Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia; by profession a linguist and philosopher. The most abstruse points in physics or metaphysics are to me transparent as æther. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I have induced conviction, in *mente tua*, that is, in your mind, that your calculation was erroneous.

Digit. Yes, sir; as to your person, I was mistaken; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct, to the tenth part of a circulating decimal.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript? Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter?

Digit. No, sir; I can not reckon infinity; and I have nothing to do with subjects that can not be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I can reckon about it. I reckon it is divisible *ad infinitum*. But perhaps your work is upon the materiality of light; and if so, which side of the question do you espouse?

Digit. O, sir, I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What! light immaterial! Do you say light is immaterial?

Digit. No; I say it is quite immaterial which side of the question I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And, besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to espouse any thing at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion? You know, matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Digit. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I can not conceive what you have written upon, then. O! it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Digit. (*Peevishly.*) No, no! I wish Mr. Morrell would come! Sir, I have no motions but such as I can make with my pencil upon my slate, thus. (*Figuring upon his hand.*) Six, minus four, plus two, equal eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. O! I perceive you grovel in the depths of arithmetic. I suppose you never soared into the regions of philosophy. You never thought of the vacuum which has so long filled the heads of philosophers.

Digit. Vacuum! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! What! have you got it *sub manu*, that is, under your hand? Ha, ha, ha!

Digit. Eh! under my hand? What do you mean, sir? — that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me, sir? — insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into infinite divisibility! I'll set you on an inverted cone, and give you a centripetal and centrifugal motion out of the window, sir! I'll scatter your solid contents! (*Crosses to L.*)

Sesq. (*R.*) *Da veniam*, that is, pardon me! it was merely a *lapsus linguae*, that is —

Digit. (*L.*) Well, sir, I am not fond of *lapsus linguae*, at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come!

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Digit. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of the circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction in terms. You can not make one.

Digit. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle; which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle and the diagonal of the square. And by my rule the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are to me incomprehensible. Diagonal is derived from the Greek. *Dia* and *gōnia*, that is, "through the corner." But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for, if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Digit. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in poring over philosophy and the dead languages. You never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of a difficult problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Poh! poh! (*Crosses to L., and hits Digit on the leg with his cane.*)

Digit. (*Crossing to R.*) O, you villain!

Sesq. (*L.*) I wish, sir, —

Digit. (*R.*) And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the fourth power, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand! O! O!

Sesq. (*C.*) Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of attraction around your shin? I must confess, sir, —

Enter TRILL, L.

But here is Mr. Morrell, *Sal' ve Dom'i-ne!* Sir, your servant.

Trill. (*L.*) Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. (*C.*) O! neither, sir. I took you for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir; I am a teacher of music. Flute, harp, viol, violin, violoncello,* organ, or any thing of the kind; any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morrell.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentleman and myself here.

Digit. (*R. — Still rubbing his shin.*) O! O!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a *solo*? Hem! hem! (*Clears his throat, and begins to sing.*) Faw —

* Pronounced ve-lon-chello. Sound ph as f in sphere and symphony.



Digit. Hold! If we must have a *solo*, let it be sung *so low* that I can't hear it. I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance, too, if he had n't made a vulgar fraction of my leg.

Sesq. In *ver-i-té*, that is, in truth, it happened *forte*, that is, by chance.

Trill. (*Talking to himself.*) If B be flat, *me* is in E.

Digit. (*To Sesq.*) Ay, sir; this is only an integral part of your conduct ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and at last have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes Digit never experienced such a reduction descending before.

Trill. (*To himself.*) Twice *fa sol la*, and then comes *me* again.

Digit. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house, while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But, if you can sing, we will try a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anac're-on? I should like to hear one of them.

Digit. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those performers, sir; where do they belong?

Sesq. They *did* belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. (*Crosses to R.*) Ah! Italy! There are our best masters, such as Morelli and Fuselli. Can you favor me with some of their compositions?

Sesq. (*L.*) O, yes; if you have a taste that way, I can furnish you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Caesar, and Quintilian; and I have an old Greek Lexicon which I can spare.

Trill. *Ad lib'itum*, my dear sir, they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Digit. (*C.*) But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Trill. Pretensions, sir! I have gained a victory over the great Tantamarrarra, the new opera-singer, who pretended to vie with me. 'Twas in the symphony of Handel's Oratorio of Saul, where, you know, every thing depends upon the *tempo giusto*, and where the primo should precede in *smorgando*, and the *secondo*, *agitati*. But he was on the third ledger line, I was an octave below, when, with a sudden *appoggiatura*, I rose to *D in alt*, and conquered him.

Enter DRONE, R.

Drone. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Digit. What is your name, sir?

Drone. Drone, at your service.

Digit. No, no; you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone? That is derived from the Greek *Draon*, that is, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He seems to move in andante measure, that is, to the tune of Old Hundred.

Drone. Very likely, gentlemen.

Digit. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence. — Fa, sol, la, Fa, sol, &c. (*Exeunt, R., followed by DRONE, who mimics them.*)

ANON.

XIX. — THE POLITICAL BORE.

QUIDNUNC and FEEBLE.

Enter FEEBLE, L. He stops, C., feels his pulse, and shakes his head — then takes a vial from his pocket, pours a few drops on a lump of sugar, and swallows it. As soon as he hears QUIDNUNC'S voice, he starts with disgust towards R. The whole of QUIDNUNC'S first speech is uttered off the stage. There should be a chair a little to the right of the center.

Quidnunc. (*Without.*) Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow! he'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble! brother Feeble!

Feeble. (*R.*) I was just going to bed. Bless my heart, what can this man want? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Enter QUIDNUNC, L.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy! the nabob's demolished. Hurra!

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc! How can you serve me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more! Hurra! (*Crosses the stage to L., then back again to R.*)

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark, staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the sotagon, and the counterscarp, and the bungalow —

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning. O! I'm ready to die!

Quid. Odds-heart, man, be of good cheer! (*Slapping Feeb. on the back.*) The new nabob, Jaffer Alley Cawn, has acceded to a treaty, and the English company got all their rights in the Phiemad and the Fushbulhoornons.

Feeb. But, dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturbed for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemindars. Hurra!

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man! — light up your windows! Chandernagore is taken! Hurra!

Feeb. Well, well! I'm glad of it. Good-night. (*Going, R.*)

Quid. Here — here's the "Gazette." (*Produces newspaper.*)

Feeb. O, I shall certainly faint! (*Sits down.*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. Here it is: "On the 10th the action commenced. Suraja Dowla drew up his men on the right of the bungalow, about" — (*Feeb. rises and moves away, R.*) Nay, don't run away: I've more news to tell you. There's an account from Williamsburgh, in America. The superintendent of Indian affairs —

Feeb. Dear sir! dear sir! (*Avoiding him.*)

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees — (*Following him about the stage.*)

Feeb. Enough, enough! (*Moving away.*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catawbas. (*Following him.*)

Feeb. Well, well! — your servant. (*Moving off.*)

Quid. So that the white inhabitants — (*Following him.*)

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant of my own house!

Quid. So that the white inhabitants will now be secured by the Cherokees and the Catawbas —

Feeb. You had better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners.

Quid. Go home! No, no! I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house. (*Going, L.*)

Feeb. Do so, do so!

Quid. (*Turning back.*) I had a dispute about the balance of power. (*Takes chair and sits, C.*) Pray, now, can you tell —

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter.

Quid. Well, another time will do for that. (*Rises.*) I have a great deal to say about that. (*Going — returns.*) Right! I had like to have forgot. There's an erratum in the last "Gazette."

Feeb. With all my heart!

Quid. Page 3, 1st col., 1st and 3d lines, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will!

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know. Well, now, your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come and tell you.

Feeb. For heaven's sake, no more!

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep.

Feeb. Good-night, good-night! (*Hurries off, R.*)

Quid. (*Screaming after him.*) I forgot to tell you—the Emperor of Morocco is dead. So, now I have made him happy, I'll go and call up my friend Razor, and make *him* happy, too; and then I'll go and see if any body is up at the coffee-house, and make them *all* happy there, too. (*Exit, L.*)

XX.—MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

Enter DERBY, R., and SCRAPEWELL, L.

Derby. Good-morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged to you if you would lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you; but I'm under the necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. Then she must want it still, for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Jotham Sleek that the water was too low.

Scrape. You don't say so! That is bad, indeed; for, in that case, I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me, if I should neglect it!

Der. I can save you this journey, for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. Ah! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me that it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. Yes, yes, that's true, indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am; but I must tell you, the

mare this morning refused to eat hay ; and, truly, I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. O, never fear ; I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape. Oats ! neighbor ; oats are very dear.

Der. Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. But it is very slippery ; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Der. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed ; and, besides, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

Scrape. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. Ah ! that may be ; but I am sure your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. Clodpole's ! his will no more fit than yours will.

Der. At the worst, then, I will go to my friend 'Squire Jones. He has half a score of them ; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you the beast should be at your service, with all my heart ; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. O ! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall dispatch her at once.

Scrape. Yes, very likely ; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by ?

Scrape. What ! that tinker of a Dobson ? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat ! No, no ; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. As good luck would have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape. (*Calling off, L.*) Timothy ! Timothy !

Enter TIMOTHY, L.

Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back.

last week a hand's breadth or more. (*He gives Tim a wink.*) However, I believe she is well enough by this time. (*TIM shakes his head.*) You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And, indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he's disposed to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say?

Timothy. (*L.*) What do I say, father? Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is too used-up to make the journey to town to-day. About a hand's breadth, did you say, sir? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back of the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat! And, besides, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to the market.

Scrape. (*C.*) Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disobliged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. (*R.*) And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for, to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from old Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber which he is about cutting down upon the back of Cobblehill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your—

Scrape. Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. Ay, truly did I; but, as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare. Neighbor Derby wants her; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

Der. But what are you to do for meal?

Scrape. My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. But, then, your saddle is all in pieces.

Scrape. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it,

Der. And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod?

Scrape. No, no! I had forgotten to tell you that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Der. But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back—

Scrape. Poh, poh! That is just one of our Tim's large stories. I do assure you it was not at first bigger than my thumb-nail; and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Der. At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning; but the only reason was, that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor; the mare is in perfect trim; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job. Come, come along to the barn. This way, neighbor, this way! (*He pulls DORBY off, L., and TIM follows.*)

END OF ACT.

XXI. — HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

Enter GLENDOWER, R., PERCY, L.

Glendower. Hail, good cousin Percy! hail, good cousin Hotspur!—

For, by that name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and, with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hotspur. And you—in the other place, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoken of.

Glen. I can not blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done
At the same season if your mother's cat
Had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glen. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glen. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.
 Diseas'd nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
 By the imprisonment of unruly wind
 Within her held, which, for enlargement striving,
 Shakes the old beldamed earth, and topples down
 Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
 Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
 In passion shook.

Glen. Cousin, of many men
 I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
 To tell you once again, that at my birth
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
 The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
 Were strangely clamorous in the frighted fields.
 These signs have marked me extraordinary,
 And all the courses of my life do show
 I am not in the roll of common men.
 Where is he living, — clipped in with the sea
 That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland, —
 Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
 And bring him out that is but woman's son
 Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
 Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh.

Glen. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;
 For I was trained up in the English court,
 Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, —
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it, with all my heart.
 I had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew* !
 Than one of those same meter ballad-mongers ;
 I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turned,
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree ;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
 'Tis like the forced gate of a shuffling nag !

Glen. (*Crosses to L.*) I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. (*Crosses to R.*) Why, so can I, or so can any man :
 But will they *come*, when you do *call* for them ?

Glen. Why, I can teach you to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth : *Tell truth and shame the devil.*
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O ! while you live, *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*

Glen. Come, come ! (*Crosses to R.*)

No more of this unprofitable chat. (*Exit, R.*)

Hot. No more, and welcome, Owen Glandower !
(*Laughing.*) He can "call spirits from the vasty deep !"
I'd like to see him do it. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys : I cried "humph," and "well, go to,"
But marked him not a word. O ! he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house ; I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom ! (*Exit, L.*)

SHAKESPEARE (*altered*).

XXII. — DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Enter GOLIAH, L.

Goliah. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief ?
What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege ? What are his rights ?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim ? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle killed, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast ? Is his bright armory
Thick-set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail,
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued ? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear ? Come, advance !
Philistia's gods to Israel's ! Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight !

Enter DAVID, R.

David. Behold thy foe !

Gol. I see him not.

Dav. Behold him here !

Gol. Say, where ?

Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I stand prepared ; thy single arm to mine.

Gol. Why, this is mockery, minion ! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee ;
But tell me who, of all this numerous host,
Expects his death from me ? Which is the man
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance ?

Dav. The election of my sovereign falls on me.

Gol. On thee ! on thee ! by Dagon, 't is too much !
Thou curl'd minion ! thou a nation's champion !
'T would move my mirth at any other time ;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy !
And tempt me not too far. (*Crosses to R.*)

Dav. (*Crosses to L.*) I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater ! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve ?
By me He will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine ! Armed with His name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.

Gol. Indeed ! 't is wondrous well ! Now, by my gods !
The stripling plays the orator ! Vain boy !
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior !
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung
Of idle field-flowers ? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-fingered hero ? — But I will meet thee,
Thou insect warrior ! since thou darest me thus !
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well !
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

Dav. Ha ! say'st thou so ? Come on, then ! Mark us well.
Thou comest to me with sword, and spear, and shield !
In the dread name of Israel's God I come ;
The living Lord of hosts, whom thou defiest !
Yet, though no shield I bring, — no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use, —
Yet all exposed, defenseless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey

To my victorious arm. This day I mean
 To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
 There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
 Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
 To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
 The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
 Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
 Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
 Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
 I dare thee to the trial!

God. Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

(*Exit, L.*)

David. I trust in heaven!

The God of battles stimulates my arm,

And fires my soul with ardor not its own. (*Exit, L.*)

HANNAH MORE.

XXIII. — INDIGESTION.

Scene, DR. GREGORY'S study. A table, C., and chair, R. and L. Enter PATIENT, L., a plump Glasgow merchant. DR. GREGORY discovered reading, R.

Patient. Good-morning, Dr. Gregory! I'm just come into Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your advice, sir, about my trouble.

Doctor. Pray, sir, sit down. (*PATIENT sits, L.*) And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be?

Pa. Indeed, doctor, I'm not very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach; — I'm just na right.

Dr. You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay; pray, sir, are you a glutton?

Pa. Heaven forbid, sir! I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr. Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard?

Pa. No, Dr. Gregory; thank Heaven, no one can accuse me of that! I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so you may suppose I'm na drunkard.

Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life. I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you *do* eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock ; take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kippered salmon; or, may be, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast?

Pa. O, yes, sir! but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make?

Pa. O, sir, I eat a very plain dinner, indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. O, yes! though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

Dr. You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa. Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. O, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west-country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa. Yes, sir: indeed, 't is punch we drink chiefly; but, for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. O, exceedingly moderate, indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed; — a rizzured haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half-hundred of oysters, or the like o' that, and, may be, two thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no *regular* supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?

Pa. No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bedtime. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?

Pa. No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank Heaven, I have; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal-time.

Dr. (*Rising with a severe air — the PATRIMON also rises.*) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed! You come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but, upon examination, I find, by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man; yet, by your own shewing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

Pa. I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you. (*Taking out a bundle of bank-notes.*) I shall endeavor to —

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me: — put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or, take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

Pa. Thank you, doctor, thank you. Good-day, doctor.

(*Exit, R., followed by DOCTOR.*)
 ALONE.

XXIV. — NORVAL.

Enter first GLENALVON, L.; then NORVAL, R. The latter seems looking off at some distant object.

Glenalvon. (*Aside.*) His port I love: he's in a proper mood
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roared.

(*Aloud.*) Has Norval seen the troops?

Norval. The setting sun
 With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,
 And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
 Cresset, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.

The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norr. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir ; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor : seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norr. Sir, I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled ;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norr. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper ;
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Norr. A shepherd's scorn ! (*Crosses, L.*)

Glen. (*R.*) Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for me,
What will become of you ?

Norr. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Norr. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus ; but such as thou —

Norr. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Norr. So I am —

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norr. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and basely false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norr. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds. (*Crosses, R.*)
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee — what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. (*L.*) Dost thou not know Glenalvon born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Norr. Villain, no more !
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause ;
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs !

(*Both draw their swords.*)

Enter LORD RANDOLPH, R.

Lord Randolph. Hold ! I command you both ! the man that
stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norr. (*C.*) Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord ; he's wondrous condescending !
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

Norr. Now you may scoff in safety.

Lord R. (*R.*) Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel ; then I judge betwixt you.

Norr. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak : and will not, can not speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage ; but even him
 And his high arbitration I'd reject !
 Within my bosom reigns another lord —
 Honor ! sole judge and umpire of itself.
 If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
 Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
 Hence as he came ; alone — but not dishonored !

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice ;
 The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
 Now waves his banner o'er her frightened fields ;
 Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader ; then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I.

(*Lord R. retires up.*)

Glen. Norval,
 Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
 Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow ;
 Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment ;
 When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

(*Exit Lord R., Glen., Norv., L.*)

FROM

XXV.—SEEKING SERVICE.

[*Two chairs on the stage, R. C. and L. C.*]

Enter MR. DEPUTY BULL, R. Enter THOMAS, L.

Thomas. Here's a man, sir, come after the footman's place.

Bull. I hope he is more civil than the last fellow. Does he seem modest ?

Thomas. O, yes, sir ; he's an Irishman.

Bull. Well, we are used to them in the Bull family. Let me see him. (*Exit THOMAS, L.*) I hope I shall be able to keep a servant, at last. They are all so provokingly saucy to me, because I have been a grocer.

Enter LOONEY MACTWOLTER, L.

So you want a place !

Looney. You may say that, with your own ugly mouth !

Bull. My ugly mouth ! You have been in service before ?

Loo. Does a duck swim?

Bull. Whom have you lived with?

Loo. I lived with the Mactwalters nineteen years, and then they turned me off.

Bull. The Mactwalters! Why did they turn you off?

Loo. They went dead.

Bull. That's an awkward way of discharging a servant. Who were they?

Loo. My own beautiful father and most beautiful mother. They died of a whiskey fever, and left myself, Looney Mactwalter, heir to their estate.

Bull. They had an estate, it seems.

Loo. Yes; they had a pig.

Bull. Umph! But they died, you say, when you were nineteen. What have you been doing ever since?

Loo. I'm a physicianer.

Bull. A physician, is it, you mean?

Loo. Yes; I'm a cow-doctor.

Bull. And what brought you here?

Loo. Hay-making. I've a fork below; hire me, then I'll have a knife to it, and prettily I'll toss about your beef, Mr. Bull!

Bull. I don't doubt you. This fellow would make the steaks disappear, with a vengeance! What can you do as a footman? Can you clean plate?

Loo. Clean a plate! Botheration, man! would you hire me for your kitchen-maid? I can dirty a plate with any body in the parish.

Bull. Do you think, now, Looney, you could contrive to beat a coat?

Loo. Faith, can I, in the Connaught fashion.

Bull. How's that?

Loo. With a man in it. Och! Let me alone for dusting your ould jacket, Mr. Bull!

Bull. Confound this fellow, I say!

Loo. Be aisy, and I'll warrant we'll agree. Give me what I ask, and we'll never tumble out about the wages.

Re-enter THOMAS, L.

Thomas. Here's another man come after the place, I believe, sir.

Bull. Another man! Let me see him. (*Exit THOMAS, L.*)

Loo. Faith, now, you'll bother yourself betwixt us. You'll be like a cat in a tripe-shop, and not know where to choose.

Enter JOHN LUMP, L.

Lump. Be you Mr. Bull, sur?

Bull. Yes; I am the Deputy.

Lump. O! if you are nothing but the deputy, I'll bide here till I see Mr. Bull himself.

Bull. Blockhead! I am himself—Mr. Deputy Bull.

Loo. Arrah! can't you see, man, that this ugly ould gentleman is himself?

Bull. Hold your tongue, Mr. Looney Mactwolter! What's your name?

Lump. John.

Bull. John what?

Lump. No; not John What, but John Lump.

Bull. And what do you want, John Lump?

Lump. Why, I'se come here, sur—but as we be upon a bit o' business, I'll let you hear the long and short on't. (*Drawing a chair and sitting down.*) I'se comed here, sur, to hire myself for your sarvant.

Bull. Ah! but you don't expect, I perceive, to have any standing wages.

Loo. (*Drawing a chair and sitting down.*) Are n't you a pretty spalpeen, now, to squat yourself down there in the presence of Mr. Deputy Bull?

Bull. Now, here's a couple of scoundrels!

Loo. Don't be in a passion with him. Mind how I'll larn him politeness!

Bull. Get up directly, you villain, or—

Loo. Not before Mr. Lump. See how I'll give him the polish.

Bull. If you don't get up directly, I'll squeeze your heads together like two figs in a jar!

Lump. (*Rising.*) O, then, it be unmannerly for a footman to rest himself, I suppose!

Loo. (*Rising.*) To be sure it is; no servant has the bad manners to sit before his master, but the coachman.

Lump. I ax your pardon, sur; I'se but a poor Yorkshire lad, traveled up from Doncaster Races; I'se simple, but I'se willing to larn.

Bull. Simple and willing to larn? Two qualities, Master Lump, which will answer my purpose. (*Lump stands back.*)

Loo. Mind what you're after going to do, Mr. Deputy Bull! If you hire this fellow from the Donkey Races, when Looney Mactwolter is at your elbow, I'll make free to say, you're making a complete Judy of yourself.

Bull. You do make free, with a vengeance! Now, I'll make free to say, get out of my house, you insipid cow-doctor!

Loa. You're no scholar, or you'd learn how to bemean yourself to a physicianer. Arrah! Isn't a cow-doctor as good as you, you ould figman?

Bull. Old figman! This rascal, too, quissing my origin! Get down stairs, or—

Loa. Don't come over me with the pride of your staircase, for hadn't my father a comfortable ladder to go up and down stairs with? Take Mr. Lump into your dirty sarvice, and next time I'm after meeting him, I'll thump Mr. Lump, or Mr. Lump shall thump Mr. Leoney Mactwelter!

(*Exit, L. Exit BULL and LUMP, R.*)
COLMAN.

XXVI.—THE DUEL.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, L., with pistols, followed by ACRES.

Acres. (L.) By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. (R.) Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the floor.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. (R.) Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the further he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. (L.) Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

* See page 233.

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acr. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acr. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before.

Acr. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acr. Odds flies!—I've practiced that—there, Sir Lucius—there. (*Puts himself in an attitude.*) A side front, hey? I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—(*Leveling at him.*)

Acr. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acr. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pooh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for, if it misses a vital part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acr. A vital part!

Sir L. But, there, fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front; there, now, a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acr. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acr. Look'ee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us. Ha! no, faith; I think I see them coming. (*Crosses to R.*)

Acr. (*L.*) Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir L. Ay. Who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Ac. There are two of them, indeed! Well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! we — we — we — we — won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Ac. No, — I say, — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. What's the matter with you?

Ac. Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius! but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O, fy! Consider your honor.

Ac. Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking R.*)

Ac. Sir Lucius, if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid! If my valor should leave me! — Valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Ac. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going! — yes — my valor is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor! your honor! Here they are.

Ac. O, mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware! (*Sir Lucius takes Acres by the arm, and leads him reluctantly off, R.*) SHERIDAN.

XXVII. — THE IMAGINARY SICK MAN.

Enter BURLY, L., and SERVANT, R.

Burly. Can I see your master?

Servant. Master can't see any body, sir, except a doctor.

Bur. Why, what's the matter?

Ser. Why, you see, ever since he had that large fortune left him, master has a fancy that he has all sorts of complaints on him, and that he is n't long for this world.

Bur. Poor Fidget! Has such been the effect of his good fortune? Well, tell him that an old friend whom he has n't seen for ten years wishes to see him.

Ser. It's no use, sir. Unless you be a doctor of some sort, he'll shut the door on you.

Bur. (*Aside.*) A doctor of some sort! Let me see. I surely am a sort of a doctor. Didn't I physic Prince Sackatoo, the black steward on board the Thunder Cloud, for an attack of colic? And have n't I a vial of *nux vomica*, that my good aunt gave me? To be sure I am a sort of a doctor! (*Aloud.*) Tell

your master that Doctor Baghumma, late physician to his highness Prince Sackatoo, has called to see him.

Ser. Ay, sir; he'll see Doctor Baghumma, and no mistake. *(Exit R.)*

Bur. Now, with the knob of my cane to my nose, thus, I think I may pass muster.

Enter FIDGET, R.

Sir, your obedient servant. I have the honor of addressing Mr. Frederic Fidget, I believe.

Fidget. Why, Burly, is this you?

Bur. Sir!

Fidget. Excuse me, doctor, but, really, your resemblance to an old friend of mine is very remarkable.

Bur. Very probable, sir; I am often mistaken for other people. But look at me well, sir, and tell me what age you take me to be.

Fidget. Well, sir, I should think you might be about twenty-two or twenty-three.

Bur. Ha, ha! Sir, I was ninety-five last Christmas.

Fidget. Ninety-five? Impossible!

Bur. It's as true, sir, as that you are a sick man. Why, sir, you see in me one of the wonderful effects of my art—of my system of practice.

Fidget. Upon my word, you are a very young-looking man for ninety-five.

Bur. Sir, I am a traveling physician, and pass from city to city, from country to country, in search of distinguished subjects, for whose benefit I may put in practice some of the wonderful secrets I have discovered in medicine. Sir, I disdain to trouble myself with ordinary maladies—with common fevers, colds, and such bagatelles. I seek such maladies as are pronounced incurable by other physicians: a good desperate case of cholera, or of dropsy—a good plague—a good hopeless case of fever or inflammation. It is such cases that I seek, and in such that I triumph; and I only wish, sir, that you had a complication of all these maladies upon you, and were given over by all other physicians, in order that I might show you the excellence of my remedies, and do you a service. *(Crosses to R.)*

Fidget. (L.) Really, sir, I am much obliged for this visit, for I am in a bad way, and the doctors give me no relief.

Bur. Sir, let me feel your pulse. *(Feels his pulse.)* Don't be alarmed, sir. No matter how it beats—the worse the better. Ah! this pulse does n't yet know who has got hold of it. It is a bad pulse—a very bad pulse.

Fidg. I was sure of it, doctor, and yet there are those who make light of it.

Bur. Who attends you now?

Fidg. Doctor Purjum.

Bur. His name is n't on my tablets in the list of great physicians. What does he say ails you?

Fidg. He says my *liver* is affected; others say, my *spleen*.

Bur. They are all ignoramuses! The trouble is in your lungs.

Fidg. (*Very loud.*) In my lungs?

Bur. Yes, allow me. (*Taps him on the breast.*) Don't you feel a sort of tenderness—a pain there?

Fidg. Well, doctor, I don't perceive that I do.

Bur. Is it possible you don't? (*Gives him something of a thump.*)

Fidg. O! now I do, doctor. You almost doubled me up.

Bur. I knew it was the lungs!

Fidg. Well, doctor, I don't know but you are right. Is there any other inquiry?

Bur. Yes. What are your symptoms?

Fidg. An occasional head-ache.

Bur. Exactly. The lungs.

Fidg. I have now and then a sort of mist before my eyes.

Bur. All right. The lungs.

Fidg. I have a sort of a feeling at my heart.

Bur. Of course you have. The lungs, I say.

Fidg. Sometimes I have a lassitude in all my limbs.

Bur. Well and good. The lungs again.

Fidg. And sometimes I have a sort of colicky pain hereabouts.

Bur. No doubt of it. The lungs. You have an appetite for what you eat?

Fidg. Yes, doctor.

Bur. The lungs. You don't object to a little wine?

Fidg. Not at all, doctor.

Bur. The lungs. You are a little drowsy after eating, and are glad of a nap?

Fidg. Yes, doctor.

Bur. The lungs, the lungs, I tell you! What does your physician order for you by way of nourishment?

Fidg. He prescribes a plain porridge.

Bur. The ignoramus! (*Crosses and recrosses.*)

Fidg. Some chicken.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Now and then, some veal.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Boiled meats, occasionally.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. Fresh eggs.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. And at night some stewed prunes, to keep my bowels in good order.

Bur. The ignoramus!

Fidg. And, above all, if I take wine, I must take it well diluted with water.

Bur. *Ignorant, ignorantior, ignorantissimus!* Your physician is a blockhead! Throw his physic to the dogs! Throw your wine out of the window. Eat coarse bread, vegetables, fruits — as much as you want. Get a trotting-horse. Take plenty of exercise.

Fidg. Exercise! Dear doctor, I haven't stirred out of the house for a month. It would be the death of me!

Bur. Allow me to be the judge of that. Sir, I haven't been physician in chief to Prince Sackatoo for nothing. I do not mean, sir, that you should do all these things until I have fortified you with some of my medicines. (*Takes out vial of homopathic medicines.*) Behold these little glöb'ules!

Fidg. Shall I take them all at a dose?

Bur. All? Three of them, my dear sir, put under a mountain, would work it from its base! (*Gives him three.*) Swallow them. Don't be afraid! Should they prove too powerful, I have an antidote at hand.

Fidg. (*Swallows them.*) There is nothing unpleasant in the taste.

Bur. No; nor in the effect, you'll find. Don't you begin to feel a thrill, as it were — a sort of expansion — a sort of — eh? — that you haven't felt before? (*Slaps him on back.*)

Fidg. O! my dear doctor, that was rather hard! But, really, I do begin to feel a change — a sort of —

Bur. Exactly. You feel stronger.

Fidg. I do, indeed.

Bur. More wide awake.

Fidg. I do.

Bur. Let me see you walk.

Fidg. (*Walks briskly across stage.*) There! I have n't walked like that these six weeks.

Bur. To be sure you have n't! Now for the trotting-horrr! Come with me. I will accompany you. Come on.

Fidg. Doctor, the effect is wonderful. Venerable man! Ninety-five, did you say?

Bur. Ninety-five and a fraction. — But wait till you see me on horseback! (*Exeunt, arm in arm, L.*) *MOLLIES* (*altered*).

XXVIII. — BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story.
And now, to say one word of the imposture,
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king —
King do I call him? — when the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
My father, Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power
But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why Brutus has summoned you?
Ask ye what brings him here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corpse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time;
The mould in which each female grace was formed,
The very shrine and sanctuary of virtue!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walk,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her! The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her! O, my countrymen,
You all can witness that when she went forth,
It was a holiday in Rome. Old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task; all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now look ye where she lies.
That beauteous flower, that innocent, sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence! — gone, gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? would ye seek
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
And they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corpse; 't will cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!

Go to the tomb of Tarquin's murdered wife,
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son —
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound — Revenge! Revenge!

J. H. PAYNE.

XXIX. — THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference, — as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery; — these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. SHAKESPEARE.

XXX. — SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
With God, her conscience, and these bars, against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks, —
And yet to win her, — all the world to nothing! — Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood, at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman, —
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right loyal, —
 The spacious world can not again afford.
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woeful bed? —
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while.
 Upon my life, she finds, although I can not,
 Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favor with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass! SHAKESPEARE.

XXXI. — FALCONBRIDGE TO KING JOHN.

ALL Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
 But Dover Castle; London hath received,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.
 But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
 Be great in act as you have been in thought!
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motions of a kingly eye.
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire:
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,
 Grow great by your example, and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the god of war
 When he intendeth to become the field!

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What ! shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
 O, let it not be said ! Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors !
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh. DR.

XXXII. — HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die, — to sleep, —
 No more ; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep : —
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ; — ay, there 's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con'tumely
 The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something *after* death —
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveler returns — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. DR.

XXXIII. — HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O ! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it,

Be not too tame, neither ; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, — with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O ! there be players, that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

IB.

XXXIV. — SOLILOQUY OF MACBETH.

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly : if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
 We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.

RE.

XXXV.—CATO OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON.

The opening line of the following should be uttered with emotion, and with eyes and hands elevated. At the second line the speaker may take a step forward, as if to meet the body. He is to imagine friends around him, and, in places, to address them. The beautiful climax, beginning "The mistress of the world," &c, should be spoken with animation; the voice rising at each successive step of the climax. In the sixth line from the end of the extract, at the words "brave youth," the speaker may point to where the dead body is supposed to lie.

THANKS to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
 Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
 Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
 — How beautiful is Death when earned by Virtue!
 Who would not be *that youth*! what pity is it
 That we can die but once to serve our country!
 — Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
 I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
 Secure and flourished in a civil war.
 — Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
 Alas, my friends!
 Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
 Afflict your hearts. 'T is Rome requires our tears.
 The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
 That humbled* the proud tyrants of the earth,
 And set the nations free, — Rome is no more!
 O, liberty! O, virtue! O, my country!
 Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Caesar's!
 For him the self-devoted Decii died,
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
 Even Pompey fought for Caesar. O, my friends!
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
 The Roman empire fallen! O, cursed ambition!
 Fallen into Caesar's hands! our great forefathers
 Had left him naught to conquer but his country.

Lose not a thought on me, — I'm out of danger:
 Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
 Caesar shall never say, "*I conquered Cato!*"
 — But, O! my friends, *your* safety fills my heart
 With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
 Rise in my soul: how shall I save my *friends*?
 'Tis now, O Caesar, I begin to fear thee!
 Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
 Know, there are ships prepared by my command
 (Their sails already opening to the winds)
 That shall convey you to the wished for port.
 — Is there aught else, my friends, I can do *for* you?,
 The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell!
 If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
 In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
 Where Caesar *never* shall approach us more.
 There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
 Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
 Though still by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
 Shall find the generous labor — was not lost. ADRIAN.

XXXVI. — SOLILOQUY OF VAN ARTEVELDE.

SAY that I fall not in this enterprise, —
 Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
 And they that house with me must ever live
 In imminent peril of some evil fate. —

* The *h* in this word is now sounded by the best speakers.

Make fast the doors ; heap wood upon the fire ;
 Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
 And be the prattling voice of children heard.
 Now let us make good cheer — But what is this ?
 Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
 A form that midmost in the circle sits
 Half visible, his face deformed with scars,
 And foul with blood ? — O ! yes, — I know it — there
 Sits Danger, with his feet upon the hearth !

The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
 The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved, —
 The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
 Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
 Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave, —
 These have not lived more undisturbed than I.
 But build not upon this ; the swollen stream
 May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
 And drive him forth ; the seaman, roused at length,
 Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck ;
 And now the time comes fast when here in Ghent
 He who would live exempt from injuries
 Of armed men must be himself in arms.
 This time is near for all, — nearer for me.
 I will not wait upon necessity,
 And leave myself no choice of vantage-ground,
 But rather meet the times where best I may,
 And mould and fashion them as best I can.

HENRY TAYLOR.

XXXVII. — CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

To the Roman Senate on the following decree being read by the Consul :
 " Lucius Sergius Catiline, by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an
 enemy and an alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the
 Commonwealth."

BANISHED from Rome ! — what's banished but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe ?
 " Tried and convicted traitor ! " * — Who says this ?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?
 Banished ? — I thank you for 't. It breaks my chain !
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour —
 But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !

* He here quotes the words of Cicero against him.

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you : — here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.
 Your Consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
 He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
 "Traitor !" I go — but I *return*. This — trial ! *
 Here I devote your Senate ! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrows ! — This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions. — Look to your hearths, my lords,
 For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tar'tarus ! — all shames and crimes ; —
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave !

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

XXXVIII. — CATO'S SOLILOQUY

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

[*The speaker has a scroll in his hand.*]

It must be so ! — Plato, thou reasonest well !
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

* He puts a scornful emphasis on this word *trial*, as if it were a misnomer.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works, — He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? — This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures — this must end them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death* and life,†
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point,
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON.

XXXIX. — DANIEL ON BEING DOOMED TO DEATH.

And what is death, my friends, that I should fear it?
 To die! why, 't is to triumph: 't is to join
 The great assembly of the good and just;
 Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
 O, 't is to join the band of holy men,
 Made perfect by their sufferings! 'T is to meet
 My great progenitors; 't is to behold
 The illustrious patriarchs — those with whom the Lord
 Deigned hold familiar converse! 'T is to see
 Blessed Noah and his children; once a world.
 'T is to behold (O! rapture to conceive!)
 Those we have known and loved and lost below!
 Behold Azariah and the band of brothers
 Who sought in bloom of youth the cruel flames!
 Nor shall we see heroic men alone,
 Champions who fought the fight of faith on earth, —
 But heavenly conquerors, and angelic hosts,
 Michael and his bright legions, who subdued
 The foes of Truth! To join their blest employ
 Of love and praise! to the high melodies

* The sword.

† The scroll.

Of choirs celestial to attune my voice
 Accordant to the golden harps of saints
 To join in blest hosannas to their king!
 Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
 Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
 Should meet our sight, and God alone were there!
 This is to die! Who would not die for this?
 Who would not die, that he might live for ever?

MRS. H. MORE.

XL. — THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
 It blessing him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
 But mercy is above his sceptered sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

XLI. — OTHELLO'S FAREWELL.

O! now for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
 Farewell the plum'd troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
 And, O! ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
 Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

IB.

PART NINTH.—HUMOROUS PIECES.

I.—AN ORATOR'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.

THE virgin member takes his honored place,
While beams of modest wisdom light his face :
*Mulum in parvo** in the man you see ;
He represents — the people's majesty !
Behold their choice ! the pledged, midst many a cheer,
To give free trade, free votes, free bread and beer !
Blest times ! He sits at last within the walls
Of famed St. Stephen's venerated halls !
O, shades of Pitt and Fox ! is he within
The House of Commons ? How his senses spin !
Proud man ! has he then caught the Speaker's eye ?
No, not just yet ; but he will, by and by.
I wonder if there are reporters here !
In truth there are, and hard at work ; don't fear.
O, happy man ! By the next post shall reach
Your loved constituents the maiden speech.
The Press (great tell-tale !) will to all reveal
How you have — spoken for your country's weal !
In gaping wonder will the words be read,
" The new M. P.,† Lord Noodle, rose and said ! "
This pillar of the nation rises now,
And toward the Speaker makes profoundest bow.
Unused to so much honor, his weak knees
Bend with the weight of senate dignities.
He staggers — almost falls — stares — strokes his chin —
Clears out his throat, and ventures to begin.
" Sir, I am sensible " — (some titter near him) —
" I am, sir, sensible " — " Hear ! hear ! hear ! hear him ! "
Now bolder grown, for praise mistaking pöther,
He lifts one arm, and spouts out with the other.
" I am, sir, sensible — I am, indeed —
That, though — I should — want — words — I must proceed ;
And, for the first time in my life, I think —
I think — that — no great orator — should — shrink —

* Much in little.

† M. P. is the abbreviation for *member of Parliament* ; but the letters here are to be spoken.

And, therefore, — Mr. Speaker — I, for one —
 Will speak out freely — Sir — *I've not yet done.*
 Sir, in the name of those enlightened men
 Who sent me here to *spea*k for them — why, then
 To do my duty — as I said before —
 To my constituency — I 'LL SAY NO MORE."

ALEXANDER HILL.

II. — YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown, but newly come to far-famed London town, was gaping round at many a wondrous sight, grinning at all he saw, with vast delight; attended by his terrier Tyke, who was as sharp as sharp may be; and thus the master and the dog, d'ye see, were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide, and seeing every street and square, — the parks, the plays, the Queen, and the Lord Mayor, with all in which your "Coekneys" place their pride; — and, being quizzed by many a city spark for cost* of country cut and red-haired pate, he came at length to noisy Billingsgate. He saw the busy scene with mute surprise, opening his ears and wondering eyes at the loud clamor, and the monstrous fish, hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall, which, with stretched mouth, as if to pant for breath, seemed in the agonies of death. Said Lubin, "What name, sur, d'ye that fish call?" "A turbot," answered the sarcastic elf; "a *flat*, you see — so something like yourself." "D'ye think," said Lubin, "that he'll bite?" "Why," said the fishman, with a roguish grin, "his mouth is open; put your finger in and then you'll know." "Why, sur," replied the wight, "I should n't like to try; but there's my Tyke shall put his tail there, an' you like." "Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed delight.

Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail, and the fish bit with all its might. The dog no sooner felt the bite, than off he ran, the dangling turbot holding tight. The astonished man began most furiously to bawl and rail; but, after numerous escapes and dodgings, Tyke safely got to Master Lubin's lodgings. Thither the fishmonger in anger flew. Says Lubin, "Lan-non tricks on me won't do! I've come from York to queer such *flats* as you; and Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire, too!" Then, laughing at the man, who sneaked away, he had the fish for dinner that same day.

* Give the *oa*, in this word, the full sound of long *o*, in *note*, &c. Speakers are apt to shorten it.

III.—SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
 While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
 A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
 And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
 "O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
 "O, never was maid so deserted before!"
 "From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
 And jump in together for company."
 They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
 But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
 "How tiresome it is!" said the maid, with a sigh;
 So they sat down to rest them in company.
 They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
 And they did not seem very averse to the sight:
 "One mournful embrace," said the youth, "ere we die!"
 So, kissing and crying, kept company.
 "O, had I but wooed such an angel as you!"
 "O, had but my swain been one quarter as true!"
 "To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
 Sure, now they were excellent company.
 At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear:
 "The weather is cold for a watery bier.
 When the summer returns we may easily die;
 Till then let us sorrow in company." BISHOP HEBER.

IV.—BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

I.—BULLUM *versus* BOATUM.

WHAT a profound study is the law! How shall I define it? Law is—law. Law is—law; and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. It is like phyaic; they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman; very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife; very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion; people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather; most people are glad when they get out of it. We shall now mention, in illustration, a case that came before us,—the case of Bullum *versus* Boatum. It was as follows:

There were two farmers — farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band, — after he had made his boat fast to the aforesaid post (as it was very natural for a hungry man to do) went up town to dinner. Farmer A's bull (as it was natural for a hungry bull to do) came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat, ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon, the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

The counsel for the bull began with saying, "My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non-suited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what color he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no color, he must be of some color; and, if he was not of any color, what color could the bull be of?" I over-ruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no color; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of color in the law, for the law can color anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat

away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose: How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiffs' charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: "*Aqua bailiffi est magistratus in choici, sapor omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, si've oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimp, turlutus solus;*" that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were non-suited; but, such was the lenity of the court, that, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

II. — DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOTH.

We shall now consider the law (as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number) according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*, and not to be meddled with by those that don't understand 'em. Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain; then the verdict is always brought in manslaughter.

The essence of law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. The quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the beginning or *incipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty or *dubitandum*; the third, delay or *puzzleendum*; fourthly, replication without *endum*; and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*; all which are exemplified in the following case of

DANIEL *against* DISHCLOTH. — Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishcloth was cook-maid; and Daniel, returning

home one day fuddled, stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan : Dishcloth pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes ; and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid, the pleadings of which were as follow :

The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Sausage. He began, saying : " My lo'd, since I have the honor to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lo'dship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lod'ship's time by a roundabout circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not any way relating to the matter in hand. I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lo'd, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishcloth, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the see-simple of the dripping-pan ; therefore he made an attempt on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in 'Broughton's Reports,' *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said, *præsumit strocus, si ne jocus, absolutus est provocus* (that is, the first stroke, without joke, gives the provoke). Now, who gave the *præsumit strocus*,—who gave the first offense ? Why, the cook. She brought the dripping-pan there ; for, my lo'd, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could n't have been thrown down there, yet, my lo'd, if the dripping-pan had not been there for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan."

The next counsel on the same side began with : " My lud, he who makes use of many words to no purpose has not much to say for himself ; therefore I shall come to the point at once ; at once and immediately shall I come to the point. My client was in liquor ; the liquor in him serving an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself ; as Dr. Biblibus declares, in his dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 189th fol. vol. of the Abridgment of the Statutes, p. 1286, where he says that a drunken man is *homo duplicatus*, or a double man ; not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he *should* be, *profecto ipse he* ; but is as he *should not* be, *defecto ipse he*."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with : " My lud, and you, gem'men of the jury, I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant ; therefore, my lud, I shall not flourish away in words ; words are no more than filigree

work. Some people may think them an embellishment; but to me it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be so imprudent, to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises. A kitchen is not a ware-house nor a wash-house, a brew-house nor a bake-house, an inn-house nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lad, 't is absolutely and bo'na fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses it, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum saucepannis, stovapannis, scullero, dressero, coal holo, stovis, smoak-jacko; pro rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum-pudding-andum mix-andum; pro turtle-soupes, calves-head-ashibus, cum calipee et calepashibus*. But we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial; for, as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not admit of this; for, if the court were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do? For, when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore, the court, after due consideration, allowed the parties the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.

G. A. STEVENS.

V.—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold, and used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took of his legs, — so he laid down his arms!
Now, as they bore him off the field, said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg, and the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limbs: said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite as represent my legs!"
Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid; her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devoirs, when he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray, she made him quite a scoff,
And when she saw his wooden legs, began to take them off!
"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray! is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once, for he was blithe and brave;
But I shall never have a man with both legs in the grave!
Before you had these timber toes, your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon another footing now!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray! I know why you refuse
Though I've no feet, some other man is standing in my shoes!
I wish I ne'er had seen your face; but, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; — alas! you will not be my *Nell!*"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray, his heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown, it made him take a knot!
So round his melancholy neck a rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life, enlisted in the Line!

HOOD.

VI.—THE POETASTER'S FIRST TRAGEDY.

[The speaker enters with a roll of manuscript in his hand, from which he reads the fourth stanza.]

"O, *PROUD* am I, exceeding proud, I've mustered the *slits!* *
I'll read them my new tragedy — no ordinary treat;
It has a deeply-stirring plot; — the moment I commence,
They'll feel for my sweet heroine an interest intense;
It never lags, it never flags, it can not fail to touch!
Indeed, I fear the sensitive may feel it ever much:
But still a dash of pathos with my terrors I combine,
The bright reward of tragic bard — the laurel will be mine!"

"Place chairs for all the company; and, ma'am, I really think,
If you don't send that child to bed, he will not sleep a wink;
I know he'll screech like any thing before I've read a page:
My second act would terrify a creature of that age:
And should the darling, scared by me, become an imbecile,
Though flattered at the circumstance — how sorry I should feel!
What! won't you send the child to bed? Well, madam, we shall see —
Pray take a chair, and now prepare the laurel crown for me!"

"Have all got pocket-handkerchiefs? Your tears will fall in streams
Place water near to sprinkle over any one who screams.
And pray, good people, recollect, when what I've said controls
Your sympathies, and actually harrows up your souls,
Remember (it may save you all from suicide or fits)
'Tis but a mortal man who opens the flood-gates of his wits!
Retain your intellects to trace my brightest gem (my moral),
And, when I've done, I'm very sure you'll wreath my brow with laurel."

"*Hem* — *Act the first, and Scene the first* — a wood — *Bumprumpti enters,*
Bumprumpti speaks: 'And have I, then, escaped from my tormentors?
Revenge! revenge! O, were they dead, and I a carrion crow,
I'd pick the flesh from off their bones, I'd sever toes from toes!
Shall fair Fryfitta, pledged to me, her plighted vow recall,
And wed with hated Snookums, or with any man at all?
No! — rather perish earth and sea, the sky, and — all the rest of it —
For wife to me she swore she'd be, and she must make the best of it.'"

(Here the bard gesticulates a moment in dumb show, as if reading —
then puts up the manuscript.)

* Pronounced *à-lot*.

Through five long ages—O, very long!—the happy band proceeds;
Without a pause, without applause, scene after scene he reads!
That silent homage glads his heart! it silent wall may be:
Not one of all his slumbering friends can either hear or see!
The anxious matron is asleep! the Beau beside the Fair!
The dog is sleeping on the rug! the cat upon the chair!
Old men and babes—the footman, too!—O, if we crown the bard;
We'll twine for him the poppy-wreath—his only fit reward!

T. H. BAYLY.

VII.—THE EXCELLENT MAN.

THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more;
Said that I only should "wait a while,"
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate;
His kindness and care I shall never forget;
Yet I can not embrace him,—though *other* folks can,—
For I myself am this excellent man!

H. HEINE.

VIII.—SORROWS OF WERTER.

WERTER had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Weter,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Berne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

THACKERAY.

IX. — THE POET AND THE CHEMIST.

THERE was a chemist once, who had a mighty faith in the elixir vitæ; and, though unflattered by the dimmest glimpse of success, he still kept groping and grubbing in his dark vocation, stupidly hoping to find the art of changing metals, and guineas coin from pans and kettles, by mystery of transmutation.

A starving poet took occasion to seek this conjuror's abode, — not with encomiastic ode, or laudatory dedication, but with an offer to impart, for twenty pounds, the secret art, which should procure, without the pain of metals, chemistry, and fire, what he so long had sought in vain, and gratify his heart's desire.

The money paid, our bard was hurried to the philosopher's sanctorum; who, somewhat sublimised, and flurried out of his chemical decorum, crowed, capered, giggled, seemed to spurn his crucibles, retort, and furnace, and cried, as he secured the door, and carefully put to the shutter, "Now, now, the secret I implore! Out with it — speak — discover — utter!"

With grave and solemn look, the poet cried: "List — O, list! for thus I show it: — let this plain truth those ingrates strike, who still, though blessed, new blessings crave: *That we may all have what we like, simply by liking what we have.*"

X. — LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHo has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "lodgings to let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 't is well known
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same! — and the next! and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
 For his skin "like a lady's loose gown" hung about him.
 He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
 "I've lost many pounds — make me well — there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise: — "A slow fever," he said;
 Prescribed sudorifics, — and going to bed.
 "Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
 I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor: but, when ill indeed,
 E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
 So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know
 I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?"

"Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
 "That with honest intentions you first took me in;
 But from the first night — and to say it I'm bold —
 I've been so very hot, that I am sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord, "Till now I ne'er had a dispute —
 I've let lodgings ten years, I'm a baker to boot;
 In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
 And your bed is immediately — over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. — Says the host, "Why this passion?
 In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
 Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cried Will, in a taking,
 "Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms: — cried the host, with a sneer,
 "Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
 "Friend, we can't well agree; — yet no quarrel," Will said,
 "But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

COLMAN.

XI. — ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
 O! O! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 "My voice is for war," asked him, "Which of them, pray?"

O! O! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,

"Sinking fund" the last words as his noddle came down.

O! O! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough.

"Help, help!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,

"Help me out! help me out! — I have broken my bones!"

"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed; "what a bother!
 Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"

O! O! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough.

THOMAS MOORE.

XII.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MEMBER of the *Æsculapian* line lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister; or draw a tooth out of your head; or chatter scandal by your bed; or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran; in short, in reputation he was *solus*: all the old women called him "a fine man!" His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade (which oftentimes will genius fetter), read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the "*belles lettres*."* Bolus loved verse; — and took so much delight in 't, all his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't. No opportunity he e'er let pass of writing the directions on his labels in dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables, or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

He had a patient lying at death's door, some three miles from the town, — it might be four, — to whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article — in pharmacy that's called cathartical: and on the label of the stuff he wrote this verse, which one would think was clear enough, and terse, —

"When taken,
 To be well shaken."

* In both these French words the *s* is unsounded.

Next morning early Bolus rose, and to the patient's house he goes, upon his pad, who a vile trick of stumbling had : but he arrived, and gave a tap, between a single and a double rap. The servant lets him in, with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place,—portending some disaster. John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!—He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.—"Well?—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!" "Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."—"Shook him! how? how?" friend Bolus stammered out.—"We jolted him about."

"What! shake the patient, man!—why, that won't do." "No, sir," quoth John, "and so we gave him two." "Two shakes! O, luckless verse! 'T would make the patient worse!" "It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."—"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!" COLMAN.

XIII. — THE REMOVAL.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade, —
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made, —
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate ;
But, alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;
For in each dwelt a smith ; — a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk.
"These fellows," he cried, "such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep."

From morning till night they keep thumping away, —
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day ;
His afternoon's nap and his daughter's new song
Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop ;
But, no ! they were stubborn, determined to stop :
At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
He cried, "I'll give each fifty guineas to move."

"Agreed!" said the pair; "that will make us amends."
 "Then come to my house, and let us part friends:
 You shall dine; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
 That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale;
 He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
 So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
 Would take from him noise, and restore him to rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move?
 I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."

"Why, sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
 "Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

ANON.

XIV. — THE RETORT.

One day, a rich man, flushed with pride and wine, —
 Sitting with guests at table, all quite merry, —
 Conceived it would be vastly fine

To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father earn his livelihood?"

"He was a saddler, sir," the young man said,
 "And in his line was always reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh? and had you stuffed with Greek,
 Instead of teaching you like him to do!

And pray, sir, why did not your father make
 A saddler, too, of you?"

At this each flatterer, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length, the secretary, bowing low,
 Said (craving pardon if too free he made),

"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

"My father's trade? Why, sir, but that's too bad!

My father's trade! Why, blockhead, art thou mad?
 My father, sir, was never brought so low.

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"

"Indeed! excuse the liberty I take;

But, if your story's true,
 How happened it your father did not make

A gentleman of you?"

ANON. (altered.)

XV. — THE VISIT OF ST. NICHOLAS.

‘T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring — not even a mouse :
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter’s nap,
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick !
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name :
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Dunder and Blixen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now, dash away ! dash away ! dash away, all ! ”
As dry leaves, that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too ;
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack ;
His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
 That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf, —
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
 A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all his stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And, laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

XVL — BEAUTY, WIT, AND GOLD.

In a bower a widow dwelt;
 At her feet three suitors knelt;
 Each adored the widow much,
 Each essayed her heart to touch;
 One had wit, and one had gold,
 And one was cast in beauty's mould;
 Guess which was it won the prize,
 Purse, or tongue, or handsome eyes?

First appeared the handsome man,
 Proudly peeping o'er her fan;
 Red his lips, and white his skin, —
 Could such beauty fail to win?
 Then stepped forth the man of gold;
 Cash he counted, coin he told,
 Wealth the burden of his tale, —
 Could such golden projects fail?

Then the man of wit and sense
 Wooed her with his eloquence.
 Now she blushed, she knew not why;
 Now a tear was in her eye;
 Then she smiled, to hear him speak;
 Then the tear was on her cheek;
Beauty, vanish! Gold, depart!
 Wit has won the widow's heart!

MOORE.

XVII. — THE TIPLER CONFOUNDED.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night:
 Street! you are caught in a very bad plight:
 Right hand and left hand are both out of place —
 Street, you are drunk, 't is a very clear case!

Moon, 't is a very queer figure you cut;
 One eye is staring, while t' other is shut.
 Topsy, I see; and you 're greatly to blame;
 Old as you are, 't is a horrible shame!

Then the street-lamps, what a scandalous sight!
 None of them soberly standing upright;
 Rocking and staggering; why, on my word,
 Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord!

All is confusion: — now, is n't it odd?
 I am the only thing sober abroad!
 Sure it were rash with this crew to remain, —
 Better go into the tavern again.

XVIII. — THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A **YELLOW**, in a market-town, most musical, cried "Razors!" up and down, and offered twelve for eighteen-pence; which certainly seemed wondrous cheap, and, for the money, quite a heap, as every man should buy — with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard: poor Hodge, who suffered by a thick, black beard, that seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose. With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid, and proudly to himself, in whispers, said, "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose! No matter if the fellow be a knave, provided that the razors *shave*! It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize." So, home the clown with his good fortune went, smiling — in heart and soul content — and quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub, Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub, just like a hedger cutting furze. "T was a vile razor — then the rest he tried. All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed, "I wish my eighteen-pence were in my purse!"

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces, he cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore; brought blood, and danced, gaped, grinned, and made wry faces, and tried each razor's body o'er and o'er! His muzzle, formed of opposition

stuff, erect and wiry, would not lose its ruff; so kept it—laughing at the steel and suds. Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws, vowing the direst vengeance, with clinched claws, on the vile cheat that sold the goods. “Razors! a vile confounded dog! Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began—“Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you ’t is fun, that people flay themselves out of their lives. You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing, giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing, with razors just like oyster-knives. Sirrah! I tell you, you’re a knave, to cry up razors that can’t shave.”

“Friend,” quoth the razor-merchant, “I’m no knave. As for the razors you have bought, upon my word, I never thought that they would shave.”—“Not think they’d shave!” cried Hodge, with wondering eyes, and voice not much unlike an Indian yell. “What were they made for, then, you dog?” he cries.—“Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile,—“to sell!”

WOLCOTT (*altered*).

XIX.—THE DIRECTING POST.

IN winter, once, an honest traveling wight
Pursued his road to Derby, late at night;
’T was very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
And not a house nor living thing was nigh;
At length he came to where some four roads met,—
It rained, too, and he was completely wet,—
And, being doubtful which way he should take,
He drew up to the finger-post to make
It out—and after much of poring, fumbling,
Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,
’T was thus the words he traced—“To Derby—five.”—
“A goodly distance yet, as I’m alive!”
But on he drove a weary length of way.
And wished his journey he’d delayed till day:
He wondered that no town appeared in view,—
The wind blew stronger, it rained faster, too,—
When, to his great relief, he met a man:
“I say, good friend, pray tell me, if you can,
How far is’t hence to Derby?” “Derby, hey!
Why, zur, thee be’est completely come astray,
This y’ant the road.” “Why, zounds, the guide-post showed
‘To Derby, five,’—and pointed down this road!”

"Ay, hang it, that may be, for you maun know,
 The post it war blown down last night, and so
 This morn I put it up again, but whether—
 As I can't put great A and B together—
 The post is right, I'm sure I can not say :
 The town is just five miles the other way."

ANON.

XX. — ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago ;
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And Time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
 Thou hast a tongue, — come, let us hear its tune ;
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
 Was Cheops* or Ce-phre'nēs architect
 Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
 Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;
 Then say what secret melody was hidden
 In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
 In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
 Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

* The *ch* in this word has the sound of *k*.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled !
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prythee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house !
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What thou hast seen, what strange adventures numbered.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen — we have lost old nations —
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Camby'ses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown thy dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh — Immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?

O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure

In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

XXI. — THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A PUPIL of the *Æsculapian* school, ambitious to get on a little faster in physic, asked (if not against the rule) that he might pay a visit with his master to his next patient. The master gave consent, so off they went; and now, before the day had fled, behold them at a sick man's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perused the patient's face, and o'er his symptoms mused; looked wise, said nothing — an unerring way, when people nothing have to say; — then felt his pulse and smelt his cane — and paused, and blinked, and smelt again, and went through all the customary motions, — maneuvers that for Death's platoon are meant; a kind of a "Make ready and present," before the fell discharge of pills and potions.

At length the patient's wife he thus addressed: "Madam, your husband's danger's great, and (what will never his complaint abate) the man's been eating oysters, I perceive." "Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe!" madam replied, and to the truth confessed.

Skill so prodigious Bobby, too, admired, and home returning of the sage inquired how these same oysters came into his head. "Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain; sure that can ne'er distress thy brain; I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."

So, wise by such a lesson grown, next day Bob ventured forth alone, and to the self-same sufferer paid his court. But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath, returned the stripling minister of death, and to his master made this dread report: "Why, sir, we ne'er can keep *that* patient under! Zounds! such a maw I never came across! The fellow must be dying, and no wonder, for hang me if he has n't eat a horse!"

"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried, as if he meant his pupil to deride. "How came so wild a notion in your head?" "How! think not in my duty I was idle; like you, I took a peep beneath the bed, and there I saw a *saddle and a bridle*!"

ANON. (*altered*).

XXII. — THE MODERN PUFFING SYSTEM.

FROM AN EPISTLE TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

UNLIKE those feeble gales of praise
Which critics blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really, "raise the wind;"
And since they 've fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best "trade-winds" going.

What steam is on the deep — and more —
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present even commences,
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the god of song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two
Booked for posterity "all through," —
Their luggage, a few closed-packed rhymes
(Like yours, my friend, for after-times), —
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folks oft slumbered on the road;
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his night-cap on the way.

But, now, how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in no time!
Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author — that's enough!

In vain the critics, set to watch him,
Try at the starting-post to catch him:
He's off — the puffers carry it hollow —
The critics, if they please, may follow.
Ere they 've laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions!

In vain doth Edinburgh* dispense
Her blue-and-yellow pestilence

* An allusion to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Edinburgh edition* of which has blue covers, backed with yellow.

(That plague so awful, in my time,
To young and touchy sons of rhyme); —
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch the Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, littered in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.* MOORN.

XXIII. — MY LITTLE COUSINS.

LAUGH on, fair cousins, for to you all life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue, and nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair, and every month is May;
You've not been introduced to Care, — laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
Old Time will fling his clouds ere long upon those sunny eyes;
The voice, whose every word is song, will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers, — hopes and fears will chase their rest away;
To-morrow you'll be shedding tears, — laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
O, yes; if any truth is found in the dull schoolman's theme, —
If Friendship is an empty sound, and Love an idle dream, —
If Mirth, youth's playmate, feels fatigue too soon on life's long way,
At least he'll run with you a league, — laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright as childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight, and dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see this earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be, — laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
O'er me have many winters crept, with less of grief than joy;
But I have learned, and toiled, and wept, — I am no more a boy!
I've never had the gout, 't is true; my hair is hardly gray;
But now I can not laugh like you, — laugh on, laugh on, to-day!
I used to have as glad a face, as shadowless a brow;
I once could run as blithe a race as you are running now;
But never mind how I behave, — don't interrupt your play,
And, though I look so very grave, laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

PRAED.

XXIV. — PREACHING VERSUS PRACTICE.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.
He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered, "O, no!
What! rob our good neighbor? I pray you, don't go!
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

* Murray, the publisher of the London Quarterly Review.

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have :
If you will go with us, why, you'll have a share ;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered — "I see they *will* go :
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit, if I could,
But my staying behind will now do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree ;
But since they *will* take them, I think I'll go, too ;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

COWPER.

XXV.—THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

O ! THE old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest ;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
"T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered ;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered !
"Tick, tick," it said ; "quick, quick, to bed, —
For ten I've given warning ;
Up, up, and go, or else you know
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning !"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling ;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.
"Tick, tick," it said ; "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning ;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

CHARLES SWAIN.

PART X. — LYRICAL AND NARRATIVE PIECES.

I. — THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall ;
Dusty wreaths and tattered flags round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din :
And happy was the shepherd-boy whilst tending of his fold,
Nor thought he there was in the world a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day ; but change with time will come ;
And he — (alas for him the day !) — he heard the little drum.
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story !
For he who strikes a foeman down wins a wreath of glory."
"*Rub-a-dub ! and rub-a-dub !*"* the drummer beats away —
The shepherd lets his bleating flock on Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying ;
Around him many a parching tongue for "water" faintly crying :
O, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed !
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales !

At length upon his wearied eyes the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again — till wakened by the drum !
"Take arms ! take arms !" his leader cries ; "the hated foe-
man's nigh !"

Guns loudly roar, steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand : "O ! water — give
me some !

My voice might reach a friendly ear — but for that little drum !"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured did curse the drum that day.
"*Rub-a-dub ! and rub-a-dub !*" the drummer beat aloud —
The shepherd died ! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
And this is "glory" ? — Yes ; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum, is but a sound — and hollow.

ANON. (*altered*).

* The speaker may here imitate the action of a drummer.

II. — BELSHAZZAR.

THE midnight hour was drawing on ;
 Hushed in repose lay Babylon.
 But in the palace of the king
 The herd of courtiers shout and sing :
 There, in his royal banquet-hall,
 Belshazzar holds high festival.
 The servants sit in glittering rows,
 The beakers are drained, the red wine flows ;
 The beakers clash, and the servants sing, —
 A pleasing sound to the moody king.

The king's cheeks flush, and his wild eyes shine ;
 His spirit waxes bold with wine ;
 Until, by maddening passion stung,
 He blasphemes God with impious tongue ;
 And his proud heart swells as he wildly raves,
 'Mid shouts of applause from his fawning slaves.
 He spoke the word, and his eyes flashed flame !
 The ready servant went and came ;
 Vessels of massy gold he bore,
 Jehovah's temple's plundered store.

And, seizing a consecrated cup,
 The king, in his fury, fills it up :
 He fills, and hastily drains it dry, —
 From his foaming lips leaps forth the cry,
 " Jehovah ! at thee my scorn I fling !
 I am Belshazzar, Babylon's king ! "
 Yet scarce had the impious words been said,
 When the king's heart shrank with a secret dread :
 Suddenly died the shout and yell —
 A death-like hush on the tumult fell.

And, lo ! on the wall, as they gazed aghast,
 What seemed like a human hand went past,
 And wrote — and wrote, in sight of all,
 Letters of fire upon the wall !
 The king sat still, with a stony look, —
 His trembling knees with terror shook :
 The menial throng nor spoke nor stirred ;
 Fear froze their blood, — no sound was heard !
 The Magians came ; but none of all
 Could read the writing on the wall.

At length, to solve those words of flame,
 Fearless, but meek, the prophet came;
 One glance he gave, and all was clear!
 "King! there is reason in thy fear;
 Those words proclaim, thy empire ends—
 The day of wrath and woe impends:
 Weighed in the balance, wanting found,
 Thou and thy kingdom strike the ground."—
 That night, by the servants of his train,
 Belshazzar, the mighty king, was slain!

HEINE (*altered*).

III.—THE RED KING'S WARNING.

Historians relate that the death of William Rufus, in the New Forest, was preceded by several predictions clearly announcing his fate.

With hound and horn the wide New Forest rung,
 When William Rufus, at the bright noon-day,
 Girt by his glittering train, to saddle sprung,
 And to the chase spurred forth his gallant gray.
 O'er hill, o'er dale, the hunters held their track;
 But that gray courser, fleetest than the wind,
 Was foremost still—and as the king looked back,
 Save Tyrrell, all were far and far behind.
 Slow through a distant pass the train defiled;
 Alone the king rode on—when in mid course,
 Lo! rushed across his path a figure wild,
 And on his bridle-rein with giant force
 Seized*—then swift pointing to a blighted oak,
 Thus to the astonished king his warning spoke.

"Curb thy race of headlong speed!
 Backward, backward turn thy steed!
 Death is on thy onward track,—
 Turn, O, turn thy courser back!

"See'st thou, King, yon aged tree,—
 Blighted now, alas! like me?
 Once it bloomed in strength and pride,
 And my cottage stood beside;—

"Till on Hastings' fatal field
 England's baleful doom was sealed!

* The right hand should be here thrust forward, as in the act of grasping the bridle, while the other hand should be extended, pointing to the supposed object.—There should be a suspensive pause at "Seized."

Till the Saxon stooped to own
Norman lord on English throne !

" Where the forest holds domain,
Then were fields of golden grain;
Hamlets then and churches stood
Where we see the wide waste wood.

" But the Norman king must here
Have his wood to hunt his deer.
What were we ? — He waved his hand,
And we vanished from the land.

" Fiercely burned my rising ire
When I saw our cots on fire !
When ourselves were forced to fly,
Or to beg, or rob, or die !

" Then on William's head abhorred,
Then my deepest curse I poured. —
Turning to this aged oak,
Thus in madness wild I spoke :

" ' Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Grant an injured Saxon's prayer ! —
No'er may one of William's race
Pass alive this fatal place !

" ' Powers of Hell, or Earth, or Air,
Give a sign ye grant my prayer !
Give ! O, give ! ' — While yet I spoke,
Lightning struck yon witness oak !

" Shun, O King ! thy certain lot ! —
Fly with speed the fatal spot ! —
Here to death thy uncle passed ; —
Here thy nephew breathed his last !

" Yes, my curse has worked too well !
Sorrow seized me when they fell.
Would, O, would I might revoke
What in madness wild I spoke !

— " Monarch ! to my words give heed,
Backward, — backward turn thy steed !
Danger, death, beset thee round ;
Chase not on the fated ground ! "

"Away," ~~sa~~ William cried, "ill-boding noon!
Think'st thou to strike thy sovereign's heart with fear? —
Think'st thou with idle threats to bar my way? —
— I scorn thy warning! — On! my gallant gray!"

He plunged his spurs deep in his courser's side,
When from the blighted oak, as he advanced,
Right to the monarch's heart an arrow glanced:
The blood gushed forth, — he FELL! — he GROANED! — he DIED!

ANON. (*altered*).

IV.—ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES.

More

Ax, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains!

On, on, like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er! —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails,
From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word; let men of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword that the cowards let fall from their hands
Shall be forged into fetters to enter their souls!

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driven,
Base slaves! let the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the doomed often think of that heaven
They had once within reach — that they *might* have been free!

When the world stood in hope, — when a spirit, that breathed
The fresh hour of the olden time, whispered about,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheathed,
But waited one conquering cry, to flash out, —

When around you the shades of your mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seemed bursting to view,
And their words and their warnings, like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you, —

O, shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
Worth the history of ages, when had you but hurled
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world, —

That then — O ! disgrace upon manhood ! — even then
 You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath, —
 Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
 And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death !
 It is strange, it is dreadful ; — shout, Tyranny ! shout
 Through your dungeons and palaces, " Freedom is o'er !"
 If there lingers one spark of her life, tread it out,
 And return to your empire of darkness once more ! MOORE.

V. — " BREAKERS AHEAD."

N^{EVER} can forget it, that night of dismay ;
 Its horrors still rise in appalling array.
 So ; were I to live to a patriarch's age,
 I will still be recorded in memory's page :
 Still rings in my ears the announcement so dread,
 Once heard, ne'er forgotten, of " breakers ahead !"

The breeze that kissed lightly the face of the deep
 Its billows seemed scarcely to wake from their sleep,
 And gayly our bark, like a swan in its pride,
 Was slowly and gracefully breasting the tide,
 When the voice of the mariner heaving the lead
 Rang forth the alarm of " breakers ahead !"

There was rushing on deck, there was running below,
 There was terror and madness, the frenzy of woe,
 The scream of dismay that pierced wildly the air,
 The agonized dumbness of silent despair ;
 And many a slumberer sprang from his bed,
 Half conscious, but echoing " breakers ahead !"

There was bending of knees, there were efforts to pray,
 From lips unaccustomed that tribute to pay ;
 While the triumph of faith in that moment was seen,
 In meek resignation depicted serene ;
 The calm of the soul o'er the features was spread, —
 It heard without shrinking of " breakers ahead !"

There were pleadings for mercy, and vows without end,
 Petitions, and promises life to amend :
 " O, save us — we perish !" the heart-broken cry ;
 " O, save us, poor sinners, unfitted to die !"
 With ravings of soul, fit to waken the dead,
 All wrong by the warning of " breakers ahead !"

O God, in thy mercy, give us to discern
 Thy judgments impending, thy warnings to learn;
 From reckless contempt of thy word and thy will
 Let thy Spirit of comfort deliver us still;
 And faith in the Saviour, for sinners who bled,
 Be our safeguard and refuge 'mid "breakers ahead!"

COL. BLACKER.

VI. — TRUE COURAGE.

ONWARDS! throw all terrors off!
 Slight the scorner, scorn the scoff!
 In the race, and not the prize,
 Glory's true distinction lies.
 Triumph herds with meanest things, —
 Common robbers, vilest kings,
 Midst the reckless multitude!
 But the generous, but the good,
 Stand in modesty alone,
 Still serenely struggling on,
 Planting peacefully the seeds
 Of bright hopes and better deeds.

Mark the slowly-moving plough:
 Is its day of victory *now*?
 It defiles the emerald sod,
 'Whelms the flowers beneath the clod.
 Wait the swiftly coming hours, —
 Fairer green and sweeter flowers,
 Richer fruits, will soon appear,
 Cornucopias of the year!

BOWRING.

VII. — LEONIDAS.

SHOUT for the mighty men
 Who died along this shore, —
 Who died within this mountain's glen!
 For never nobler chieftain's head
 Was laid on Valor's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
 Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
 Upon thy strand, Thermopylae!

Shout for the mighty men,
 Who on the Persian tents,
 Like lions from their midnight den
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,
 Rushed — a storm of sword and spear ; —
 Like the roused elements
 Let loose from an immortal hand,
 To chasten or to crush a land !
 But there are none to hear ;
 Greece is a hopeless slave.
 LEMONIDAS ! no hand is near
 To lift thy fiery falchion now :
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.
 The voice that should be raised by men
 Must now be given by wave and glen.
 And it is given ! — the surge,
 The tree, the rock, the sand,
 On Freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
 In sounds that speak but to the free,
 The memory of thine and thee !
 The vision of thy band
 Still gleams within the glorious dell
 Where their gore hallowed, as it fell !
 And is thy grandeur done ?
 Mother of men like these !
 Has not thy outcry gone
 Where Justice has an ear to hear ?
 Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear,
 Till in thy crimsoned seas
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar ;
 GAMBON shall be a new-born star !

CROLY.

VIII. — THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

ALONE, through gloomy forest shades,
 A soldier went by night ;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
 No star shed guiding light.
 Yet, on his vigil's midnight round,
 The youth all cheerly passed !
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound
 That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour? —
 In his far home, perchance —
 His father's hall, his mother's bower —
 'Midst the gay vines of France.

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by?
 Came not faint whispers near?
 No! — The wild wind hath many a sigh
 Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again! — and from his hand
 What grasp hath wrenched the blade?
 O, single, midst a hostile band,
 Young soldier, thou 'rt betrayed!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry,
 "No whisper! — not a breath!
 The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
 Shall sentence thee to death!"

Still at the bayonet's point he stood,
 And, strong to meet the blow,
 He shouted, mid his rushing blood,
 "Arm! arm! Auvergne!* — the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call —
 He heard their tumults grow;
 And sent his dying voice through all, —
 "Auvergne! Auvergne! — the foe!"

MRS. HERMAN.

IX. — THE FOURTH OF JULY.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
 To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
 Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
 And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!

O'er the bones of the bold
 Be that story long told,

And on Fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled,
 Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
 And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone — mighty men! — and they sleep in their fame;
 Shall we ever forget them? O, never! no, never!

* Pronounced *O-vern*.

Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
 And the anthem send down, — "Independence forever!"
 Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
 Keep the theme ever young;
 Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung,
 Who on Freedom's green hills Freedom's banner unfurled,
 And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

X.—THE SEED OF FREEDOM'S TREE

Stanzas to the memory of the Spanish patriots, killed in resisting the
 Regency and the Duke of Angoulême.

Brave men, who at the Trocadéro fell
 Beside your cannons, conquered not, though slain,
 There is a victory in dying well
 For Freedom, — and ye have not died in vain;
 For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
 To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
 Cursing the bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
 And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
 As holier hallowed ground than priests could make the spot!

What though your cause be baffled, freemen cast
 In dungeons, dragged to death, or forced to flee?
 Hope is not withered in Affliction's blast;
 The patriot's blood 's the seed of Freedom's tree!
 And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
 Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
 Earth shudders at your victory! for ye
 Are worse than common fiends from heaven that fell,
 The baser, ranker sprung Autochthones* of hell!

Go to your bloody rites again! Bring back
 The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
 Recording answers shrieked upon the rack!
 Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men!
 Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den! —
 Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
 With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
 To practice deeds with torturing fire and steel
 No eye may search, no tongue may challenge or reveal!

* Pronounced *or-săk'tho-næz*. The word means of the land itself, or aboriginal inhabitants; natives of the soil as distinguished from settlers.

Yet, laugh not in your carnival of crime
 Too proudly, ye oppressors! Spain *was* free!
 Her soil has felt the footprints, and her clime
 Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty;
 And these, even parting, scatter, as they flee,
 Thoughts, influences, to live in hearts unborn;
 Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
 From Persecution, show her mask off-torn,
 And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of Scorn!

Glory to those that die in this great cause!
 Kings, bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
 Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause:
 No! manglers of the martyr's earthly frame!
 Your hangmen fingers can not touch his *fame*.
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb;
 But Vengeance is behind, and Justice is to come!

CAMPBELL.

XI. — THE MARINER'S SONG.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

"O! for a soft and gentle wind!"
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free,
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners,
 The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free,
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

XII.—THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Ye who love the haunts of Nature, love the sunshine of the meadow, love the shadow of the forest, love the wind among the branches, and the rain-shower and the snow-storm, and the rushing of great rivers through their palisades of pine-trees, and the thunder in the mountains, whose innumerable echoes flap like eagles in their eyries,*—listen to these wild traditions, to this Song of Hiawatha!†

Ye who love a nation's legends, love the ballads of a people, that, like voices from afar off, call to us to pause and listen, speak in tones so plain and childlike, scarcely can the ear distinguish whether they are sung or spoken,—listen to this Indian legend, to this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, who have faith in God and Nature, who believe that in all ages every human heart is human; that, in even savage bosoms, there are longings, yearnings, strivings, for the good they comprehend not; that the feeble hands and helpless, groping blindly in the darkness, touch God's right hand in the darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened,—listen to this simple story, to this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who sometimes in your rambles through the green lanes of the country, where the tangled barberry-bushes hang their tufts of crimson berries over stone walls gray with mosses, pause by some neglected grave-yard, for a while to muse and ponder on a half-effaced inscription, writ with little skill of song-craft, homely phrases, but each letter full of hope and yet of heart-break, full of all the tender pathos of the Here and the Hereafter,—stay and read this rude inscription, read this song of Hiawatha!

LONGFELLOW.

XIII.—THE GRAVE.

BLEST are the dormant
 In death! They repose
 From bondage and torment,
 From passions and woes,

* Pronounced *d'ris*. † Pronounced *He-a-wa'tha*, the second *a* as in *fall*.

From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor !
The grave, the grave is the true liberator !

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome ;
In the arms of our mother
Alone is our home.

Woo pleasure, ye triflers ! The thoughtful are wiser ;
The grave, the grave is their one tranquilliser !

Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath ?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor ?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor !

To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew —
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true —
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter ;
The grave, the grave is the great reüniter !

Crown the corpse, then, with laurels, —
The conqueror's wreath !
Make joyous with chorals
The chamber of death ;
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter —
The grave, the grave is the only exalter !

E. A. WAHMANN.

XIV. — THE TWO RETURNED TOURISTS.

Two travelers through the gateway went
To the glorious Alpine world's ascent :
The one, he followed Fashion's behest,
The other felt the glow in his breast.

And when the two came home again,
Their kin all clustered round the men :
"T was a buzz of questions on every side.
"And what have you seen ? — do tell !" they cried.

The one with yawning made reply :
"What have we seen ? — Not much have I ! .

Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams,
Blue sky and clouds, and sunny gleams."

The other, smiling, said the same ;
But with face transfigured and eye of flame :
"Trees, meadows, mountains, groves, and streams !
Blue sky and cloud, and sunny gleams !"

FROM THE GERMAN, BY C. T. BROOKS.

XV. — RIENZI TO THE ROMAN CONSPIRATORS IN 1347

ROMANS ! look round you — on this sacred place
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men.
What see you now ? — what solitary trace
Is left of all that made Rome's glory then ?
The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
Even of its name — and nothing now remains
But the deep memory of that glory, left
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains !
But *shall* this be ? Our sun and sky the same, —
Treading the very soil our fathers trod, —
What withering curse hath fallen on soul and frame,
What visitation hath there come from God,
To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves ?
It can not be ! Rise up, ye mighty dead, —
If we, the living, are too weak to crush
These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush !

Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,
Where only date-trees sigh, and serpents hiss !
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
For the stork's brood, superb Per-sep'olis !
Thrice happy both, that your extinguished race
Have left no embers — no half-living trace —
No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
Till past renown in present shame 's forgot ;
While Rome, the queen of all, whose very wrecks,
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurled,
Would wear more true magnificence than decks
The assembled thrones of all the existing world —
Rome, Rome alone is haunted, stained, and cursed,
Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,

By living human things — the deadliest, worst,
 This earth engenders — tyrants and their slaves!
 And we — O, shame! — we, who have pondered o'er
 The patriot's lesson, and the poet's lay;
 Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
 Tracking our country's glories all the way —
 Even ~~we~~ have tamely, basely kissed the ground,
 Before that tyrant power, that ghost of her,
 The world's imperial mistress — sitting, crowned
 And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulcher!

But this is past! — too long have lordly priests
 And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
 Withering about us, — like devoted beasts,
 Dragged to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
 'Tis o'er — the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
 Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
 The Genius of the old republic, free
 As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
 And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
 Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!

THOMAS MOORE.

XVI. — THE POUNDER.

"I have read, friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Peres de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a wild olive-tree, — or at least tore down a massy branch, — and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of *The Pounder*, or *Bruiser*." — *Don Quixote*.

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xé'res;
 Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
 And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
 Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.*

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
 By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
 No knight like Don Diego, no sword like his is found,
 In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynius to the ground.

It fell one day, when furiously they battled on the plain,
 Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;

* This word being derived from the French, the *ch* should have the sound of *sh*. Pronounced *shuv'alry*.

The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But, by God's grace, before his face there stood a tree full nigh;
An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of Xerez, —
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the throng;
Ah ha! full many a pagan must in his saddle reel!
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight
ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-armed men belabor barley so;
Sure, mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power;
Let's call Diego Perez THE POUNDER from this hour!"

LOCKHART.

XVII. — BALBOA'S DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

FROM San Domingo's crowded wharf Fernandez' vessel bore,
To seek in unknown lands afar the Indian's golden ore;
And, hid among the freighted casks, where none might see or know,
Was one of Spain's immortal men, three hundred years ago.

But when the fading town and land had dropped below the sea,
He met the captain face to face, and not a fear had he!
"What villain thou?" Fernandez cried; "and wherefore serve
us so?" —

"To be thy follower," he replied, — three hundred years ago.

He wore a manly form and face, a courage firm and bold,
His words fell on his comrades' hearts like precious drops of gold:
They saw not his ambitious soul; he spoke it not — for, lo!
He stood among the common ranks, three hundred years ago.

But when Fernandez' vessel lay at golden Darien,
A murmur, born of discontent, grew loud among the men;
And with the word there came the act; and with the sudden blow,
They raised Balbo'a from the ranks, three hundred years ago.

And while he took command beneath the banner of his lord,
A mighty purpose grasped his soul, as he had grasped his sword:
He saw the mountain's far blue height whence golden waters flow;
Then with his men he scaled the crags, three hundred years ago.

He led them up through tangled brakes, the rivulet's sliding bed,
And through the storm of poisoned darts, from many an ambush
shed ;

He gained the turret crag, alone, — and wept to see below
An ocean, boundless and unknown, three hundred years ago.

And while he raised upon the height the banner of his lord,
The mighty purpose grasped him still, as still he grasped his sword ;
Then down he rushed with all his men, as headlong rivers flow,
And plunged breast-deep into the sea, three hundred years ago.

And while he held above his head the conquering flag of Spain,
He waved his gleaming sword, and smote the waters of the main :
For Rome ! for Leon ! for Castile ! thrice gave the cleaving blow ;
And thus Bal-bo'a claimed the sea, three hundred years ago.

T. B. READ.

XVIII — THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

GIVE me, O ! give me back the days
When I — I, too, was young,
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour,
New consciousness of power.
O ! happy, happy time, above all praise !
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays ;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing !
Then, as I wandered free,
In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing !
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown, —
In every bud a mystery !
Magic in every thing unknown !
The field, the grove, the air, was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted !
Yes ! give me — give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich ! — my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance !
Give me, O ! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind ; —
Give me my youth again !

GOETHE (translated by Anster).

XIX. — THE VENGEANCE OF MUDĀRA.

To the chase goes Rodrigo,* with hound and with hawk;
 But what game he desires is revealed in his talk:
 "O, in vain have I slaughtered the Infants of Lāra;
 There's an heir in his hall, — there's the stripling Mudāra, —
 There's the son of the renegade, — spawn of Mahoun:
 If I meet with Mudāra, my spear brings him down."

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
 A stripling, armed cap-à-pee, crosses his path:
 "Good-morrow, young esquire." — "Good-morrow, old knight."
 "Will you ride with our party, and share our delight?" —
 "Speak your name, courteous stranger," the young man replied;
 "Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride." —

"My name is Rodrigo," thus answered the knight;
 "Of the line of old Lāra, though barred from my right;
 For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
 Of our ancestor's castles and forestries fair
 A stripling, a renegade's offspring — Mudāra, —
 Whom I'll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lāra." —

"I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage! — with joy
 I behold thee, thou murderer!" answered the boy:
 "The stripling you curse, you behold him in me;
 But his brothers' avenger that stripling shall be.
 Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring — Mudāra, —
 We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lāra!" —

"I am armed for the forest chase — not for the fight;
 Let me go for my shield and my sword," cries the knight. —
 "Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old, —
 Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold!
 Die, foeman to Sancha — die, traitor to Lāra!"
 As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudāra.

LOCKHART (*altered*).

XX. — THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

STAY, jailer! stay, and hear my woe!
 He is not mad who kneels to thee;
 For what I'm now too well I know,
 And what I was — and what should be!

* The *i* in this word has the sound of long *e*, as in *me*.

I'll rave no more in proud despair —
My language shall be mild, though sad ;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad ! I am not mad !

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell !
My fate unknown my friends bewail —
O ! jailer, haste that fate to tell !
O ! haste my father's heart to cheer ;
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad ! I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn — he turns the key —
He quits the grate — I knelt in vain !
His glimmering lamp still, still I see —
'T is gone — and all is gloom again !
Cold, bitter cold ! — no warmth, no light !
Life, all thy comforts once I had !
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad ! no, no — not mad !

'T is sure some dream — some vision vain !
What ! I — the child of rank and wealth —
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head !
But 't is not mad ! it is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue ?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
Nor round my neck how fast you clung !
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit my foes forbade ;
Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away —
They'll make me mad ! they'll make me mad !

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
None ever saw a lovelier child !
And art thou now for ever gone ?

And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty,* gracious, noble lad? —
 I *will* be free! Unbar the door!
 I am not mad! I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
 His chain some furious madman breaks!
 He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
 Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!
 Help! help! — he's gone! O, fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain! I know, I know,
 I am not mad — but soon shall be!

Yes, soon; for, lo! now, while I speak,
 Mark how yon démon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me — now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air!
 Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
 Your task is done — I'm mad! I'm mad!

M. G. LEWIS (*altered*).

XXI. — SEIZE THE PRESENT HOUR.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of fortune's power!
 The tide of business, like the morning stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 And always in extreme.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
 And trunks of trees come rolling down;
 Sheep and their folds together drown:
 Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
 And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
 And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honors mourn.
 Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,

* Pronounced *pritty*. — See Sargent's Standard Speller, p. 44.

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I *have* possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
 Not heaven itself upon the past has power ;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
 Fortune, that with malicious joy
 Does man, her slave, oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless :
 Still various, and inconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes her wings and will not stay,
 I puff the runagate away :
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned :
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm ;
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
 What is 't to me, who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain ;
 And pray to gods that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail.
 Contemning all the blustering roar :
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

DRYDEN.

XXII. — FLORA MACIVOR'S SUMMONS.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded — it sank on the land,
 It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless clay-more' is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glen-a'-dale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glen-fin'n'an leap bright in the blaze.

O, high-minded Mo'ray! — the exiled! — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the clay-more', and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXIII. — THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

The incident to which the following ballad relates is supposed to have occurred on the famous field of Aljubarrota, where King Juan the First, of Castile, was defeated by the Portuguese. The king, who was at the time in a feeble state of health, exposed himself very much during the action; and, being wounded, had great difficulty in making his escape. The battle was fought A. D. 1385.

"Your horse is faint, my king — my lord! Your gallant horse is sick, —
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;

Mount, mount on mine, — O, mount apace, I pray thee, mount and fly !
Or in my arms I 'll lift your grace, — their trampling hoofs are nigh !

“ My king — my king ! you 're wounded sore : the blood runs from your
feet ;

But only lay a hand before, and I 'll lift you to your seat :
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast ! I hear their coming cry !
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy — I 'll save you, though I die !

“ Stand, noble steed ! this hour of need be gentle as a lamb :
I 'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth — thy master, dear, I am !
Mount, Juan, mount ! whate'er betide ; away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side ! My horse shall save my king !

“ Nay, never speak ; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures :
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my gray head ?

“ Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say, There 's one who ran away when our good king was slain !
I leave Diego in your care ; you 'll fill his father's place :
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare ! God's blessing on your grace ! ”

So spake the brave Montanez, — Butrago's lord was he, —
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee ;
He flung himself among them as they came down the hill ;
He fought — he died, but not before his sword had drunk its fill !

LOCKHART.

XXIV. — BERNARDO AND ALFONZO.*

HAVE ye heard of King Alfonso — how he pledged his royal truth
To restore Bernardo's father, Don Sancho, to the youth ?
But when Bernardo, full of hope, came forth his sire to hail,
He found his stiffened corpse instead, on horseback, clad in mail !

With some good ten of his chosen men Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard :
With sap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes !

“ A curse upon thee,” cries the king, “ who com'st unbid to me !
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitor like to thee ?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart, — perchance our champion brave-
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave.” —

“ Whoever told this tale the king, hath rashness to repeat,”
Cries Bernard ; — “ here my gage I fling before the liar's feet !
No treason was in Sancho's blood, — no stain in mine doth lie :
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny ?

* To introduce the subject more distinctly to the hearer, we have added the first stanza above to Lockhart's admirable version.

"Ye swore, upon your kingly faith, to set my father free ;
But, curse upon your paltering breath ! the light he ne'er did see :
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alfonzo's base decree ;
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black :
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine ; an open hate I 'll show ; —
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe ! " —

"Seize — seize him !" loud the king doth scream : "there are a thousand
here ;

Let his foul blood this instant stream ! — What ! caitiffs, do ye fear ?
Seize, seize the traitor !" But not one to move a finger dareth :
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from its sheath, and held it up on high ; *
And all the hall was still as death. — Cries Bernard, "Here am I ;
And here 's the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me :
Fain would I know who dares its point, — king, conde, or grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew — (it hung below his cloak) ;
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke.
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha ! Bernard !" quoth Alfonzo, "what means this warlike guise ?
Ye know full well I jested ; — ye know your worth I prize !"
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and, smiling, passed away :
Long rued Alfonzo and Castile the *jesting* of that day ! LOCKHART.

XXV. — REGULUS.†

URGE me no more — your prayers are in vain,
And even the tears ye shed ;
When Reg'ulus can lead again
The bands that once he led ;
When he can raise your legions slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain
To vengeance from the dead ;
Then will he seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome !

* Here is an opportunity for the picturesque imitative action of drawing a sword and holding it up on high. But the action, if ventured on at all, must be *correctly* imitative. The left hand should first rise to the hip, *as if* to hold the scabbard ; and the right arm, in drawing the sword, must not be curved across the body, but straightly drawn out, as if it had a yard of steel behind it. The speaker should rise to his full height, and stretch his arm *up* perpendicularly (the hand closed as if grasping a sword), while uttering Bernard's splendid defiance.

† See the story of Regulus, page 195.

Accurs'd moment! when I woke
 From faintness all but death,
 And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
 Like venom'd serpents wreath'd
 Round every limb! — If *lip* and *eye*
 Betrayed no sign of agony,
Only I curs'd my breath! —
 Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
 The only wretch who could not die?

To darkness and to chains consign'd,
 The captive's blighting doom,
 I reek'd not; — could they chain the *mind*,
 Or plunge the *soul* in gloom?
 And there they left me, dark and lone,
 Till darkness had familiar grown;
 Then from that living tomb
 They led me forth, — I thought to die, —
 O! in that thought was ecstasy!

But no — kind Heaven had yet in store
 For me, a conquered slave,
 A joy I thought to feel no more,
 Or feel but in the grave.
 They deem'd perchance my haughtier mood
 Was *quell'd* by chains and solitude;
 That he who *once* was brave —
 Was I *not* brave? — had now become
 Estrang'd from honor as from Rome!

They bade me to my country bear
 The offers these have borne; —
 They would have trained my lips to swear,
 Which never yet have sworn!
 Silent their base commands I heard;
 At length, I pledged a Roman's word
 Unshrinking to return.
 I go, prepared to meet the worst,
 But I shall gall proud Carthage first!

They sue for peace, — I bid you spurn
 The gilded bait they bear!
 I bid you still, with aspect stern,
 War, ceaseless war, declare!

Fools that they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy

The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent this wasted frame,
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land — (I must not call it mine;

No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,

And even his father's grave —
But this not now) — beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies:

Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours; she knows it well — and you
Shall know, and make *her* feel it, too!

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers

Of coward hearts, on me!

Ye know no longer it is hers,

The empire of the sea; —
Ye *know* her fleets are far and few,

Her hands, a *mercenary* crew;

And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me; —

My vows were heard on high.

Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see,

For I return to die.

Then tell not *me* of hope or life;

I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,

No smiling progeny.

One word concentrates for the slave —

Wife, children, country, *all* — THE GRAVE!

DALE.

XXVI. — WHAT MAKES A KING.*

'Tis not wealth that makes a king,
Nor the purple's coloring,
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gates on mighty hinges rolled.

* This beautiful piece is a translation of part of a chorus in Seneca's *Thyestes*.

The king is he who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear ;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown ;
Nor for all the treasure cares
That mine conceals or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might ?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor the storm that rushes out
To snatch the shivering waves about,
Nor all the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With forward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down ;
He welcomes fate, when fate is near,
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

Grant that all the kings assemble,
At whose head the Scythians tremble ; —
Grant that in the train be they
Whom the Red Sea shores obey,
Where the gems and crystal caves
Sparkle up through purple waves ;
Bring with these the Caspian stout,
Who scorns to shut the invader out ;
And the daring race that tread
The rocking of the Danube's bed ;
With those again, where'er they be,
Who, lapped in silken luxury,
Feed to the full their lordly will ; —
The noble mind is monarch still.

No need has he of vulgar force,
Armor or arms, or chested horse,
Nor all the idle darts that light
From Parthian in his feigned flight,
Nor whirling rocks from engines thrown
That come to shake whole cities down.

No ! — to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the king ;
And all of us, whoe'er we be,
May carve us out this royalty.

LEIGH HUNT.

XXVII. — ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
 In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?
 'T is not harsh sorrow — but a tenderer woe,
 Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below;
 Felt without bitterness — but full and clear;
 A sweet dejection — a transparent tear,
 Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain,
 Shed without shame, and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instills
 When summer's day declines along the hills,
 So feels the fullness of our heart and eyes
 When all of Genius which can perish dies!
 Almighty spirit is eclipsed — a power
 Hath passed from day to darkness — to whose hour
 Of light no likeness is bequeathed — no name,
 Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!

The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,
 The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence,
 Set with their sun — but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal Mind;
 Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.

Ye orators! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!
 The worthy rival of the wondrous Three,*
 Whose words were sparks of immortality!
 Ye bards! to whom the drama's muse is dear,
 He was your master — emulate him here!
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!
 He was your brother — bear his ashes hence!

While powers of mind almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind, as various in their change, —
 While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,
 That humbler harmonist of care on earth,
 Survive within our souls, — while lives our sense
 Of pride in Merit's proud preëminence,

* Pitt, Fox, and Burke.

Long shall we seek his likeness — long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan ! BYRON.

XXVIII. — FAITH.

Ye who think the truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter snow,
Doubt not, Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw.
God in Nature ye can trust :
Is the God of Mind less just ?

Read we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught ?
Though it withered in the blight
Of the mediæval night,
Now the harvest we behold ;
See ! it bears a thousand fold.

Workers on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil ;
Sick at heart with hope deferred,
Listen to the cheering word :
Now the faithful sower grieves ;
Soon he 'll bind his golden sheaves.

If Great Wisdom have decreed
Man may labor, yet the seed
Never in this life shall grow,
Shall the sower cease to sow ?
The fairest fruit may yet be born
On the resurrection morn !

FITZ.

XXIX. — HELVELLYN.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide ;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting around me, the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
 Where the pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And, O! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When 'wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XXX.—THE STATUE OF THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
 Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
 In settled majesty of calm disdain,
 Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,

The heavenly archer stands * — no human birth,
 No perishable denizen of earth ;
 Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
 A god in strength, with more than godlike grace ;
 All, all divine ; no struggling muscle glows,
 Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows ;
 But, animate with deity alone,
 In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
 His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight ;
 Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
 And his lip quivers with insulting ire :
 Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
 He walks the impalpable and pathless sky ;
 The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
 In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
 That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
 Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian ! † with an eagle's flight
 Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
 Viewed the bright conclave of heaven's blest abode,
 And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
 Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
 And nations bowed before the work of man.
 For mild he seemed, as in Elysian bowers,
 Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours ;
 Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
 Curbing the fierce, flame-breathing steeds of day ;
 Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

MILMAN.

XXXI. — ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin ; his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

* The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

† Agades of Ephesus.

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanted with thy breakers; — they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear;
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee;
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here. STROM.

XXXII. — THE STORY OF GINEVRA.

SHE was an only child, her name Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent father:
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, — the day, the hour;
 Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
 Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 " 'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook.

And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory teeth imprinted on his finger ;
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
 Nor, from that hour, could any thing be guessed,
 But that she was not !

Wearied of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 The father lived, and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something ;
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained a while
 Silent and tenantless ; then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day, — a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery, —
 That mouldering chest was noticed, and 't was said,
 By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
 " Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?"
 'T was done as soon as said ; but, on the way,
 It burst — it fell ; and, lo ! a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished, save a wedding ring
 And a small seal, — her mother's legacy, —
 Engraven with a name, — the name of both, — " Ginevra."

There then she had found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
 When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

XXXIII. — COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

And this, O Spain ! is thy return
 For the new world I gave !
 Chains ! — this the recompense I earn !
 The fetters of the slave !
 Yon sun that sinketh 'neath the sea
 Rises on realms I found for thee.

I served thee as a son would serve ;
 I loved thee with a father's love ;
 It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
 To raise thee other lands above,
 That thou, with all thy wealth, might be
 The single empress of the sea.

For thee my form is bowed and worn
 With midnight watches on the main ;
 For thee my soul hath calmly borne
 Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain ;
 Through life, whate'er my lot might be,
 I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

My guerdon ? — 'T is a furrowed brow,
 Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
 And blighted hope, and broken vow,
 And poverty for coming years,
 And hate, with malice in her train : —
 What other guerdon ? — View my chain !

Yet say not that I weep for gold !
 No, let it be the robber's spoil. —
 Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
 Decry my triumph and my toil. —
 I weep but for Spain's lasting shame ;
 I weep but for her blackened fame.

No more. — The sunlight leaves the sea ;
 Farewell, thou never-dying king !
 Earth's clouds and changes change not thee,
 And thou — and thou, — grim, giant thing,
 Cause of my glory and my pain, —
 Farewell, unfathomable main !

MISS JEWELRY (altered).

XXXIV. — MODERN GREECE.

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung ;
 Where grew the arts of war and peace ;
 Where Dēlos rose, and Phœbus sprung ; —
 Eternal summer gilds them yet —
 But all, except their sun, is set !

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the blessed."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea:
 And musing there an hour, alone,
 I dreamed — that Greece might still be free!
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men, in nations — all were his!
 He counted them at break of day —
 And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? — On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here? —
 For Greeks, a blush! — for Greece, a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush? — Our fathers bleed!
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the Three Hundred, grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all? —
 Ah! no; — the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise, — *we* come, *we* come!" —
 'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain! in vain! — Strike other chords;—
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of — Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave —
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
 They have a king who buys and sells:
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
 Dash down your cup of Samian wine!

BYRON.

XXXV. — THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens; — "What foe to God had done
 This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim,
 "'T was man; and we in horror snatched the sun
 From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I asked the sea; — the sea in fury boiled,
 And answered, with his voice of storms, — "'T was man;
 My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
 Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran."

I asked the earth; — the earth replied, aghast,
 "'T was man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
 That still I groan and shudder at the past."

To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
 And asked him next: — he turned a scornful eye,
 Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

XXXVI.—THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
 Three words—as with a burning pen,
 In tracings of eternal light,
 Upon the hearts of men.

HAVE HOPE!—Though clouds environ now,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadows from thy brow—
 No night but hath its morn.

HAVE FAITH!—Where'er thy bark is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

HAVE LOVE!—Not love alone for one,
 But man, as man, thy brother call,
 And scatter like the circling sun
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
 Hope, Faith, and Love,—and thou shalt find
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else wert blind.

XXXVII.—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Mr. Key, the author of the following noble stanzas, had left Baltimore in a cartel, or ship sent for exchange of prisoners, for the purpose of effecting the release of a friend on board the British fleet. He was compelled to remain on board the cartel, under the eye of the British, while the latter bombarded Fort Henry. Mr. Key paced the deck of his ship all night, fearing the effect of the attack on the American fort. He saw our flag waving as the sun went down, and occasionally, by the light of bursting shells, after dark; but, as the bombardment was continued during the night, he feared that we might have surrendered. What was his joy, "at the morning's first dawn," on seeing that "our flag was still there!" The attack on Baltimore had failed. He embodied his emotions, on the spur of the moment, in this immortal song. This was in the year 1814.

O, SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there?
 O! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream :
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner ! — O, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more ?
 Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution !
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave ;
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the war's desolation !
 Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, " In God is our trust," —
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

F. S. KEY.

XXXVIII. — THE CHAMOIS* HUNTER.

NIGHT gloomed apace, and dark on high
 The thousand banners of the sky
 Their awful width unfurled,
 Veiling Mont Blanc's majestic brow,
 That seemed, among its cloud-wrapt snow,
 The ghost of some dead world, —

When Pierre, the hunter, cheerly went
 To scale the Catton's battlement
 Before the peep of day.
 He took his rifle, pole, and rope —
 His heart and eyes alight with hope,
 He hasted on his way.

* Pronounced *sham'o-a* ; the last *a* broad, as in *fall*.

He crossed the vale — he hurried on —
He forded the cold Ar've-ron —
The first rough terrace gained ;
Threaded the fir-wood's gloomy belt,
And trod the snows that never melt,
And to the summit strained.

And now he nears the chasmed ice ;
He stoops to leap, and in a trice
His foot hath slipped ! — O, heaven !
He hath leaped in, and down he falls
Between those blue, tremendous walls,
Standing asunder riven !

But quick his clutching, nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
And thus he hangs in air ; —
O, moment of exulting bliss !
Yet hope, so nearly hopeless, is
Twin-brother to despair.

He looked beneath, — a horrible doom !
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom
Where he must drop to die !
He looked above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood,
Around a speck of sky.

There two long dreadful hours he hung,
And often, by strong breezes swung,
His fainting body twists ;
Scarce can he cling one moment more —
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
His burning, bursting wrists.

His head grows dizzy — he must drop :
He half resolves ; — but stop, O, stop !
Hold on to the last spasm !
Never in life give up your hope :
Behold ! behold ! a friendly rope
Is dropping down the chasm !

They call thee, Pierre ! See, see them here ;
Thy gathered neighbors far and near :
Be cool, man — hold on fast !

And so from out that terrible place,
 With death's pale hue upon his face,
 They drew him up at last.

And home he went, an altered man,
 For many harrowing terrors ran
 Through his poor heart that day :
 He thought how all through life, though young,
 Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
 Over a gulf midway :

He thought what fear it were to fall
 Into the pit that swallows all,
 Unwinged with hope and love :
 And when the succor came, at last,
 O, then he learnt how firm and fast
 Was his best Friend above.

M. F. TUPPER.

XXXIX. — ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1782.

TOLL for the brave ! the brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore !
 Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete !

Toll for the brave ! Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought — his work of glory done.
 It was not in the battle ; no tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ; she ran upon no rock.
 His sword was in his sheath, his fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes,
 And mingle with our cup the tear that England owes !
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder, and plow the distant main. *
 But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred shall plow the wave no more.

COWPER.

XL. — "THE TEMPEST STILLED."

The strong winds burst on Judah's sea,
Far pealed the raging billow,
The fires of heaven flashed wrathfully,
When Jesus pressed his pillow.
The light frail bark was fiercely tossed,
From surge to dark surge leaping,
For sails were torn and oars were lost,
Yet Jesus still lay sleeping.

When o'er that bark the loud waves roared,
And blasts went howling round her,
Those Hebrews roused their wearied Lord, —
"Lord! help us, or we founder!"
He said, "Ye waters, peace, be still!"
The chafed waves sank reposing,
As wild herds rest on field and hill,
When clear, calm days are closing.

And, turning to the startled men
Who watched that surge subsiding,
He spoke in mournful accents then
These words of righteous chiding:
"O, ye, who thus fear wreck and death,
As if by Heaven forsaken,
How is it that ye have no faith,
Or faith so quickly shaken?"

Then, then those doubters saw with dread
The wondrous scene before them;
Their limbs waxed faint, their boldness fled,
Strange awe stole creeping o'er them:
"This, this," they said, "is Judah's Lord,
For powers divine array him;
Behold! he does but speak the word,
And winds and waves obey him!"

REV. J. G. LYONS.

XLI. — THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him;
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs, before him.

The warrior and the warrior's deeds,
 The morrow and the morrow's meeds, —
 No daunting thought came o'er him ;
 He looked around him, and his eye
 Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on *ocean*, — its broad breast
 Was covered with his fleet :
 On *earth*, — and saw from East to West
 His bannered millions meet ;
 While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
 Shook with the war-cry of that host,
 The thunder of their feet !
 He heard the imperial echoes ring, —
 He heard, and *felt* himself a king.

I saw him next *alone* : — nor camp
 Nor chief his steps attended ;
 Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
 With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom Fortune high
 So lately seemed to deify ;
He, who with Heaven contended,
 Fled like a fugitive and slave ! —
 Behind, the foe ; before, the wave !

He stood — fleet, army, treasure, gone —
 Alone, and in despair !
 But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
 For *they* were monarchs there ;
 And Xerxes, in a single bark,
 Where late his thousand ships were dark,
 Must all their fury dare.
 What a revenge, a trophy, this,
 For thee, immortal Salamis !

MISS JEWSEURY.

XLII. — TRUE AND FALSE VALOR

TRUE valor springs from reason,
 And tends to perfect honesty. The scope
 Is always honor and the public good.
 Valor in private quarrels is no valor ;
 No, not for reputation ! That's man's idol
 Set up 'gainst God's, the maker of all laws,

Who hath commanded us **WE SHALL NOT KILL**;
 And yet we say we must for *reputation* !
 What honest man can either fear his own,
 Or else will hurt another's reputation ?
 Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valor !
 I never thought an *angry* person valiant ;
 Virtue is never aided by a vice ;
 And 't is an odious kind of remedy
 To owe our health to a disease.
 If it proceed from passion, not from judgment,
 Brute beasts have valor — wicked persons have it.
 So in the end where it respects not truth
 Or public honesty, but mere revenge,
 The ignorant valor,
 That knows not why it undertakes, but does it
 To escape the infamy merely, —
 Valor that lies in the eyes of the lookers on, —
 Is worst of all.

The things true valor's exercised about
 Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
 Banishment, loss of children, long disease :
 The least is death. Here valor is beheld ;
 And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
 Or separate from justice, is called craft,
 Rather than wisdom ; so a mind affecting
 Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
 Or any self-pretext, not for the public,
 Deserves the name of daring, not of valor ;
 And over-daring is as great a vice
 As over-fearing — ay, and often greater.

But, as it is not the mere punishment,
 But the cause, that makes the martyr, so it is not
 Fighting, or dying, but the manner of it,
 Renders a man himself. A valiant man
 Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by selected ways :
 He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
 His valor is the salt to his other virtues ;
 They are all unseasoned without it. The attendants
 Or the concomitants of it are his patience,
 His magnanimity, his confidence,
 His constancy, security, and quiet ;
 He can assure himself against all rumor, —
 Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,

As knowing himself advanced in a height
 Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
 Touch him with soil ! BEN JONSON (*altered*).

XLIII. — THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I CHARM thy life from the weapons of strife, from stone and from wood, from fire and from blood, from the serpent's tooth, and the beasts of blood ; from sickness I charm thee, and time shall not harm thee, but earth, which is mine, its fruits shall deny thee ; and water shall hear me, and know thee and fly thee, and the winds shall not touch thee when they pass by thee ; and the dews shall not wet thee, when they come nigh thee ; and thou shalt seek death to release thee in vain ; thou shalt live in thy pain, while Kehama shall reign, with a fire in thy heart and a fire in thy brain ; and sleep shall obey me, and visit thee never, and the curse shall be on thee for ever and ever ! SOUTHEY.

XLIV. — COMBAT OF FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK.

THE chief in silence ströde before,
 And reached the torrent's sounding shore ;
 And here, at length, his course he staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said :
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust ;
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel !
 See, here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand !
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused : — " I ne'er delayed
 When foeman bade me draw my blade :
 Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death !
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,

And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved.
 Can naught but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ? " — " No, stranger, none ! —
 Not yet prepared ? By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light,
 As that of some vain carpet-knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair ! " —

" I thank thee, Roderick, for the word ;
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword !
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief, can courtesy be shown :
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not — doubt not — what thou wilt —
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt ! " —

Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw ;
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what he ne'er might see again.
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.
 Ill fared it then with Rhoderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw ;
 Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,
 Had death so often dashed aside :
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practiced every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael * maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;

* Pronounced *gàle*.

No stinted draught, no scanty tide, —
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the winter-shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand ;
 And, backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

" Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! " —
 " Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;
 Received, but recked not of, a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !
 They tug, they strain ! Down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed ;
 His knee was planted on his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight ;
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath,

The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting chief's relaxing grasp.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

XLV. — THE PLACE TO DIE.

How little recks it where men die, when once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye has looked on earth its last;
Whether beneath the sculptured urn the coffined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe, as different men may hold,
And at its summons each must go, the timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm, deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form dissolves again to dust?

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes with those we cherish near,
And, wafted upwards by their sighs, soar to some calmer sphere;
But whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man!

DUBLIN NATION.

XLVI. — HIGHLAND CORONACH, OR FUNERAL SONG.

He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the sorest.
The fount, reappearing, from the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds, rushing, waft the leaves that are scarest,
But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corei,* sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray, how sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* Pronounced *cō'rd*. The corei is the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

XLVII. — BE PATIENT.

Be patient, O, be patient ! put your ear against the earth ;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth ;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up
in the day !

Be patient, O, be patient ! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought ;
But as sure as ever there 's a Power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with LIBERTY, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient, O, be patient ! go and watch the wheat-ears grow !
So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change nor throe ;
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown ;
And then, again, day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient, O, be patient ! though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with the sunny
sheen :

Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire, on Freedom's
harvest-day ! DUBLIN NATION.

XLVIII. — JAFFAR : AN EASTERN TRADITION.

JAFFAR', the Barmekide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer, —
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust !
And guilty Ha'roun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name, on pain of death : —
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad daily in the square,
Where once had stood a happy house ; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar'.

"Bring me the man !" the calif cried. — The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began

To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
 "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. — How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now daunted to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great,
 And said: "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
 The calif's judgment shall be master still.
 Go; and, since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and, holding it
 High toward the heaven, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

XLIX. — THE AMERICAN HERO.*

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
 Death and Destruction in the field of battle,
 Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson
 Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
 And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
 Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
 What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
 Bids us be quiet under all His dealings,
 Never repining, but for ever praising
 God our Creator.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
 I will commit all that I have or wish for:
 Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up,
 When called to yield it.

* Written in the time of the American Revolution, at Norwich, Conn., October, 1776.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
 Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
 Battling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
 Torturing æther !

While hostile hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
 Let slip your bloodhounds, — ay, your British lions, —
 As Death undaunted, nimble as the whirlwind,
 Frightful as demons !

Let ocean waft on all your floating castles,
 Fraught with destruction horrible in nature ;
 Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
 Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
 Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
 Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
 Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
 Never advance where I 'm afraid to follow !
 While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
 War, I defy thee !

NATHANIEL NILES.

L.—THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame, —
 If thou the immortal wreath wouldst claim,
 And make the future bless thy name, —

Begin thy perilous career ;
 Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,
 And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
 That ever whispers, " Work and win,"
 And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin ; —

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
 And never flag till it succeed,
 Though in the strife thy heart should bleed ; —

If thou canst struggle day and night,
 And, in the envious world's despite,
 Still keep thy cyn'osure in sight ; —

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn,
Nor curse the day that thou wert born
To feed on husks, and he on corn; —

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust; —

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest; —

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and moil till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay; —

If in thy progress to renown
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down; —

If thou canst bear the averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race; —

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind: —

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come — go on — true soul!
Thou 'lt win the prize, thou 'lt reach the goal.

If not — what matters? Tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy!

CHARLES MACKAY.

LL — THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE eyes of thousands glanced on him, as mid the cirque he stood,
Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast multitude.
The prison damps had paled his cheek, and on his lofty brow
Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plow.

Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his eye,
 For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth to die!
 Yet joy was beaming in that eye, while from his lips a prayer
 Passed up to heaven, and faith secured his peaceful dwelling there.

Then calmly on his foes he looked; and, as he gazed, a tear
 Stole o'er his cheeks; but 't was the birth of pity, not of fear.
 He knelt down on the gory sand — once more he looked toward
 heaven;

And to the Christian's God he prayed that they might be forgiven.

But, hark! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar
 Is heard, like thunder, mid the swell on a tempestuous shore!
 And forth the Lybian savage bursts — rolls his red eyes around;
 Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him to the ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear; the instinctive love of life
 One struggle made, but vainly made, in such unequal strife;
 Then with the scanty stream of life his jaws the savage dyed;
 While, one by one, the quivering limbs his bloody feast supplied.

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting crowd's delight;
 And Beauty gazed unshrinking on that unhallowed sight.
 But say, what evil had he done? — what sin of deepest hue? —
 A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian martyr knew!

But where his precious blood was spilt, even from that barren sand,
 There sprang a stem, whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the
 land:

O'er distant isles its shadow fell; nor knew its roots decay,
 Even when the Roman Caesar's throne and rule had passed away.

REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

LII. — THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat now.
 The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves below;
 And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
 It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan, what a glow!
 'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
 Sinks on the anvil, all about the faces fiery grow.
 "Hurra!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!" bang, bang, the sledges go!

Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!
 Let's forge a goodly anchor — a Bower thick and broad:
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow I bode;
 And I see the good ship riding all in a perilous road,
 The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean poured,
 From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the-board;

The bulwarks down ; the rudder gone ; the boats stove at the chains ;
 But, courage still, brave mariners ! — the Bower yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high ;
 Then moves his head, as though he said, " Fear nothing ; here am I ! "

Swing in your strokes in order — let foot and hand keep time !
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime ;
 But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let the burden be,
 The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we !
 Strike in, strike in ! the sparks begin to dull their rustling red ;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped :
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay ;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
 For the yea heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer.

O, trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea !
 O, deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou ?
 The heavy monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy 't were now
 To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
 And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails !
 O, broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine ?
 The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line ;
 And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
 Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play ;
 But, shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave :
 A fisher's joy is to destroy — thine office is to save. S. FERGUSON.

LIII. — DIRGE OF ALARIC,* THE VISIGOTH.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I can not give.
 Ye shall not raise a marble bust
 Upon the spot where I repose ;
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
 In hollow circumstance of woes ;
 Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.
 Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast ;
 Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of power to rest,

* Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentinus, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there;
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of Kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth; —
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
Ye 've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed;
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Göth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth! *
And low the Queen † of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels!

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car;
'T was God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,

* A Hebrew word, signifying *armies, hosts*.

† *Rome*.

To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of His command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And Vengeance sat upon the helm !
When launched in fury on the flood,
I plowed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt !

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers !
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem ;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty ;
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.*

My course is run — my errand done :
I go to Him from whom I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run — my errand done ;
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait.
And soon mankind shall blanch away
Before the name of Attila. EDWARD EVERETT.

LIV. — THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

HERE halt we our march, and pitch our tent,
On the rugged forest ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By the winds from the beeches round.

* The Palatine was one of the seven hills of Rome. Augustus had his palace here.

Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
 But a wilder is at hand,
 With hail of iron and rain of blood,
 To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill,
 That startle the sleeping bird !
 To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
 And the step must fall unheard.
 The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
 In Ticonderoga's towers ;
 And ere the sun rise twice again,
 The towers and the lake are ours !

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
 Where the fire-flies light the brake :
 A ruddier juice the Briton hides
 In his fortress by the lake.
 Build high the fire, till the panther leap
 From his lofty perch in fright ;
 And we 'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep,
 For the deeds of to-morrow night. BRYANT.

LV.—THE PROSPECT OF IMMORTALITY.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,—
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust, return,—
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour :
 O, then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
 The morning dream of life's eternal day :—
 Then — then, the triumph and the trance begin,
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !
 O, deep-enchancing prelude to repose !
 The dawn of bliss ! the twilight of our woes !
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !—
 Mysterious worlds, untraveled by the sun,
 Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run !
 From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears :

Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss.

Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !
Melt and dispel, ye specter-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul !
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er, — the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woe.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody,
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed its waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose -
Deemed on his airy path a while to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return ; —
Hark ! from the world's exploring center driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamant car ;
From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun.
So hath the traveler of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source — the bosom of her God !

CAMPBELL.

LVI.—THE SONG OF THE CORNISH MEN.

When Sir Jonathan Trelawny, one of the seven bishops, was committed to the Tower, in 1688, during the religious persecutions under King James, the men of the county of Cornwall, in England, rose one and all, and marched as far as Exeter on their way to free him from prison. It is said that the following song, which was sung all over the county, had great effect in alarming the government, and staying the course of persecution.

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,—
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's thirty thousand Cornishmen
Will see the reason why!

Out spake their captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London's Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land;
The Severn is no stay;
All side by side, and hand to hand,—
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
To better men than you!

"Trelawny, he's in keep and hold;
Trelawny, he may die;
But here's thirty thousand Cornish bold
Will see the reason why!"

LVII.—DREAMS.

O! THERE is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'T is a vision of light — of life — of truth —
That flits across the brain:

And love is the theme of that early dream —
 So warm, so wild, so new,
 That in all our after life I deem
 That early dream we rue.

O ! there is a dream of maturer years,
 More turbulent by far —
 'Tis a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
 For the theme of that dream is war ;
 And we toil in the field of danger and death,
 And we shout in the battle array,
 Till we find that fame is a bodiless breath,
 That vanisheth away.

O ! there is a dream of hoary age ;
 'Tis a vision of gold in store —
 Of sums noted down in a figured page,
 To be counted o'er and o'er ;
 And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
 As a refuge from grief and pain,
 Till our limbs are laid on that cold bed
 Where the wealth of the world is vain

And is it thus from man's birth to his grave.
 In the path which we all are treading ?
 Is there naught in his wild career to save
 From remorse and self-upbraiding ?
 O, yes ! there's a dream so pure, so bright,
 That the being to whom it is given
 Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
 And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

LVIII. — THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION

I PAUSED not to question the devil's suggestion,
 But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was thrown ; —
 A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,
 And the smothering water accomplished his slaughter, —
 All was silent, and I was alone !

With heart-thrilling spasm, I leant o'er the chasm ;
 There was blood on the wave that closed over his head,
 And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with death,
 Rose up to the surface. I shuddered and fled.

With footsteps that staggered, and countenance haggard,
 I stole to my dwelling, bewildered, dismayed,
 Till whisperings stealthy said, "Paha! he was wealthy —
 Thou 'rt his heir — no one saw thee — then be not afraid."

Age-paralyzed, sickly, he must have died quickly,
 Each day brought some new ill;
 Why leave him to languish and struggle with anguish?
 The deed that relieved him from all that aggrieved him
 Was kindly, not cruel.

In procession extended, a funeral splendid,
 With bannered displays and escutcheons emblazoned,
 To church slowly passed,
 When a dread apparition astounded my vision;
 Like an aspen-leaf shaking, dumfounded and quaking,
 I stood all aghast!

From its nailed coffin-prison the corpse had arisen,
 And all in its shroud vesture, with menacing gesture,
 And eyeballs that stared at me, flared at me, glared at me
 It pointed — it flouted its slayer, and shouted,

In accents that thrilled me,
 "That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken trembler,
 Is the villain who killed me!"

'Twas fancy's creation — mere hallucination —
 A lucky delusion; for again my confusion,
 Guilt's evidence sinister, seemed to people and minister
 The painful achievement of grief and bereavement.

To escape the ideal, let me dwell on the real:

I, a pauper so lately,
 In abundance possessing life's every blessing,
 Fine steeds in my stable, rare wines on my table,
 Servants dressed gayly, choice banquets daily,
 A wife fond and beautiful, children most dutiful, —
 I, a pauper so lately, live richly and greatly,
 In a mansion-house stately.

Life's blessings? — O, liar! all are curses most dire! —

In the midst of my revels,
 His eyes ever stare at me, flare at me, glare at me!
 Before me, when treading my manors outspreading,
 There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal;
 Isolation has vanished, all silence is banished;
 Where'er I immew me, his death-shrieks pursue me, —
 I am haunted by devils!

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and bloody :
 I cannot quaff water ; — recalling his slaughter,
 My terror it doubles — 't is beaded with bubbles,
 Each filled with his breath,
 That in every glass hisses — " Assassin !
 My curses shall affright thee, haunt, harrow, and blight thee,
 In life and in death ! "

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror
 (Thought horrid to dwell on !)
 That the wretch whom men cherish may shamefully perish ;
 Be publicly gibbeted,* branded, exhibited,
 As a murderous felon !

O, punishment hellish ! the house I embellish
 From center to corner upbraids its adorer :
 A door's lowest creaking swells into a shrieking ;
 Against me each column bears evidence solemn ;
 Each statue's a Nem'esis ; †
 They follow — infest me ; they strive to arrest me,
 Till, in terrified sadness, that verges on madness,
 I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity ;
 Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming ;
 Not a bird or a beast but cries, " Murder !

There goes the offender !

Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, stay him,
 And make him surrender ! "

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-distended —
His eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring !
 I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more sickly
 Drive me hither and thither.

I would forfeit most gladly wealth stolen so madly,
 Quitting grandeur and revelry to fly from this devilry,
 But whither — O ! whither ?

Hence, idle delusions ! hence, fears and confusions !
 Not a single friend's soverance lessens men's reverence,
 No neighbor of rank quits my sumptuous banquets
 Without lauding their donor.

Throughout the wide county I'm famed for my bounty,
 All hold me in honor.

* The *g* in this word has the sound of *j*.

† A Greek divinity, worshiped as the goddess of vengeance, and regarded as the personification of the righteous anger of the gods.

Let the dōtard and craven by fear be enslaven !
 They have vanished ! How fast fly these images ghastly,
 When, in firm self-reliance,
 You determine on treating the brain's sickly cheating
 With scorn and defiance !

Ha ! ha ! I am fearless henceforward, and tearless ;
 No coinage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,
 Shall sadden and darken — God help me ! — hie ! hearken !
 'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, he uttered when falling !

Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it no longer !
 Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunction,
 Nights and days ghost-prolific, more grim and terrific
 Than judges and juries,
 Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and halter !
 Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me !
 I own my transgression — will make full confession ! —
 Quick ! quick ! Let me plunge in some dark-vaulted dungeon,
 Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not be baited
 By devils and furies !

HORACE SMITH.

LIX. — THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang ! the massive anvils ring ;
 Clang, clang ! a hundred hammers swing ;
 Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
 The mighty blows still multiply ;
 Clang, clang !
 Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
 What are your strong arms forging now ?
 Clang, clang ! — We forge the colter now, —
 The colter of the kindly plow ;
 Prosper it, Heaven, and bless our toil !
 May its broad furrow still unbind
 To genial rains, to sun and wind,
 The most benignant soil !
 Clang, clang ! — Our colter's course shall be
 On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
 By many a streamlet's silver tide,
 Amid the song of morning birds,
 Amid the low of sauntering herds,
 Amid soft breezes which do stray
 Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
 Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
 With wide-spread glory clothes the land, —
 When to the valleys, from the brow
 Of each resplendent slope, is rolled
 A ruddy sea of living gold, —
 We bless — we bless the FLOW.

Clang, clang ! — Again, my mates, what glows
 Beneath the hammer's potent blows ? —
 Clink, clank ! — We forge the giant chain,
 Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
 'Mid stormy winds and adverse tides ;
 Secured by this, the good ship braves
 The rocky roadstead, and the waves
 Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
 The mist drive dark before the breeze,
 The storm-cloud on the hill ;

Calmly he rests, though far away
 In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
 Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
 Fathoms beneath the solemn deep ;

By Afric's pestilential shore, —
 By many an iceberg, lone and hoar, —

By many a palmy Western isle,
 Basking in Spring's perpetual smile, —
 By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
 When to the battery's deadly peal
 The crashing broadside makes reply ?

Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
 Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
 For death or victory ?

Harra ! — Cling, clang ! — Once more, what glows,

Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
 The iron tempest of your blows,
 The furnace's red breath ?

Clang, clang ! — A burning torrent, clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
 Around and up in the dusky air,

As our hammers forge the sword.
 The sword ! — a name of dread ; yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound,

While for his altar and his hearth,*
 While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
 How sacred is it then !
 Whenever for the truth and right
 It flashes in the van of fight, —
 Whether in some wild mountain-pass,
 As that where fell Leonidas, —
 Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
 A Marston or a Bannockburn, —
 Or 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
 The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills, —
 Or, as when sank the Ar-ma'da's pride,
 It gleams above the stormy tide, —
 Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
 Is Liberty, when men do stand
 For justice and their native land,
 Then Heaven bless the sword !

LX. — WHERE ARE THE DEAD ?

WHERE are the mighty ones of ages past,
 Who o'er the world their inspiration cast, —
 Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast ? —
 Where are the dead ?
 Where are the mighty ones of Greece ? Where be
 The men of Sparta and Thermopylæ ?
 The conquering Macedonian, where is he ? —
 Where are the dead ?
 Where are Rome's founders ? Where her chiefest son,
 Before whose name the whole known world bowed down, —
 Whose conquering arm chased the retreating sun ? —
 Where are the dead ?
 Where 's the bard-warrior-king of Albion's state,
 A pattern for earth's sons to emulate, —
 The truly, nobly, wisely, goodly great ? —
 Where are the dead ?
 Where is Gaul's hero, who aspired to be
 A second Caesar in his mastery, —
 To whom earth's crowned ones trembling bent the knee ? —
 Where are the dead ?

* The *ea* in this word properly has the sound of a in *father*, though by some, *hearth* is pronounced as if it rhymed with *birth*.

Where is Columbia's son, her darling child,
 Upon whose birth Virtue and Freedom smiled, —
 The Western Star, bright, pure, and undefiled ? —
 Where are the dead ?

Where are the sons of song, the soul-inspired, —
 The bard of Greece, whose muse (of heaven acquired)
 With admiration ages past has fired, —
 The classic dead ?

Where is the poet * who in death was crowned, —
 Whose clay-cold temples laurel chaplets bound,
 Mocking the dust, — in life no honor found, —
 The insulted dead ?

Greater than all, — an earthly sun enshrined, —
 Where is the king of bards ? Where shall we find
 The Swan of Avon, — monarch of the mind, —
 The mighty dead ?

When their frail bodies died, did they *all* die,
 Like the brute dead, passing for ever by ?
 Then wherefore was their intellect so high, —
 The mighty dead ?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere, —
 To earthly wants ? If it must perish here,
 Why did they languish for a bliss more dear, —
 The blessed dead ?

All things in nature are proportionate :
 Is man alone in an imperfect state, —
 He who doth all things rule and regulate ? —
 Then where the dead ?

If here they perished, in their beings' germ, —
 Here were their thoughts', their hopes', their wishes' term, —
 Why should a giant's strength propel a worm ? —
 The dead ! the dead !

There are no dead ! The forms, indeed, did die,
 That cased the ethereal beings now on high :
 'T is but the outward covering is thrown by : —
 This is the dead !

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
 Have perished not ; they have but taken wing, —
 Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring :
 There are the dead !

Thus is all nature perfect. Harmony
Pervades the whole, by His all-wise decree,
With whom are those, to vast infinity,
We misname dead.

ARCK.

LXI. — SAID I TO MYSELF, SAID I

"I'm poor, and quite unknown; I have neither fame nor rank;
My labor is all I own; I have no gold at the bank;
I'm one of the common crowd, despised of the passers-by,
Contemned by the rich and proud," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"I want, and I can not obtain, the luxuries of the earth;
My raiment is scant and plain, and I live in the fear of dearth;
While others can laugh or sing, I have ever some cause to sigh;
I'm a weary wanderling," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"But is this grieving just? Is it wise to fret and wail?
Is it right, thou speck of dust, thine envy should prevail?
Is it fitting thou shouldst close thy sight to the sunny sky,
And an utter dark suppose?" — *said I to myself, said I.*

"If poor, thou hast thy health; if humble, thou art strong;
And the lark, that knows not wealth, ever sings a happy song.
The flowers rejoice in the air, and give thy needs the lie;
Thou'rt a fool to foster care," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"If the wants of thy pride be great, the needs of thy health are
small;

And the world is the man's estate who can wisely enjoy it all.
For him is the landscape spread, for him do the breezes ply,
For him is the day-beam shed," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"For him are the oceans rolled, for him do the rivers run,
For him doth the year unfold her bounties to the sun;
For him, if his heart be pure, shall common things supply
All pleasures that endure," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"For him each blade of grass waves pleasure as it grows,
For him, as the light clouds pass, a spirit of beauty flows;
For him, as the streamlets leap, or the winds on the tree-tops sigh,
Comes a music sweet and deep," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"Nor of earth are his joys alone, how mean soever his state —
On him from the starry zone his ministering angels wait;
With him in voiceless thought they hold communion high;
By them are his fancies fraught," — *said I to myself, said I.*

"I will mould my life afresh, I will circumscribe desire;
Farewell to ye, griefs of flesh! and let my soul aspire.
I will make my wishes few, that my joys may multiply;
Adieu, false wants, adieu!" — *said I to myself, said I.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

LXII. — WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Great King William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold, —
Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it
As it glittered in the sun,
Sighing to himself, "O! treasure,
Held in care, by sorrow won!
Millions think me rich and happy;
But, alas! before me piled,
I would give thee ten times over
For the slumbers of a child!"

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow,
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below;
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadrons trod the sward;
And he sighed, "O, mighty army,
Hear thy miserable lord:
At my word thy legions gather —
At my nod thy captains bend;
But, with all thy power and splendor,
I would give thee for a friend!"

Great King William stood on Windsor,
Looking, from its castled height,
O'er his wide-spread realm of England
Glittering in the morning light;
Looking on the tranquil river
And the forest waving free,
And he sighed, "O! land of beauty,
Fondled by the circling sea,
Mine thou art, but I would yield thee
And be happy, could I gain,
In exchange, a peasant's garden,
And a conscience free from stain!"

IR.

LXIII. — THE GLADIATOR.

I ~~see~~ before me the Gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony ; —
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday !
 All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ? Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

BYRON.

LXIV. — LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF CELIN.*

At the gate of old Grana'da, when all its bolts are barred,
 At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard ;
 There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
 And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
 " What tower is fallen ? what star is set ? what chief come these
 bewailing ? " —
 " A tower is fallen ! A star is set ! — Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors
 they throw ;
 Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go !
 In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
 Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch.
 Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
 For all have heard the misery, — " Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood :
 'T was at the solemn jousting ; around the nobles stood ;

* Pronounce *Sālin*.

The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
 Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share ;
 But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
 For he was Granada's darling knight, — " Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
 With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view ;
 Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
 Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale ;
 When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewail-
 ing,

And all the people, far and near, cry, " Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

O ! lovely lies he on his bier above the purple pall,
 The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all ;
 His dark, dark eye is closed, his rosy lip is pale,
 The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail ;
 And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing ;
 Its sound is like no earthly sound, — " Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

The Moorish maid at her lattice stands, the Moor stands at his
 door ;

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore.
 Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they
 strew

Upon their brodered garments, of crimson, green, and blue ;
 Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud
 bewailing,

From door and lattice, high and low, — " Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry ;
 Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye ;

'Twas she who nursed him at her breast, who nursed him long
 ago ;

She knows not whom they all lament, but, ah ! she soon shall
 know !

With one loud shriek, she through doth break, when her ears
 receive their wailing, —

" Let me kiss my Celin ere I die ! — Alas ! alas for Celin ! "

LOCKHART.

LXV. — THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe ;
 Venice is crushed, and Holland deigns to own
 A scepter, and endures the purple robe ;

If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 't is but for a time,
 For Tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great elime,
 Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeathed — a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless scepter were a wand
 Full of the magic of exploded science —
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquered and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic! — She has taught
 Her Eean-brëthren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earned with blood. Still, still for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Dammed like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering: — better be
 Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
 Than stagnate in our marsh, — or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

BYRON.

 LXVI. — THE LYRE AND THE SWORD.

The following will be found suitable for delivery by three speakers. Let the First Speaker be on the right, the Second on the left, and the Third in the middle. The First and Second Speakers will distinguish between those parts of their stanzas addressed to the audience, and those parts addressed to the Third Speaker.

FIRST SPEAKER.

" O, ARM thee, youthful warrior,
 And gird me to thy side!
 Come forth to breast, undaunted,
 The battle's crimson tide;

Where the clarion soundeth joyously
 A free and forward blast,
 And where, 'twixt death and victory,
 Lies all the choice thou hast ! ”
 So, with full many a stirring word,
 Did speak the stern and clashing Sword.*

SECOND SPEAKER.

But a Lyre hung near that falchion,
 From whose unheeded strings
 Came a low and plaintive murmur,
 Like the sound of viewless wings :
 “ O, cast thy fearful arms away ! ” —
 Such were the words it spake, —
 “ And think on those that watch and pray
 Afar, for thy dear sake !
 Ah, bring not thou the voice of tears
 Into the home of thine early years ! ”

FIRST SPEAKER.

Again the Sword sang fiercely
 Its strain of martial glee :
 “ O, arm thee, youthful warrior, —
 The battle waits for thee !
 Think on thy hero-sire, who died
 Amid its wildest burst ;
 Think how his name hath glorified
 The home where thou wert nursed.
 Do not thy childhood's memories all
 Tell brightly of his fame and fall ? ”

SECOND SPEAKER.

“ But, ah ! ” the sad Lyre whispered,
 “ How terrible to die,
 While youth, and joy, and honor
 Shine in the cloudless eye !
 Think how thy mother wept and kneeled
 That sire's low tomb before ;
 At length her fount of tears is sealed, —
 O, open it no more !
 Is it *thy* hand that should unfold
 The memory of her griefs of old ? ”

* Pronounced *sōrd*, by Walker, Smart, and the best English authorities.

FIRST SPEAKER.

The Sword spake yet more proudly :
 " Which lifts the bitterer cry,
 The grief for those who perish,
 Or the shame for those who fly ?
 When thou shalt join the mighty slain,
 When life's brief day is done,
 Wouldst have thy hero-sire disdain
 To own thee for a son ?
 How should he brook his line's disgrace ?
 How couldst thou look upon his face ? "

THIRD SPEAKER.

Out spake that youthful warrior : *
 " Good Sword, thou counselest well ;
 Come with me to the battle,
 Where my true father fell :
 Fair Honor is the queen I serve,
 Bright Fame the gem I seek ;
 Nor will I suffer, nor deserve,
 A blush to stain my cheek !
 Unshaken let me ever stand,
 Honor at heart, and sword in hand !
 " And thou, fond Lyre, remember
 Thou art not wont to weep
 On those who tamely perish
 In slothfulness and sleep ;
 Still have thy noblest strains been poured
 Above the true and free ;
 Still loves the Lyre to grace the Sword —
 So let it ever be !
 The Sword † to win my victor-wreath,
 The Lyre to solemnize my death ! " ANON.

LXVII — ADVANCE.

God bade the Sun with golden steps sublime
 Advance !
 He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
 Advance !

* It may be more effective to omit this line in the delivery.

† Here a hand on the First's shoulder ; at Lyre on the Second's, and a look upward.

He bade the guiding spirits of the Stars,
 With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,
 Along the bright floor of his azure hall,

Advance!

Sun, Stars, and Time, obey the voice, and all

Advance!

The River at its bubbling fountain cries

Advance!

The Clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,

Advance!

Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws

Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.

The Earth is full of life, the swelling seeds

Advance!

And Summer hours, like flowery-harnessed steeds,

Advance!

To Man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried

Advance!

Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide

Advance!

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,

And make the cedar bend its giant head:

Let domes and columns through the wondering air

Advance!

The world, O Man! is thine. But wouldst thou share?

Advance!

Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke, —

Advance!

From out the chaos, thunder-like, it broke, —

Advance!

Go track the comet in its wheeling race,

And drag the lightning from its hiding-place:

From out the night of ignorance and fears,

Advance!

For Love and Hope, borne by the coming years,

Advance!

O, Ireland! — O, my country! wilt *thou* not

Advance?

Wilt thou not share the world's progressive lot—

Advance?

Must seasons change, and countless years roll on,
 And thou remain a darksome Ajalon? *
 And never see the crescent moon of Hope

Advance?

'T is time thine heart and eye had wider scope —

Advance!

Dear brothers, wake! look up! be firm! be strong!

Advance!

From out the starless night of fraud and wrong,

Advance!

The chains have fallen from off thy wasted hands,

And every man a *seeming* freedman stands;

But, ah! 't is in the soul that freedom dwells, —

Advance!

Proclaim that *then* thou wear'st no manacles, —

Advance!

Advance! thou *must* advance or perish now; —

Advance!

Advance! Why live with wasted heart and brow; —

Advance!

Advance! or shrink at once into the grave;

Be bravely free, or artfully a slave:

Why fret thy master, if thou must have one? —

Advance!

"Advance three steps, the glorious work is done!" —

Advance!

The first is COURAGE — 't is a giant stride! —

Advance!

With bounding steps up Freedom's rugged side.

Advance!

KNOWLEDGE will lead you to the dazzling heights, —

TOLERANCE will teach and guard your brothers' rights:

Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits, —

Advance!

Be wise, be just; with will as fixed as Fate's,

Advance! D. F. MCCARTHY.

LXVIII — GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,

* Ajalon derives its renown from the command of Joshua: "Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And marked the mild, angelic air,
 The rapture of repose, that 's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek —
 And but for that sad, shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy
 Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon —
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, say, one treacherous hour, —
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first — last look by death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore —
 'T is Greece — but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start — for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb —
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven, crouching slave !
 Say, is not this Thermopylae ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free —
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock, of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,

Arise, and make again your own :
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame ;
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.

BYRON.

 LXIX. — THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE'.

No cymbal clashed, no clarion rung,
 Still were the pipe and drum ;
 Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
 The sullen march was dumb.
 The vaward scouts no tidings bring,
 Can rouse no lurking foe,
 Nor spy a trace of living thing
 Save when they stirred the roe.
 The host moves like a deep sea-wave
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave ;
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.
 At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 Had pealed the banner cry of hell !
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven.
 The archery appear :
 For life ! for life ! their flight they ply —
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued ;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood ?

— "Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe!"

Like reeds before the tempest's frown,

That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay leveled low ;

And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide.

— "We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their tinchel * cows the game !

They come as fleet as forest deer, —

We'll drive them back as tame."

Bearing before them, in their course,

The relics of the archer force,

Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,

Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright

Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below ;

And, with the ocean's mighty swing,

When heaving to the tempest's wing,

They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,

As when the whirlwind rends the ash !

I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,

As if a hundred anvils rang !

But Moray wheeled his rearward rank

Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank —

"My banner-men, advance!

I see," he cried, "their column shake —

Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

Upon them with the lance!"

The horsemen dashed among the rout,

As deer break through the broom ;

Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,

They soon make lightsome room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —

Where, where was Roderick then ?

One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men.

And refluxed through the pass of fear

* A *Tinchell* is a circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, bring immense quantities of deer together.

The battle's tide was poured ;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again !

SCOTT.

LXX. — THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Stop ! for thy tread is on an empire's dust ;
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below !
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields, king-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again ;
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stōny street :
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet ! —
 But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm ! arm ! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear :
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !
 And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning-star ;
 While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, " The foe ! they come ! they
 come ! "

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life ;
 Last eve, in beauty's circle, proudly gay ;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife ;
 The morn, the marshaling in arms — the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it ; which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

BYRON.

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LXXI. — TUBAL CAIN.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when the earth was young ;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright

The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear :
And he sang, " Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the spear and sword !
Hurra for the hand that wields them well,
For he shall be king and lord ! "

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire ;
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his heart's desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest tree ;
And they sang, " Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, and hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain,
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind, —
That the land was fed with the blood they shed,
And their lust for carnage blind ;
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for man, whose joy
Is to slay his fellow-man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low ;
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And he bared his strong arm for the work,
While the quick flames mounted high ;
And he said, " Hurra for my handiwork ! "
And the fire-sparks lit the air ;

"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
And he fashioned the first plowshare!

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our prize shall be!
But while oppression lifts its hand,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!" CHARLES MACKAY.

LXXII. — THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.
Walk with the Beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road, its turn to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.
Then love the Beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only:
Then love the Beautiful!

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face;
Some in a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fooled! Whate'er thy eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it every where!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so; and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.

Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup ?
 I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
 And say to the *neglected* flowers, "Look up,
 And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith.
 They will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
 Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue;
 It turns the feelings prematurely old;
 And they who keep their best affections young
 Best love the Beautiful!

E. H. BURRINGTON.

LXXIII. — CHILDE HAROLD'S DEPARTURE.

ADIEU! adieu! My native shore fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, and shrieks the wild
 sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea we follow in his flight;
 Farewell a while to him and thee: my native land, good-night!

A few short hours, and he will rise to give the morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies, but not my mother earth.
 Deserted is my own good hall, its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall, my dog howls at the gate.

Come hither, hither, my little page! why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billow's rage, or tremble at the gale?
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye; our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon * scarce can fly more merrily along.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high! I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone, a mother whom I love,
 And have no friend save these alone, but thee — and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently, yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh till I come back again." —
 Enough, enough, my little lad! such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had, mine own would not be dry.

Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman! why dost thou look so
 pale?

Or dost thou dread a French foeman, or shiver at the gale? —
 "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life? Sir Childe, I'm not so weak:
 But, thinking on an absent wife will blanch a faithful cheek.

* The *l* in this word is unsounded, and the *e* has the sound of *e* in *fall*.

" My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, along the bordering lake;
 And when they on their father call, what answer shall she make?"
 Enough, enough, my yeoman good! thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, that am of lighter mood, will laugh to flee away.

And now I'm in the world alone, upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan, when none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain, till fed by stranger-hands;
 But, long ere I come back again, he'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to, so not again to mine!
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves! and when you fail my
 sight,

Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves! My native land, good-night!
 BYRON.

LXXIV. — THE FATE OF THE FRIENDLESS.

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close
 Is scattered on the ground — to die;
 Yet on that rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept such waste to see —
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
 Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
 Restless, and soon to pass away;
 Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade;
 The winds bewail the leafless tree —
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

R. H. WILDE.

LXXV. — LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, say, who would not fly ?
 For one day of freedom, O ! who would not die ?
 Hark ! hark ! 't is the trumpet ! the call of the brave
 The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
 Our country lies bleeding — O ! fly to her aid ;
 One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.
 From life without freedom, O ! who would not fly ?
 For one day of freedom, O ! who would not die ?

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains —
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains !
 On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed
 For virtue, for mankind, are heroes indeed.
 And, O ! even if Freedom from *this* world be driven,
 Despair not — at least we shall find her in heaven.
 In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains, —
 The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains !

T. MOORE.

LXXVL — WAR THE GAME OF TYRANTS.

HARK ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
 Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking saber smote,
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
 Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ? — The fires of death,
 The bale-fires flash on high : — from rock to rock,
 Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
 Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock !

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
 His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
 With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
 And eye that scorseth all it glares upon ;
 Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
 Flashing afar, — and at his iron feet
 Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;
 For, on this morn, three potent nations meet
 To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;

Three gaudy standards float the pale blue skies ;
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory !
 The foe, the victim, and the fond al-ly'
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met — as if at home they could not die —
 To feed the crow on Tal-a-ve'ra's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot — Ambition's honored fools !
 Yes, *Honor* decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts — to what ? — a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

BYRON.

LXXVII. — BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE.

O ! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,
 One hapless, dark idolater of Chance,
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
 Who, mouldering earthward 'rest of every trust,
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ? —
 There live, alas ! of heaven-directed mien,
 Of cultured soul and sapient eye serene,
 Who hail thee, man, the pilgrim of a day,
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower ;
 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
 Whose mortal life and momentary fire
 Light to the grave his chance-created form,
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;
 And when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
 To night and silence sink for evermore ! —

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
 Lights of the world, and demigods of Fame ?

Is this your triumph, — this your proud applause,
 Children of Truth and champions of her cause ?
 For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
 By shore and sea, each mute and living thing ?
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
 To worlds unknown and isles beyond the deep ?
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven ?
 O ! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there
 To waft us home the message of despair ?
 Then bind the palms, thy sage's brow to suit,
 Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit !

Ah me ! the laureled leaf that Murder rears,
 Blood nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
 As waves the night-shade round the skeptic's head.
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
 I smile on death, if heavenward Horns remain !
 But if the warring winds of Nature's strife
 Be all the faithless charter of my life, —
 If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
 This frail and feverish being of an hour, —
 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ; —
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
 This troubled pulse and visionary brain !
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !

Truth, ever lovely, — since the world began,
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man, —
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start
 Reposing Virtue pillowed on the heart !
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
 And that were true which Nature never told,
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field, —
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !
 O ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
 The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

CAMPBELL.

LXXVIII. — MODULATION IN SPEAKING.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear;
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
 The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
 Slow and deliberate as the parting toll :
 Point every step, mark every pause so strong,
 Their words, like stage processions, stalk along.
 All affectation but creates disgust,
 And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition, join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
 With lifeless drone, insipid, and serene ;
 While others thunder every couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
 In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone ;
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he who, swollen with big, impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He who in earnest studies o'er his part
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;
 A single look more marks the internal woe
 Than all the windings of the lengthened *O* !
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes :
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul, is there. LLOYD.

LXXIX. — RODERICK DHU'S VINDICATION,

OF THE PREDATORY HABITS OF HIS CLAN.

SAXON, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye,
 Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between;—
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers rest the land,
 Where dwell we now? — See, rudely swell
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread
 For fattened steer or household bread?
 Ask we for food these shingles dry?
 And well the mountain might reply,—
 "To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and clay-more!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest."—
 Pent in this fortress of the north,
 Thinkst thou we will not sally forth
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain,—
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.

SCOTT

LXXX. — OCCASION.

"SAY, who art thou, with more than mortal air,
 Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,
 Whom restless, winged feet for ever onward bear?"

"I am Occasion — known to few, at best;
 And since one foot upon a wheel I rest,
 Constant my movements are — they cannot be repressed.

"Not the swift eagle in his swiftest flight
 Can equal me in speed, — my wings are bright;
 And man, who sees them waved, is dazzled by the sight
 "My thick and flowing locks before me thrown
 Conceal my form, — nor face nor breast is shown,
 That thus, as I approach, my coming be not known.
 "Behind my head no single lock of hair
 Invites the hand that fain would grasp it there;
 But he who lets me pass to seize me may despair."
 "Whom, then, so close behind thee do I see?"—
 "Her name is Penitence; and Heaven's decree
 Hath made all those her prey who profit not by me."

LXXXI. — WHY THUS LONGING ?

Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing,
 For the far off, unattained, and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low perpetual hymn ?
 Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
 Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe;
 If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
 No fond voices answer to thine own;
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.
 Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,
 Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.
 Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward will give;
 Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
 When all nature hails the lord of light,
 And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,
 Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
 Proud proprietors in pomp may shine ;
 But with fervent love if thou adorest,
 Thou art wealthier, — all the world is thine !

Yet, if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
 Sighing that they are not thine alone,
 Not those fair fields, but *thyself* thou lovest,
 And their beauty and thy worth are gone.

Nature wears the colors of the spirit ;
 Sweetly to her worshiper she sings ;
 All the glow, the grace she does inherit,
 Round her trusting child she fondly flings !

HARRIET WINSLOW.

LXXXII. — ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, if he could oblige him in any way, the latter replied, " Yes ; you can stand out of my sunshine."

SLOWLY the monarch turned aside :
 But when his glance of youthful pride
 Rested upon the warriors gray
 Who bore his lance and shield that day,
 And the long line of spears that came
 Through the far groves like waves of flame, —
 Then Alexander's pulse beat high,
 More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
 And visions of the battle-plain
 Came bursting on his soul again.

Quick turned Diogenes * away
 Right gladly from that long array,
 As if their presence were a blight
 Of pain and sickness to his sight ;
 And slowly folding o'er his breast
 The fragments of his tattered vest,
 As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
 Gave to the winds his muttered thought,

* Pronounced *Di-oj'e-nēs*.

Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing —
Puppet, which mortals call a king!
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath
There's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!
My rags are not so rich; but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

"And ever round thy jeweled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow,
And Flattery — as varnish flings
A brightness on the basest things —
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely drest, is worse than shame!
The gods be thanked for all their mercies!
Diogenes hears naught but curses.

"And thou wilt banquet! air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare;
The page's lip must taste the wine
Before he fills the cup for thine!
Wilt feast with me on Hec'ate's cheer?
I dread no royal hemlock here.

"And night will come; and thou wilt lie
Beneath a purple canopy,
With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
Their feverish fragrance round thy bed;
A princess to unclasp thy crest,
A Spartan spear to guard thy rest. —
Dream, happy one! — thy dreams will be
Of danger and of perfidy; —
The Persian lance, the Oarian club! —
I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

" And thou wilt pass away, and have
 A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
 With pillars tall and chambers vast,
 Fit palace for the worms' repast!
 I too shall perish! — let them call
 The vulture to my funeral!
 The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
 Are all he leaves his fellow-men;
 Heedless how his corruption fares, —
 Yea, heedless though it mix with theirs! "

FRÆD (*altered*)

LXXXIII. — WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree — touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now.
 'T was my forefather's hand that placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand — thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea — and wouldst thou hack it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke — cut not its earth-bound ties;
 O, spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here; my father pressed my hand; —
 Forgive this foolish tear, but let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling, close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing, and still thy branches bend.
 Old tree, the storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save, thy ax shall harm it not!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

LXXXIV. — A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour
 Which awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return; not a hope may remain,
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantments around him while lingering with you,

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends ! shall be with you that night ;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles ! —
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, " I wish he were here ! "

Let fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy ;
 And which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled ! —
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —
 You may break, you may ruin, the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

T. MOORE.

LXXXV. — THE RUINS OF ROME.

O, ROME ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones, and temples, ye,
 Whose agonies are evils of a day —
 A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.

The Ni'o-be of nations ! there she stands
 Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago :
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchers lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
 They saw her glories star by star expire,
 And, up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride

Where the car climbed the capitol ; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site : —
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void ?
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas, for Tully's * voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page ! — but these shall be
 Her resurrection ; all beside — decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !
BYRON.

LXXXVI. — TASSO'S CORONATION.†

FOR TWO SPEAKERS.

The tone of the First is loud, animated, and exultant ; that of the Second, mournful and measured.

FIRST SPEAKER.

A TRUMPET's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
 Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of victory ;
 There is crowding to the capitol, the imperial streets along,
 For again a conqueror must be crowned, — a kingly child of song !

SECOND SPEAKER.

Yet his chariot lingers,
 Yet around his home
 Broods a shadow silently,
 'Midst the joy of Rome.

FIRST SPEAKER.

A thousand thousand laurel-boughs are waving wide and far,
 To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car ;
 A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of
 flowers,
 To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

* Cicero, whose first names were Marcus Tullius, is thus sometimes called in English.

† Tasso died at Rome (1596) on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the capitol.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Peace! within his chamber
 Low the mighty lies;
 With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
 And a wandering in his eyes.

FIRST SPEAKER.

Sing, sing for him, the lord of song, for him, whose rushing strain
 In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the
 main!

Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
 As full-toned oracles are shrined in a temple's holiest cell.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Yes! for him, the victor,
 Sing, — but low, sing low!
 A soft, sad *mis-e-ré* chant
 For a soul about to go!

FIRST SPEAKER.

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
 Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden
 day;
 Streaming through every haughty arch of the Caesar's past
 renown:
 Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

SECOND SPEAKER.

Shut the proud bright sunshine
 From the fading sight!
 There needs no ray by the bed of death,
 Save the holy taper's light.

FIRST SPEAKER.

The wreath is twined, the way is strown, the lordly train are
 met,
 The streets are hung with coronals — why stays the minstrel yet?
 Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief —
 Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

SECOND SPEAKER.

Silence! forth we bring him,
 In his last array;
 From love and grief the freed, the flown —
 Way for the bier — make way!

MRS. HERMAN.

LXXXVII.—THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAUR.

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meetest
 To carry off the latter!
 We made an expedition;
 We met a host, and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
 We met them and o'erthrew them;
 They struggled hard to beat us,
 But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched out to catch us —
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us.
 He fled to his hall-pillars,
 And e'er our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there in strife bewildering
 Spilt blood enough to swim in;
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen;
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle —
 And much the land bemoaned them —
 Three thousand head of cattle,
 And the head of him who owned them : —
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed, —
 His head was borne before us,
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts;
 His overthrow, our chorus.

ANON.

LXXXVIII.—THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
 The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side ;
 The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
 And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure ! roll trumpet and drum !
 'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendor they come !
 The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
 For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

Before the high altar young Mand stands arrayed :
 With accents that falter her promise is made—
 From father and mother for ever to part,
 For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
 The rite is completed—the two, they are one ;
 The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
 That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor that compassed their ear,*
 Loud accents in anger come mingling afar !
 The foe's on the border ! his weapons resound
 Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found !

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
 When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
 So rises already the chief in his mail,
 While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
 For sister and mother, for children and wife !
 O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
 Up, true men, and follow ! let dastards remain !"

Farrah ! to the battle !—They form into line—
 The shields, how they rattle ! the spears, how they shine !
 Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
 On, burgher and yeoman ! to die or to do !

The eve is declining in lone Malahide :
 The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;

* At the fifth stanza the speaker's delivery should become louder and more rapid. The young chieftain's summons (seventh stanza) should be loud, bold, and stirring. There is opportunity for several effective changes of intonation in this piece.

She marks them unheeding — her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain — 't is victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flees to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated — the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come —
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does *he* tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning, the star of the day:
Now, weep for the lover — his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But, O! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen, and broken with grief!
She sinks on the meadow: — in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True — true, 't was a story for *ages* of pride;
He died in his glory — but, O, he *has* died!

GERALD GRIFFIN (*altered*).

LXXXIX. — THE SUITOR DISENCHANTED.

“O, LAURA! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee love the sincerest,
The warmest, ere glowed upon earth;
O! smile on thy votary, dearest!
O! crush not his hope in its birth!”

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, “Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing;
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!”

"My name will be sounded in story ;
 I offer thee, dearest, my name :
 I have fought in the proud field of glory ;
 O, Laura, come share in my fame !
 I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
 And loves thee wherever thou art,
 Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee
 Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune ;*
 Give Cupid the use of his wings ;
 Ah ! fame's but a pitiful fortune —
 And hearts are such valueless things !"

"O, Laura, forgive if I've spoken
 Too boldly — nay, turn not away —
 For my heart with affliction is broken —
 My uncle — died only to-day !
 My uncle, the nabob — who tended
 My youth — with affectionate — care, —
 My manhood — who kindly — befriended, —
 Has — died — and — has left me — his heir !"

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest !
 My heart has been yours all along ;
 O ! hearts are of treasures the dearest —
 Do, Edward, go on with your song !"

But Edward said, "Here my song endeth,
 And here shall my passion end, too ;
 If ever my heart again bendeth,
 It shall bend to another than you.
 I've long had an old-fashioned notion
 To be loved for myself, — do not sigh ! —
 Since gold wakes thy fondest emotion,
 Fair Laura, excuse me — good-by !"

ANON.

XC. — FREEDOM FOR EUROPE.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
 And Freedom find no champion and no child
 Such as Columbia saw arise when she
 Sprang forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled ?

* To preserve the metrical harmony and the rhyme of the verse, the accent in this word must be here put on the second syllable ; but the proper pronunciation is *im-per-tune*.

Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
 Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
 Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
 On infant Washington? Has earth no more
 Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime;
 And fatal have her saturnalia been
 To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime, —
 Because the deadly days which we have seen,
 And vile Ambition, that built up between
 Man and his hopes an adamantine wall,
 And the base pageant, last upon the scene, —
 Are grown the pre'text for the eternal thrall
 Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's *worst* — his *second* fall!

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
 Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind;
 Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
 The loudest still the tempest leaves behind!
 Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
 Chopped by the ax, looks rough and little worth,
 But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find
 Sown deep even in the bosom of the North;
 So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth!

BYRON.

XCL.—TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed — forgive the crime;
 Unheeded flew the hours; —
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time
 That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
 The ebbing of his glass,
 When all its sands are diamond sparks,
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
 Time's happy swiftness brings,
 When birds of Paradise have lent
 Their plumage for his wings?

W. R. SPENCER.

PART ELEVENTH. — DEBATES.

I. — ARE THE MENTAL CAPACITIES OF THE SEXES EQUAL?

The following debate is arranged for *seventeen* speakers, including the Chairman. There should be seats for all these who are to take part in the debate, the Chairman being distinguished from the rest by being more elevated in his position, and having a table or desk before him. Should there not be room on the stage for all the debaters, some can sit grouped on the floor adjoining. Every speaker as he rises should try to catch the eye of the Chairman, and the latter should check every tendency to confusion by rapping on the table, and calling gentlemen to order. To give an air of spontaneity to the debate, several speakers may at times rise at once, crying "Mr. Chairman." The Chairman should be courteous and attentive to all, but prompt in his decisions, and energetic in maintaining them. Occasional applause, or indications of dissent, are allowable. In English assemblies for discussion, the cry of "*hear! hear!*" is often uttered; sometimes ironically, and sometimes in token of approbation and encouragement. At similar assemblies in the United States this custom is not general.

The Chairman. Gentlemen, — I feel very highly the honor you have done me by placing me in the chair. I will not waste your time, however, by inflicting a speech upon you, but will proceed at once to the proper business of the meeting. The question we are to discuss is as follows (*Reads from a roll of paper*): "Are the mental capacities of the sexes equal?" I beg to call upon the Opener to commence the debate. I have only to add that I hope the discussion will be carried on in a manner befitting the importance and gravity of the subject. (*The Chairman resumes his seat amid applause, and the Opener rises.*)

The Opener. Sir, in rising to open the question which has been put from the chair, I assure you that I feel the need of much indulgence, and I hope that I shall not be denied it. I expect no small amount of reproach and contumely for the part I mean to take in this debate; for I know the gallantry of many of my friends around me, and I fully make up my mind to smart under the weight of it. However, I will meet my fate boldly, at all events; I will declare, at once, that I am a believer in the mental inferiority of the ladies. (O! O! *met by cries of hear! hear!*) And, if my clamorous friends will let me, I will endeavor to prove that I am right. I will take my proofs from history. Which shines the brighter, the male sex or the female? Look among sovereigns — Where is the female Caesar? — the female Alfred? — the female Alexander? — the female Napoleon? Or

take legislators — What woman have we to compare with Solon or Lycurgus? with Washington or Hamilton? Or take the glorious list of orators. Can you point to a female Demosthenes, or Mirabeau, or Chatham, or Patrick Henry, or Webster? No, sir! The ladies may have the gift of the — I beg pardon — the gift of loquacity, but not of eloquence. Where are the female philosophers, moreover? Where is their Socrates, their Plato, their Newton, their Jonathan Edwards? Where is their great discoverer — their Columbus, their Franklin, their Herschel, their Daguerre? Where their great inventor — their Fulton, their Morse, their Whitney? In literature, too, are the great names those of the fairer, or the sterner sex? Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Campbell, Irving, — what lady-writers equal these? (Hear! hear!)

I shall not enter into the philosophical part of the question at all. Facts are the strongest arguments, and these I have produced. Besides, I dare say that some of my supporters will choose that view of the matter, and into their hands I am quite willing to resign it.

I feel that I should weaken my cause were I to say more. I therefore commit the question to your fair and full discussion, quite convinced that a just conclusion will at length be arrived at. (*Applause.*)

Second Speaker. Sir, my friend, who has just resumed his seat, has regarded this question as it is answered by history: I will view it by the light of reason and philosophy. I think, then, that women were *meant* to be inferior to men. The female of every kind of animal is weaker than the male, and why should a distinction be made with the human species? (Hear!)

The sphere which the female is called upon to fill is the domestic one. To rule and to command is the sphere of man. He is here to govern and to guide. Now, the exercise of authority requires greater mental power than the duties of the other sex demand; and I think that man would not have been called upon to rule, had not greater power been conferred upon him. Where would be the unutterable delight that now dwells in the magic word "Home," if woman were more intellectually subtle than she is? All these true joys would be lost to us; and woman, instead of earning our gratitude and affection by creating them, would be studying metaphysics, diving into theology, or searching out new stars. It seems to me that the very happiness of the world depends upon the inequalities and differences existing in the minds of the sexes, and therefore I shall vote with my friend the Opener. (*Applause.*)

• *Third Speaker.* Sir, I rise to defend the ladies. (*Applause.*) I admit the ability of my two friends who have preceded me; but I dispute their arguments, and I utterly deny their conclusions. I shall deal with the Opener only, and leave the other gentleman to the tender mercies of succeeding speakers.

Our friend referred us to history; very unfortunately, I think. He spoke of rulers. Where is the female Caesar? said he, and the female Alexander? I am proud to reply—Nowhere. No, sir; the fair sex can claim no such murderers, no such usurpers, no such enemies of mankind. But I will tell my friend what the fair sex *can* boast: it can boast an Elizabeth, and also a Victoria. (*Loud applause.*) While the ladies can claim such rulers as these, their male detractors may keep their Cæsars and Alexanders to themselves; and I, for one, shall never reclaim them from their keeping. (*Applause.*) I had more to say, sir, but I feel that other speakers would occupy your time more profitably, and so I will resume my seat.

Fourth Speaker. Sir, the speaker who has just sat down was scarcely justified in calling his opponents "detractors of the ladies;" such an epithet is scarcely fair, and he would prove his point better, by using more moderate language. (*Hear! hear!*) He has spoken of Elizabeth and Victoria, and I agree in his admiration of at least the latter of those distinguished characters; but I would just remind him that history speaks of a Bloody Mary as well as an Elizabeth—(*hear, hear*)—of a Cleopatra as well as a Victoria. I am not determined, sir, upon which side I shall vote. I wait to be convinced; and I assure my friends on both sides, that I am quite open to conviction. (*Hear! hear!*)

Fifth Speaker. Then I, sir, will try to convince my friend. I will try to convince him that he should adopt the cause of the ladies. The fair sex have not yet had justice done them. What is the argument employed to prove their inferiority? Simply this—that they are not such strong rulers, such learned law-givers, or such great poets. But suppose I grant this; the sexes may be mentally equal, notwithstanding. For, if I can show that the female sex possess qualities which the male sex do not,—qualities which, though widely different from those named, are quite as valuable to the world,—I establish an argument in their favor quite as strong as that against them. (*Hear! hear!*) And I can prove this. In affection, in constancy, in patience, in purity of sentiment, and in piety of life, they as far surpass men as men surpass them in mere bodily strength. (*Applause.*) And what qualities are superior to these? Is strength of intellect

superior to strength of heart? Is the ability to make laws superior to the power that wins and keeps affection? Is a facility in making rhymes superior to sisterly love and maternal solicitude? I think, sir, that it is unwise and unfair to judge between the two. The spheres of the sexes are different, and require different powers; but, though different in degree, they may be, and I believe they are, fully equal in amount. (*Loud applause.*)

Sixth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, my speech shall consist of one question. Woman's brain is smaller than man's: now, if, as philosophers tell us, the size of the brain is the evidence of intellectual power, is not woman's intellect necessarily inferior to man's? (*Hear! hear! and laughter.*)

Seventh Speaker. Sir, my friend who has just sat down gave his speech in a question: I will give him another in reply. (*Hear! hear!*) If the size of the brain is the proof of intellectual power, how is it that the calf is more stupid than the dog? (*Laughter and applause.*)

Eighth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, the last speaker's happy reply has saved me the necessity of answering the sagacious question of the gentleman who spoke before him. My friend, the opener of the debate, said, rather plausibly, that as the male sex can boast a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Byron, and the other sex can not, *therefore* the male sex must be superior. It is but a poor argument, sir, when plainly looked at. We should recollect that there is but *one* Shakspeare, but *one* Milton, but *one* Byron. Who can say that the female sex may not some day surpass these writers, famous though they be?

Another gentleman spoke of philosophers. Let me remind him — for he seems to have forgotten, or not to know — that the female sex can produce a De Staël and a Somerville. Not that I would claim for the ladies, for one moment, any merit on this ground. I think that scientific and literary excellence is by no means the choicest laurel for their gathering. Learning does not sit so gracefully on the female as on the masculine brow: — a blue-stocking is proverbially disagreeable. We can tolerate the spectacle of a Newton or a Locke so immersed in study that he plays the sloven; but the sight of a female — a lady — so abstracted as to play the — (*Cries of Order! order!*) I say, sir, the sight of a lady so abstracted as to forget that her hair is in papers, her dress untidy, or her fingers inky, is simply repulsive. No amount of beauty will reconcile us to the absence of the feminine attribute of *neatness*. Woman's office, sir, is to teach the heart, not the mind; and when she strives for intellectual superiority, she quits a higher throne than ever she can win. (*Applause.*)

Ninth Speaker. Sir, the gentleman who called this a question of *difference*, not *amount* of intellect, put the question, to my thinking, in its proper light. I quite agree with the opener of the debate, that in mere mental power, in mere clearness, force, and intensity of intellect, the male sex is unquestionably superior to the female. But, at the same time, I can by no means admit that this proves woman to be inferior to the other sex. . Much of what man has done results from his superior *physical* strength ; and, moreover, if man has done great things visibly and mentally, woman has accomplished great things morally and silently. In every stage of society she has kept alive the conscience, refined the manners, and improved the taste ; in barbarism and in civilization alike, she has gladdened the homes and purified the hearts of those she has gathered round her. Whilst, therefore, I admit that in mental strength woman is not, and can never be, equal to the other sex, I maintain that her superior morality makes the balance at least even. (*Applause.*)

Tenth Speaker. I am quite ready to concede, sir, with the last speaker, that in the private and domestic virtues the female sex is superior to the male : but I can not go so far with him as to say that man is morally woman's inferior. (Hear ! hear !) For which are the highest moral virtues ? Courage, fortitude, endurance, perseverance ; and these, I think, man possesses far more prominently than woman. Let the field of battle test his courage : with what heroic boldness he faces certain death ! His fortitude again : what shocks he bears, what bereavements he patiently sustains ! Mark his endurance, too. Privation, hunger, cold, galling servitude, heavy labor, these he suffers oftentimes without a murmur. See also how he perseveres ! He sets some plan before him. Days, months, years, find it still distant, still unwon : he continues his exertions, and at last he gains the prize. These, sir, I contend, are amongst the highest moral virtues, and I think I have shown that the male sex possesses them more abundantly than the other. (*Applause.*)

Eleventh Speaker. Sir, I quite agree with the gentleman who spoke last, that courage, endurance, and fortitude, are amongst the highest moral virtues ; but I do *not* agree with him when he says that the female sex possesses them in an inferior degree to the male. True, man shows his courage in the battle-field. He faces death, and meets it unshrinkingly. But has not woman courage quite as great ? *She* fights battles, — not a few : oftentimes with want, starvation, and ruin : and bravely indeed does she maintain her ground. Far more bravely than the man, in fact. The first shock overcomes *him* at once : when attacked by distress, he is

in a moment laid prostrate. Then it is, sir, that woman's moral courage, endurance, and fortitude, shine out the most. She sustains, she cheers, she encourages, she soothes the other; nerves him by her example, invigorates him by her tenderness, and directs him by gentle counsel and affectionate encouragement, to put his shoulder to the wheel of his broken fortune, and restore himself to the position he has lost.

"O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, ———
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou!"

Sir, gentlemen have boasted of their Alexanders and their Napoleons; but I can point them to a spectacle which sends a warmer thrill to the heart than the contemplation of Alexander crossing the Granicus, or of Napoleon heading the impetuous onset across the bridge of Lodi. I behold a woman quitting the comforts of an affluent home in England, and standing by the bedside of wounded and plague-stricken soldiers in the hospitals of Constantinople. Sir, if that was not courage, it was something nobler, braver, more divine; and the name of Florence Nightingale — (*interruption of loud applause*) — the name of Florence Nightingale, I say, sir, is to my mind crowned with a halo more luminous and admirable than any false glare that surrounds the fame of any conqueror or man-slayer that ever spread desolation through a land.

Sir, let me quote one other instance. When that illustrious French woman and true friend of liberty, Madam Roland, in the bloody times of the French Revolution, for the crime of holding adverse political opinions, was dragged to the scaffold by — (Heaven save the mark!) — by *men* — alas, sir! *men* — she, a pure, heroic, lovely, and *innocent* woman — there sat by her side in the victims' cart a man, a stranger, also a prisoner, and, like her, on his way to the guillotine. But, sir, the *man* wept bitterly with anguish and dismay; while the *woman* was calm, composed, intrepid. She devoted her last moments to cheering and comforting her male companion. She even made him smile. She seemed to forget her own great wrongs and sufferings in encouraging *him*. She saw his head fall under the guillotine, and then, stepping lightly up to the scaffold, she uttered those immortal words addressed to the statue of Liberty — "O! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" — and told the executioner (the *man*, sir!) to do his duty. The next moment the fair head of this young, fearless, and highly-gifted woman was severed

from the body, and *men* stood by to applaud the infernal act. Sir, let us hear no more, after this, of woman's inferiority to man in fortitude, courage, endurance, and all that ennoble humanity. (*Applause.*)

Twelfth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I can not help thinking that some of the last speakers have wandered a little from the true subject before us. The question was "*Are the Mental Capacities of the Sexes equal?*" and the speakers are now hotly discussing whether the sexes are *morally* equal, with which point I submit we have nothing to do. To bring back the discussion, therefore, to its proper track, I beg to repeat that which has been yet unanswered, namely, That as the male sex have produced the more remarkable evidences of mental power, the palm of mental superiority is evidently theirs. (Hear! hear!) Much has been said during this debate, but no one has disproved this assertion, or denied the deduction from it: till cause is shown, therefore, why the verdict should not be in favor of the male sex, I submit that we have the right to demand it. (*Applause.*)

Thirteenth Speaker. Sir, the last speaker has, in a taunting manner, challenged us to deny his assertion, and to disprove his argument. I will do both—at least, *attempt* to do so—and I trust I shall succeed in convincing my bold friend that he has not quite so good a cause as he thinks. (*Applause.*) In the first place, sir, I will not admit that *mental* superiority does not involve *moral*. It is my conviction that it *does*. I maintain it, sir, there is something wanting in the intellectual mechanism of that man who, while he can write brilliant poetry, or discourse eloquently on philosophical subjects, is *morally* deficient and unsound.

But, I will not admit that the female sex is outdone by the male. True, the one sex has produced a Shakspeare, a Milton, and a Byron; but the other has a Sappho, a Barbauld, a Hemans, and a Sigourney. I will not, however, pursue the intellectual comparison, for it would be an endless one. (*Applause.*) But suppose I were to grant what the last speaker claimed, namely, that the female sex *has* achieved less than the male—what then? I can show that woman's *education* has been neglected: if, then, woman has not possessed the advantages conferred upon the other sex, how can you say that she is not naturally man's equal? Till this is answered, nothing has been proved. (*Applause.*)

Sir, as bearing upon this subject, and eloquently embodying my own views, let me quote, if my memory will allow me, a little poem by Ebenezer Elliott:

"What highest prize hath woman won in science or in art?
 What mightiest work, by woman done, boasts city, field, or mart?
 'She hath no Raphael!' Painting saith; 'No Newton!' Learning cries;
 'Show us her Steamship! her Macbeth! her thought-won victories!'

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are thy deeds, when thou art true,
 Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do;
 For this the worth of woman shows, on every peopled shore,—
 That still as man in wisdom grows, he honors *her* the more.

"O! not for wealth, or fame, or power, hath man's meek angel striven,
 But, silent as the growing flower, to make of earth a heaven!
 And in her garden of the sun heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
 For woman's best is unbegun! her advent yet to come!"

Fourteenth Speaker. Sir, I think that an answer may very easily be given to the objections raised by the last speaker. Great stress has been laid upon the fact that education has not been extended to woman, and therefore, it is said, she is not equal to man. The *fact*, then, of her inferiority is admitted; and now let us look at the excuse. I think it a very shallow one, sir. Was Shakspeare educated? Was Burns educated? Was James Watt educated? Was Benjamin Franklin educated? Was Henry Clay educated? No! They achieved their greatness *in spite* of the disadvantages of their position; and *this, sir, genius will always do*. Nothing can keep it down; it is superior to all human obstacles, and *will* mount. It is for want of *genius*, therefore, not for want of education, that woman has remained behind in the mental race. (*Applause.*)

Fifteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, in spite of the learned and eloquent speeches of the ladies' champions, I am still inclined to vote with the Opener. I think my conclusion rests on good authority. We find, from Scripture history, that man was created first, and that woman was formed from a *part* of man—from a rib, in fact. Now, I would humbly submit, that as man was first formed, he was *intended* to be superior to woman; and that woman, being made from a *part* of man only, can not be looked upon as his equal. We find, too, in Scripture, that woman is constantly told to obey man; and I contend that *this* would not be the case, were she not inferior. (*Applause.*)

Besides, sir, as it has been ably argued, her duties *do not* require such great intellect as man's. Now, nature never gives unnecessary strength; and as woman is not called upon to use great mental power, we may be sure she does not possess it.

Sixteenth Speaker. Sir, it seems to me that the remarks of the last speaker may be easily shown to be most inconclusive and inconsistent. In the first place: he says, that as Adam was

created before Eve, Adam was intended to be superior. I think, sir, that this argument is singularly unhappy. Why, we read that the birds, beasts, and fishes, were created before Adam; and, if my friend's logic were sound, Adam must have been inferior to the said birds, beasts, and fishes, in consequence: an argument, as I take it, not *quite* supported by fact. (*Laughter and applause.*) Sir, so far as we can judge, the most important creatures seem to have been formed last, and therefore Eve must, according to *that*, be not inferior, but superior, to Adam. Then, as to the argument about the rib. Why, what was Adam formed out of? *The dust of the earth.* Now, it seems to me that a living rib is a much more dignified thing to be made out of than the lifeless dust of the ground: and if so, my friend's argument turns against himself rather than against the ladies.

I heard the gentleman say, too — and I confess I heard it with some impatience — that woman's sphere *does not require* so much intellect as man's. Where he got such an argument, I can not imagine; and I think it by no means creditable either to his taste or to his discernment. Who has to rear the infant mind? to tend and instruct the growing child? to teach it truth, and goodness, and piety? Not impetuous, impatient man, but enduring, gentle, and considerate *woman*. What more important or more difficult task could mortal undertake? It requires the noblest intellect to teach a child, and that intellect being required in woman, I feel sure that she possesses it. Although, then, I own that there are great and inborn differences between the intellectual capacities of the sexes, I can not for an instant imagine that the one is, in the aggregate, at all inferior to the other. (*Loud applause. — A pause ensues.*)

The Chairman rises and says: If no other gentleman is inclined to speak, I will put the question.

Sixteenth Speaker. Perhaps our worthy Chairman would like to offer a few observations.

(*The Chairman then temporarily vacates the chair.*)

Chairman. Gentlemen, the subject has interested me so much, that I will act on my friend's suggestion, and venture upon a few remarks. I have reflected calmly and dispassionately upon the question before us, whilst I have been listening to the speeches made by my friends around me; and although I own that I was at first inclined to vote in the affirmative of this question, I am not ashamed to say that my views have undergone a material alteration during the debate, and that I have now made up my mind to defend and vote for the ladies. (*Applause.*)

" In the first place, I think we are necessarily unfair judges: we are interested in the verdict, and therefore ought not to sit upon the judgment-seat. It gratifies our pride to think that we are superior to the other sex; and reflection upon this point has convinced me, that upon the ground of good taste and modesty alone, we ought at once to give up the point, and admit woman's claims to be at least equal to our own.

Reason also moves me to adopt the same conclusion. I concede, at once, that there are great *differences* between the capacities of the sexes; but not greater than between various races of our own sex. The roving savage is inferior to the studious philosopher. Why? Because he has not been educated. So with woman. When you can show me that woman has received the same advantages as man, and has not then equaled him, why, then I will vote against her; but *not till then.* (*Applause.*)

In conclusion, I would say, that as the Creator formed woman to be a help *meet* for man, I can not believe that she was made inferior. She was given to him as a companion and friend, not as a slave and servant; and I think that we are displaying great arrogance and presumption, as well as a contemptuous depreciation of the Creator's best gifts, if we declare and decide that she who adorns and beautifies and delights our existence is inferior to ourselves in that intelligence which became a part of man's soul when God breathed into him the breath of life! (*Loud and continued applause.*)

(*The Chairman resumes his seat, and then says, Will the opener of this debate have the goodness to reply?*)

The Opener (in reply). Mr. Chairman,—You have called on me to reply. Now, I beg at once, and frankly, to say, that I, like you, have undergone conviction during this debate, and that I mean to vote *against* the proposition which a short time ago I recommended. (*Loud cries of Hear! hear! and applause.*)

I was misled by *appearances*. I looked into history; but I did not examine it correctly. I looked at the surface only. I saw great deeds, and I saw that *men* had performed them; but I did not estimate what had been done silently. I forgot to ask myself how much of the good these men wrought was owing to the wisdom and goodness taught to them in their infancy by their mothers. So with philosophy; so with science. The glitter caught me, and I fear I lost the substance. (*Applause.*)

I am not sorry, however, that I introduced the question. It has changed those who were wrong, it has confirmed those who were right, and it has caused all to think. Let me hope that all who spoke on my side of the question are, like their leader, con-

verted ; and let me, in conclusion, say, that I trust we shall take to our hearts the truth we adopt ; and whilst we vote here that the mental capacity of the female sex is fully equal to our own, show, by our conduct toward that sex, that we feel their high value and dignity, and treat them in every respect as our full equals and as our best friends. (*Enthusiastic applause.*)

The Chairman. Those who think that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal will please to signify the same in the usual manner. (*Loud cries of All! All!*) I am happy to see, gentlemen, that we are all of one way of thinking: there is no need for me to put the other side of the question. I do declare it, then, decided by this meeting, that the Mental Capacities of the Sexes are equal.

II. — CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE

ON A RESOLUTION FOR THE ADMISSION OF LADIES TO THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE DURING THE DEBATES.

In the representation of the following mimic debate, there should be a rostrum or table for the Speaker, and the Clerk should sit a little in advance of him, while the supposed members of the House may be grouped around as in a legislative assembly. The Speaker should have a little mallet or hammer with which to rap in calling members to order.

Opener. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Ohio.

Opener. If it is in order, sir, I will now call up my resolution on the clerk's desk.

Speaker. The gentleman's resolution will be in order.

Opener. The clerk will oblige me by reading the resolution.

Clerk. (*Rising and reading from a slip of paper.*) "Resolved. That from and after the date of the passage of this resolution, ladies be admitted to the floor of the House during the debates."

Opener. Sir, I am very sure no arguments can be necessary to recommend this resolution to the adoption of this House. It speaks for itself. It addresses us as *men*; it addresses us as *gentlemen*; it addresses us as *citizens*; and can not, therefore, address us in vain.

The adoption of this resolution, while on the one hand it would pay a deserved compliment to the ladies, would, on the other, confer a most important benefit upon the House. For, to what, I ask, have those scenes of uproar, which have so often degraded and disgraced this House, been owing, but to the absence of that sex whose presence *restrains*, as much as it *inspires*;

of that sex from whose presence all tumult flees — all tumult but that of the heart.

Sir, it is true that ladies are now admitted, with the public generally, to the gallery; but what a poor privilege is that, when the place of honor is here on this floor, before and behind the bar! In that distant gallery their influence is lost. They can hardly see us, even with their opera-glasses; and we are hardly aware of their presence. But, if they were here at our side, with the privilege of traversing this floor, of laying a hand on *this* member's shoulder when he was carried in the whirlwind of his passion beyond the bounds of decorum, of whispering in *that* member's ear when he needed rousing, who can doubt that the advantages to this House and this nation would be great beyond calculation?

For our own sakes, therefore, and for the sake of the country, far more than for the sake of the ladies themselves, I trust that this resolution will be adopted.

Second Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Texas.

Second Speaker. Mr. Speaker, I trust that this resolution will prevail. It appeals alike to our gallantry and to our interests, and I can not therefore doubt its success. And, sir, from its passage I anticipate a train of the happiest consequences — to the world *philanthropically* — to the country *politically* — to members of this House *personally*. Sir, I dare not trust myself to enlarge upon any one of these points. They must be sufficiently obvious to every considerate mind. The only wonder is that the resolution was not long ago adopted. Let it be the happy privilege of this Congress, sir, to establish the precedent, and give to other legislative assemblies an example which shall redound to our own honor as much as it will to the profit of the republic.

(*Several gentlemen rise and cry, Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! The Speaker raps.*)

Speaker. The gentleman from Arkansas has the floor.

Third Speaker. Sir, before this question is put to the House, I shall be pardoned the expression of my surprise at its novel and strange nature. The honorable gentlemen have not given *one* reason, between them, to show that it is worthy your adoption. I do not blame them for this; I well know that it was *impossible*. I do not wish to take a position at all adverse to the ladies; I think them all very well in their places; but I confess I am astonished that my friends are so little aware of the power of *one* Goddess of Discord, that they are here introducing

fifty; — *fifty*, did I say, sir? — it may be hundreds. Sir, I shall give my decided opposition to the motion.

Fourth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Connecticut.

Fourth Speaker. Mr. Speaker, I really am at a loss to conceive — when there are already so many old women in the House — what objection there can possibly be to the introduction of a few *young ones*. (*General laughter.*)

Consider, I beseech you, the influence they would exert! — first, upon the *language* of our orators, — the grace they would inspire! how effectually they would banish all rudeness and offensive personality! What expressions would be suffered to pass a gentleman's lips unfit to enter a lady's ear? And, if the effect should be the extinction of a set of noisy orators, whose whole resources of language would be thus cut off, I am sure, neither this House nor the country would be a loser by it.

Then, as to the *deportment* of members. We should not then see — you, sir, with that eye which must be peculiarly disgusted with the unbecoming — (*the Speaker bows*) — would not then see members in all the varieties of posture of which we can conceive, or rather can *not* conceive; — some reclining at full length, — others with heels more elevated than their heads, literally as well as figuratively; nor would our ears be assaulted by all the sounds incident and proper to a menagerie; nor by the still more inarticulate sounds, which tell of members sleeping over a nation's interests. The ladies enter! Observe how hushed every ungentler sound! How decent the postures! How watchful the attention! How *manly* the air! Then, again, anticipate their influence upon our *deliberations*! What encouragement to virtuous and pacific policy! What man would venture to invade the constitution of a country, under the very eyes of those who are its brightest ornaments and its dearest pledges? What man would lightly counsel war in sight of that sex which war finds the most helpless and leaves the most suffering? I “pause for a reply!”

Fifth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from New York.

Fifth Speaker. The honorable gentleman shall not pause long for a reply. Nothing, it will be admitted on all hands, would conduce more to the dignity of our proceedings than that they should sometimes be conducted with a little more attention to order. The honorable member has alluded to the disorderly conduct of the opposition. I will tell the honorable member, — and I beg the honorable member will mark what I say particularly, —

if there is one man more than another in this House, who more frequently tramples under foot all the rules of order, violates all decency, and whose whole public conduct is as disgraceful to himself as it is detrimental to the country, the honorable gentleman is that man.

(Several members rise at once and cry Order! order! Shame! shame! etc. The Speaker raps, and cries, Gentlemen will please come to order! The Fourth Speaker shakes his fist at the Fifth Speaker, and tries to get at him, but is held back by gentlemen.)

Fifth Speaker. I beg that members will not detain the gentleman. I am quite prepared for any thing he may have to say or do. Let him come on!

(Cries of Shame! shame! Order! order!)

Fourth Speaker. The personalities of the gentleman must be answered elsewhere than in this House, and by other weapons than —

Fifth Speaker. (Interrupting him.) O, certainly, in any way you please. I shall be pleased to accommodate the gentleman.

Speaker. Order! The gentleman from Iowa has the floor.

Sixth Speaker. I rise to order, sir; and demand why such offensive remarks as those indulged in by the gentleman from New York were not checked at the outset. I put it to the Chair, ought any member to be allowed to proceed when he enters upon such a strain of personal vituperation?

Speaker. The Chair, sir, does not require any tutoring.

Seventh Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Louisiana.

Seventh Speaker. Sir, I also rise to order; I repudiate the remarks of the last speaker, and deny their justice. Why, I ask, is the honorable member from New York to be thus interrupted? If any honorable member feels aggrieved, let him reply with such severity of speech as he may think appropriate; but do not let him attempt to stifle discussion, and abridge the freedom of debate in this House, by a paltry appeal to the Speaker.

Sixth Speaker. Paltry? Paltry appeal? Did the gentleman say a paltry appeal?

Seventh Speaker. I certainly did not say any thing else.

Sixth Speaker. Then let me tell the gentleman —

Speaker. (Rises.) Order! order! Every member will take his seat. Gentlemen, we shall never get on with the important business before the House, if we are to be involved in this continued mesh of personalities. Every gentleman who has spoken in haste and anger will at once see the necessity of retracting his

offensive expressions — expressions which, I am bound to say, are inconsistent with the rules of this House, and incompatible with the proper discharge of the public business. The gentleman from New York began this war of words by a personal denunciation, which was not justified by any remark that had fallen from the gentleman from Connecticut. Will the gentleman facilitate the disentangling of this knot by acknowledging his error?

Fifth Speaker. Sir, I bow cheerfully to the decision of the Chair. What I said was intended in a *Pickwickian*, and not a personal sense. I spoke only of the *public* acts of the gentleman; for himself, personally, I cherish the highest respect; and I by no means intended by the epithet “disgraceful” to wound his sensibilities, or to convey an offensive allusion.

Fourth Speaker. Sir, I accept with pleasure the handsome *amende* which the gentleman has made.

Speaker. The gentleman from Louisiana will, perhaps, follow a good example.

Seventh Speaker. With pleasure, sir. In applying the epithet *paltry*, I did it in a *hypothetical* rather than in a *personal* spirit, and I did not intend any offense whatever to a gentleman, whom I regard as an honor to the State he represents.

Sixth Speaker. I thank the gentleman, and regret any angry retort that I may have made, or may have intended to make.

Eighth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Virginia.

Eighth Speaker. Now, sir, that the tempest is stilled, and all is harmony once more, I would venture to inquire what assurance have we, after we have passed this resolution, that the ladies will avail themselves of the permission it extends to them. If the honorable mover of this resolution will prove that the seats we must prepare for the ladies will be filled, and well filled, I will venture to predict that his motion will be carried by acclamation. But if, on the contrary, as there is too much reason to expect, *no* ladies, or only ladies about the age of *sixty or seventy*, — (*Cries of Order! Shame! Order!*) Really, I do not understand how I am out of order —

Speaker. The gentleman will take his seat. He ought to know that a lady's age, like the privileges of this House, is not to be questioned; and I rejoice to find members so sensitive on this subject, and so prompt to vindicate the rights of the gentler sex. Such allusions can not be too strongly condemned. Dangerous consequences have resulted from them. There is said to be a glorious uncertainty in the law; but it more truly pertains to a lady's age. Ladies have been known to be “only eighteen”

for three years together. The phrase which the gentleman ought to have employed is, "ladies of a *certain* age," by which is meant an age altogether uncertain.

Eighth Speaker. I stand corrected; and have no more to say.

Ninth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Massachusetts.

Ninth Speaker. I beg to inquire what provision the framer of this resolution has made, in the event of its passing, for maintaining the requisite *silence* among the ladies? Will the Sergeant-at-Arms be empowered to remove such as make too much noise? Or must it be left to the discretion of the ladies themselves, to be still or not? My only fear is on this ground. Should the honorable member succeed in dispelling it, he may rely on my support.

(*Several voices exclaim, Mr. Speaker!*)

Speaker. The gentleman from South Carolina.

Tenth Speaker. Sir, one honorable gentleman who has addressed the House enlarged, with his accustomed eloquence, upon the *refining* influence which would be exerted by the presence of ladies upon the *manners* of members. Let me remind the honorable member that if the three GRACES were women, so were the three Furies.

Eleventh Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Maine.

Eleventh Speaker. An objection has occurred to me, sir, which, with all due deference to the Chair, I must be permitted to mention. Should several of us happen to rise together to address the House, what chance would any of us have of catching the Speaker's eye, while there were ladies on this floor?

Speaker. Feeling that the honorable gentleman's remarks apply to myself personally, I trust I shall not be considered as overstepping the proprieties of my office, if I venture a few observations in reply. The success of the pending resolution will, undoubtedly, place your Speaker in a peculiar position; but I do assure the House of my firm resolve never to allow my regards to be attracted from my duties to members by the allurements of any lady who may be present. I am aware, gentlemen, of the liabilities of human frailty, and I yield to no man in my sense of the powerful attractions of the sex whom we propose to honor; but, at the same time, I know that I shall best win their approbation and respect by fulfilling the serious duties of my station, undisturbed by any vision of feminine beauty, and undistracted by any bright eyes from the special business before this body. (*Applause.*)

Twelfth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from Alabama.

Twelfth Speaker. Sir, I find it difficult to give expression to the emotions which agitate my breast in considering the subject under discussion. My profession has made me more conversant with deeds than words; but, sir, were it otherwise, — were I as ready with my *tongue* as I trust I have shown myself, at my country's call, with my *sword*, — still, sir, all the powers of language would fail to convey the feelings of apprehension with which I contemplate the passing of this resolution.

What, sir, compel me to stand up in front of a battery of bonnets, all pointed at me, and expect me to speak calmly and coherently on some subject of national moment! Place me under the immediate flashing of the bright critical eyes of a hundred or more ladies, and expect me to retain my composure, and act out myself with the self-possession becoming a member of this House! Sir, many of us, even now, find no small difficulty in expressing our sentiments. What would be the fate of such under the proposed aggravation?

Let it not be said, sir, that I am a coward; my courage has been too often tested in the tented field to need to be asserted here. If that lobby behind the bar were filled with a menacing soldiery, with their pieces leveled at my breast, I could speak with an unthrobbed pulse and an unfaltering tongue; but, sir, surrounded by ladies, — “ladies to right of me, ladies to left of me, ladies in front of me,” — sir, I could not speak at all! The war-horse that will rush upon a row of cannon will start at the flapping of a banner. It is vain to reason with us. It is a superstition, Mr. Speaker, and we can not help it.

Thirteenth Speaker. Mr. Speaker!

Speaker. The gentleman from New Jersey.

Thirteenth Speaker. Whilst I sympathize with the feelings of my honorable friend, the gal-lant' colonel — I beg pardon — the gal-lant colonel, who has just addressed you, I am still more alive to a danger of an opposite description. *He* seeks to avoid *Scylla*; I am equally anxious to shun *Charyb'dis*.* *He* is apprehensive that the admission of the ladies would close some lips which ought to be open; I fear it would open many which ought ever to be shut; — that every coxcomb then would find a tongue, for whom the House could not possibly find an ear; — that a plain, straightforward, business-like style of speaking would be despised, and a florid, poetical one affected; — grave subjects treated as trifling, and trifling as grave; — all considerations of

* The *ch* in this word has the sound of *k*.

patriotism, justice, economy, merged in those of romantic folly and an all-sacrificing gallantry;—the lute and harp taking precedence of the trumpet and drum; and this House, once the seat of grand debate, and the oracle of a nation's wisdom, become the arena of an exhibition, compared with which, the tournament, the bull-fight, and even the encounters of pugilists, would be rational and humane.

Far be it from me, sir, to represent the ladies as the *cause*, or any thing more than the *occasion*, of all this. The fault would attach not to the influence, but to the influenced. If the moon's pure and chaste beam find out every weak part in a human head, the consequent lunacy is to be charged not upon the moon, but upon the head.

Nevertheless, as it is much more easy to prevent than to cure, I beg to give notice that, if this resolution pass, to prevent these evil consequences, I shall bring in a bill providing that none but *married gentlemen*, or bachelors above the age of seventy, shall be eligible to seats in this House.

Speaker. The gentleman from Illinois has the floor.

Fourteenth Speaker. I shall oppose this motion, not from individual fear, as some gentlemen have done, nor, I pledge myself, from any party wish to prevent the friends of the administration from reaping deserved popularity, by passing a well-devised measure, if this *were* one; but from a deliberate conviction that the discipline of this House—ay, and the very *constitution* of this House—are at stake. Sir, we are obliged at times to enter into secret sessions. Are we to allow the ladies to remain on such occasions, or is the Speaker to politely request them to quit the hall? Sir, he may request them, but will they go when they are requested? Will not feminine curiosity be an overpowering inducement to them to stay, and to learn what secret business the House can have in hand? And then, sir, if under an oath of secrecy we allow them to remain, who is so credulous as to believe that a hundred women would keep an oath, which—— (*Cries of order! order! shame! &c.*)

I am not to be put down, sir, by the hootings of those whose sharpest rhetoric is a howl of dissent, and whose most powerful retort is a hiss. I maintain it, the ladies are not to be trusted with the business of our secret sessions. The ladies are very well in their places, but the floor of this House is not their place. I shall vote against the resolution. (*Several members try to get the floor.*)

Speaker. The gentleman from Kentucky.

Fifteenth Speaker. Mr. Speaker, — however men of sense

and feeling may differ as to the propriety and expediency of the present resolution, they must be all agreed as to the *impropriety* and *inexpediency* of making this discussion a medium of depreciating and vilifying a sex which can not be too highly appreciated and honored; a sex to which we are under such unspeakable obligations; to which we owe not only existence, but all that adorns and endears existence — a sex in whose exaltation *we* are exalted, and in whose degradation we must be still more deeply degraded.

I have heard of silly boys, who seemed to think the first and best proof of incipient manhood was to sneer at woman; but I certainly did not expect to find a folly, unworthy of a schoolboy, sanctioned by the authority of a member of this House. The honorable gentleman who remarked that ladies were all very well in their places, in a sneering tone, which implied that he thought meanly of those places, must surely have forgotten the period of his boyhood; the days when, after receiving a thousand insults, — after being elbowed off by one, pushed away by a second, and made game of by a third, he came home to his mother, and found that his own fireside was the happiest place on earth to him; when his mother did what no one else would have condescended to do, — *conversed* with him, — treated him like a rational being; and, by so doing, contributed to *make* him one. The honorable member surely forgot all this, — forgot that mothers are women, — when he spoke as if the sex were of an *inferior* order, and required to be kept in their *places*. The only doubt — the only reasonable doubt — is, whether this House is worthy of ladies, — not whether they are worthy of *it*; whether their entrance upon this floor would not be a *descent*, rather than an *ascent*; whether their duties are not of too elevated and sacred a character, and their time too valuable, to allow of their honoring us with their presence in this House.

Speaker. The gentleman from California.

Sixteenth Speaker. Sir, whilst I cordially sympathize with my honorable friend's glowing testimony to the merits of woman (a testimony, sir, which does equal honor to his head and to his heart — ay, sir, to his heart and to his head), I yet do not see, sir, that those merits supply any reason for passing the present resolution. I will yield to no man, sir, in admiration, *respect*, *AFFECTION*, — ay, sir, affection, — for the ladies.

“ Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.”

Yet, sir, surely I may desire not to be diverted, sir, by the pres-

ence of ladies, sir, in a house of business, — a character which I hope this House, sir, will ever maintain, sir, — but a character, sir, which the adoption of this resolution, sir, must inevitably destroy. Why, sir, we shall have for the order of the day — flirtations! — Flirtations, sir! I repeat it, sir, flirtations! Gentlemen will be chatting small talk, sir, when they ought to be studying the appropriation bill. They will be ogling when they ought to be meditating questions of state — questions of state, sir. They will be sighing like a pavior, sir, when they ought to be working like a beaver — like a beaver, sir. Sir, the resolution would convert this hall into a boudoir.* Gentlemen would have to come with bouquets† in their hands. It will never do, sir — the people, sir, would never stand it. Had I fifty votes, I would throw them all against a resolution so fraught with danger.

Speaker. The gentleman from New York.

Seventeenth Speaker. After the — the extraordinary — speech of the honorable gentleman who spoke — that is, who addressed the House — last — I feel called upon to — speak — that is, to address this House — also. Sir, I feel that my constituents will expect that I — will expect that I — will expect that I — (Cries of “Will expect that you will sit down!” “What will they expect?” etc., accompanied with coughing and scrapings of feet.)

Sir, this interruption is as ungentlemanly as it is — (Ugh! ugh! ugh!) Sir, the conduct of honorable members — (Ugh! ugh! ugh!) Sir, what did my constituents send me here for — what did they send me here for, sir? — (Cries of “Heaven only knows!” “Ay, that’s a puzzler!” “Who can tell?” etc.) — I do not mean to say, sir, that any thing I can say will have any effect upon the House — (Cries of “Certainly not — I don’t think it will,” etc. — ugh! ugh! ugh!) — or that it will have any thing to do with the matter in hand. — (A general coughing and scraping of feet, during which the honorable member sits down.)

Speaker. Order, gentlemen! order! The member from Pennsylvania.

Eighteenth Speaker. (Oldest member.) Sir, during the thirty-five years that I have had the honor of a seat in this House — during the whole course of my congressional experience, in office or out of office — I have never witnessed an exhibition more unbecoming, more unparliamentary, more inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions, than that which has just transpired. Sir, I remember once seeing in the House of Commons the celebrated Mr. Burke coughed down and prevented from speaking; but, sir, it remained for gentlemen now present to introduce into an Ameri-

* Pronounced *boo-duew’*.

† Pronounced *boo-kays’*.

can Congress this outrage upon good manners and fair dealing. Allow me to express my surprise, that the Chair did not more promptly rebuke the impertinence — that he did not at once come to the relief of the insulted member.

Speaker. If the gentleman will allow me, I will explain. I was at the moment arranging business with the Clerk, and did not fully comprehend the nature of the disturbance.

Eighteenth Speaker. Sir, every member of this House has the right to be heard; and in silencing any member, you tell his constituents that their rights are scorned and made light of on this floor.

Sir, one word more. During the disgraceful altercation which roused members to their feet, a short time since, I saw one gentleman — gentleman, did I say? — well, let it pass — I saw one gentleman draw a revolver, and another a bowie-knife. It strikes me, sir, that these arguments, though no doubt very potent, are hardly the kind of reasoning for a deliberative assembly. Shame on the passions that require such appeals, and shame on those who resort to them! I beheld two grown men, sir, shaking their fists at each other, their countenances distorted with rage, and they losing, in their imbecile anger, all sense of the presence in which they stood, all reverence for parliamentary rules, all consideration for the supreme legislative hall of the republic — for the popular majesty as here represented. Sir, such scenes would disgrace a couple of bullies at a prize-fight. I see the gentlemen chafing under my rebuke; but, sir, they know in their hearts it is just, and I will not retract a single word.

Fifth Speaker. (Angrily.) The gentleman's age is his shield.

Eighteenth Speaker. Well, sir, I am glad that there is any shield, which that gentleman respects, against ruffianism. Sir, it did not need his reminder to make me aware that I am in the vale of years. Sir, my age and increasing infirmities (*here the member coughs asthmatically*) will soon oblige me to retire from my position in this House; but, sir, during the brief remainder of my stay here, I will, at all hazards, and while I have breath to speak, stand up for the decencies of debate, and for the rights of every member, however humble.

The Opener. Sir, before the question is put, I beg to make a few observations in reply to the objections which have been brought against my resolution, and — under cover of my resolution — *against the ladies themselves.* Some of these objections were evidently *feigned* — yes, sir, feigned. The facetious gentleman who was apprehensive that the Speaker would have no eyes for members of this House, while ladies were present

and the equally facetious gentleman who was apprehensive that the ladies, instead of listening to speeches, would be playing off their arts of conquest, having had the full benefit of their *jests*, will, I am persuaded, give me their *votes*.

One honorable member, with equal sagacity and learning, has discovered that because the Furies were women, women are furies. Unhappy man! whose disordered fancy, or guilty conscience, has invested even beauty with deformity, and armed even gentleness with terrors. He need not fear furies from *without*: he carries them *within*.

Another — with equal originality — has complimented the ladies with being "*Goddesses of Discord!*" I will accept *part* of the compliment. I will take the *divinity*, and my friend may keep the *discord*.

† An honorable and gallant colonel spoke under a highly nervous apprehension that the presence of ladies would rob him of the power of speaking. Let me assure him that his apprehension is *purely* nervous. The ladies appear formidable only at a *distance*. A *nearer* acquaintance with them will dispel all his fears. They are specially indulgent to *modest* merit.

Allow me to trespass a few moments longer upon your attention. You have been already reminded of the claims which that sex derives from the maternal relation. I beg to remind you of the less strong — yet very strong — claims it derives from another relation, and of the still stronger from a third. Who can enumerate a *brother's* obligations to a *sister*? — her pure, disinterested affection — her softening, refining influence, richly repaying what she receives in protection, fashioning and qualifying the youth for a still dearer relation. Mark a youth of coarse, rugged feelings, temper, and manners, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find he has no *sister*.

In regard to the *conjugal* relation, I can speak only from observation and hearsay; but so far as these enable me to judge, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the purest and most ennobling source of happiness to man.

One word more, Mr. Speaker, and I have done. The members who are opposed to me upon this question will remember that lists of the division will be printed; that bright eyes will be upon them, and that the least they can expect from the ladies will be a sentence of perpetual banishment from their society, of which society they will, by this evening's vote, *have pronounced themselves unworthy*.

Speaker. Is the House now ready for the question? Gentlemen in favor of the resolution will say *ay*. (*A clamorous and*

unanimous AY is heard.) Those opposed to the resolution will say *no*. The resolution is unanimously adopted.

III.—IS POETRY PREJUDICIAL TO SUCCESS IN LIFE?

Chairman. Gentlemen will come to order. The question for the present debate is as follows (*reads from a paper*): "Is the cultivation of a taste for poetry prejudicial to success in life?" I confess, gentlemen, that I have been too much occupied during the week to give to this subject the consideration which it deserves. I shall, therefore, withhold any expression of my views till I have heard what others have to say, and thus obtained some materials for a judgment. The Opener now has the floor.

Opener. Sir, I shall take the affirmative of this question, and maintain that the poetical is ad'verse to the positive, to the practical, to the real; and that the cultivation of a taste for poetry is apt to be a serious obstacle to worldly success. Sir, one half of the mistakes and ills of life arise from the abuse of the imagination. When we ought to be riveting our attention on the business immediately in hand, we let the imagination distract us with prospects clothed in its delightful rose-hues. Much pleasanter are those prospects, no doubt, than the matter before us—pleasanter than a demonstration in Euclid, or a sum in algebra; pleasanter than any homely, every-day task. Now, just in proportion as the play of the imagination diverts us from the discharge of the serious duties of life,—just in that proportion, I say, is the imagination an intruder and a mischief-maker. Well, sir, poetry ministers to the imaginative part of our nature;—it rouses, excites, and charms, the imaginative faculty—it stimulates that faculty to lord it over those soberer faculties, the faithful exercise of which is essential to our well-being. Why, sir, what says Shakspeare himself, the admitted king of bards, the very high priest of poetry?

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

He couples the poet, sir, with the madman, and with one who is often little better than a madman, the lover! (*Cries of order! shame! The Chairman raps and says:* The gentleman is not out of order. He has a right to his opinion.) Who can doubt? Sir, such interruptions shall not affect my plain speaking. Who can doubt, sir, I say, that Shakspeare himself regarded poetry as detrimental to success in life? And will the advocates of poetry

demand a higher authority than his? I think not, sir, and I am willing to accept that authority as the sufficient crown of my argument.

(Several members rise and cry, Mr. Chairman! The Chairman calls the name of the Second Speaker.)

Second Speaker. There are as many sides to this subject, I believe, sir, as there are facets to a prism; and I may add that there are so many prismatic colors dancing about the question, that the judgment is bewildered as to its true aspect. But, sir, I will take a purely practical and historical view of it, and that view, I must contend, corroborates the argument of my predecessor. Poets, sir, are proverbially unfortunate; and, as Young says, "Look into those, men call *unfortunate*, and, nearer viewed, you'll find they've been *unwise*." The name of *poet*, sir, brings up the recollection of Homer, a beggar and a vagrant; of the starving Otway, choked by a crust; of Marlowe, killed in a low and disgraceful quarrel; of Chatterton, seeking in death a refuge from penury; of Goldsmith, always in debt; of Burns, dissipated and unthrifty; of Savage, perishing in prison; of Byron, whose life was a failure; of Cowper, miserable and mad; of Tasso, triumphant only in death. Sir, I could go on extending the catalogue till I exhausted your patience. But I think I have refreshed your memory sufficiently to show that the poet's lot has been generally a most unenviable one; that his Jordan has been truly a hard road to travel; and that his success in life has rarely been such as to afford an argument adverse to our position on this question.

Third Speaker. I would like to know, sir, what we are to understand by the phrase "success in life." There are various opinions on this head. With one person, "success in life" is the getting of money. The rich man is in his eye the successful man. John Jacob Astor and Stephen Girard are the incarnations of his idea of "success in life." With another, the attainment of office and position is success. The President, the Secretary of State, the Postmaster, the Governor, are successful men. With another, the man who can lead a life of pleasure and excitement has achieved success.

But, sir, my notions of success do not accord with any of these. To my mind, the man who has best developed his moral, mental, and physical faculties is the successful man. He has done the best that he could do for his health of body and soul. He has fulfilled those laws which, in his moments of clearest insight, he sees are sacred and divine. His lot may be lowly, but he is nobly contented. A "violet by a mossy stone" is to him a source

of happiness; for, along with his other faculties, he has cultivated his love of the beautiful — ay, sir, the *poetical* element of his being. The shifting of the clouds, the aspect of the ocean, the waving grass, the drifting snow, all the ministrations of nature, are to *him* joys and benedictions. Sir, such a man is a poet, though he may not know it :

“ Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.”

And, sir, such a man has attained true success in life; for he has best fulfilled the great disciplinary object of living, the exercise and development of faculties which will best make him the recipient of heavenly and immortal joys. Sir, how immeasurably above the success of the rich man, or of the mere man of office, or of the man of pleasure, is *such* success !

Fourth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I object to our allowing the remarks of the last speaker to carry any weight. A criminal is never suffered to be a witness in his own behalf. The gentleman who has so eloquently defended the cause of poets is himself a poet. He was caught the other day in the act, or, as we lawyers say, *flagrant de-lit-tu*, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary in one hand, and a manuscript in the other, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, his hair uncombed, his —

Third Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I object to these personalities.

Fourth Speaker. But I maintain, sir, —

Chairman. The gentleman will come to order.

Fourth Speaker. I will prove, sir, that —

Chairman. Sit down, sir !

Fifth Speaker. Sir, the gentleman who is charged with being a poet has, nevertheless, raised a question of essential importance in this discussion. What are we to understand by the phrase “success in life” ? I would like to have that settled before we proceed further.

Sixth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, we will not resort to subtleties and refinements of language for the purpose of obscuring what is plain and simple. By “success in life,” every one means the attainment of that position of competence, of respectability, of popularity, which is, in the majority of cases, most conducive to happiness and a useful life. No one will contend that the bad rich man has attained more success in life than the good man of moderate means, who is yet rich in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. But the man who, through imprudence in worldly affairs, or too great devotion to pursuits incompatible with worldly advancement, has missed the prize of competence for himself and

family, — that man, we say, has failed of success in life. Now, under this view of the case, how large a majority of the poets have failed! And, therefore, I contend that poetry is prejudicial to success.

Seventh Speaker. I think I understand the gentleman; but there is a fatal fallacy in his argument. If we are to measure a man's success in life by his attainment of a competence, of respectability, of *popularity*, then must we pronounce the lives of some of the greatest ornaments and benefactors of humanity to be failures. Then Columbus did not achieve success in life, though he gave America to the world; John Gu'tenberg did not attain success, though he gave us the art of printing, for he impoverished himself, and made himself very unpopular, especially among the scribes, who got their living by copying manuscripts. John Huss did not attain success, for he was burnt at the stake — a very unpopular exit, and by no means respectable. Robert Fulton missed the prize of success in life, although he gave us the steamboat. In the words of my predecessor, his devotion was "too great to pursuits incompatible with worldly advancement." He derived little or no benefit from his invention, was scoffed at as a dreamer, and died poor.

Ah! sir, I do not believe in my friend's definition. That man is the most successful who has built up the noblest character, and who has done most for humanity. Though he die poor, though he die at the stake, though he die ignominiously on the gallows, still he is the truly successful one.

"Whether on the gallows high, or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man."

In short, sir, *that* man has best achieved "success in life" who has done deeds, and thought thoughts, which shall be to him the best crown of honor, the best source of satisfaction, in another and a higher life. Any other view of success than this is delusive, pernicious, and atheistical.

Eighth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that gentlemen are straying, in a most unwarrantable manner, from the topic immediately before us. The question, as I understand it, is, whether a devotion to poetry is adverse to worldly prosperity.

Chairman. The gentleman has not stated the question with precision. It is, "Whether the cultivation of a taste for poetry is prejudicial to success in life." Such being the question, it is no straying from the subject to discuss what is meant by "success in life."

Eighth Speaker. Well, sir, I must still believe that the dis-

ussion has taken too wide a range. We all have a general idea of what is meant by success in life; and I think there is no doubt that poets generally fail of that success. Why, sir, who is disposed to trust a poetical clerk, or a poetical lawyer, or a poetical doctor? No man of business wants a poet in his counting-house or his banking-room.

I know a young man who, whenever he wants money from his relations, threatens to publish a volume of poems. To prevent such a disgrace to the family—such a calamity to himself—they readily come “down with the dust.” Poets are notoriously improvident, careless, and unthrifty. The man who accosts me once a month with the inquiry, “You have n’t such a thing as a V spot about you?” writes poetry for the magazines. Sir, I shall vote on this question in the affirmative.

Ninth Speaker. I hope, sir, that the gentleman will keep his mind open to conviction. Facts are unfortunately against him. When he asked “Who wants a poet in his banking-room?” I was irresistibly reminded of two American poets, who, if not at the head of the list, are second to none. I allude to Charles Sprague and Fitz-Greene Halleck. (*Applause.*) Halleck, the author of the immortal “Marco Bozzaris,”* was for many years the confidential clerk of the wealthiest man in the country, Mr. Astor. Sprague was the cashier of a bank, and famous for his punctiliousness, his diligence, and his wonderful accuracy in financial matters. If other examples are wanting, there is that of Horace Smith, a successful broker; of Samuel Rogers, a prosperous banker. Sir, it is not true that a taste for poetry unfits a man for active duties.

“Who trusts a poetical lawyer?” the gentleman asked. Sir, did he forget that Blackstone, the famous author of the Commentaries, of the first book studied in the law, was a poet? Did he forget that Mr. Justice Story, whose law-books are quoted throughout the land, was a poet? I might go on, and multiply instances without number, directly in the teeth of the gentleman’s assertion; but there are other views of the subject more convincing than this, and I will make way for those who are better able to do them justice.

Tenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, I do not believe that the cultivation of poetry is incompatible with legal studies or legal success. Sir, I have a friend in a lawyer’s office, who is as diligent a student of Blackstone as can be found. He recently wrote some lines “on the coming on of spring.” I am the fortu-

* See Sargent’s Standard Speaker, the most comprehensive of the series.

nate possessor of a copy ; and, as pertinent to the subject under discussion, I will read them :

“ Whereas on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise, —
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

“ The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

“ The birds aforesaid — happy pairs ! —
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests — themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

“ O ! busiest term of Cupid's court,
Where tender plaintiffs action bring ! —
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring ! ”

There, sir ! Who will say, after that, that law and poetry can not go hand in hand ? (*Laughter and applause.*)

Eleventh Speaker. Sir, I agree with the Opener, that if we would discharge successfully the serious business of life, we must keep the imagination in check. Lord Bacon tells us that “ poetry is subservient to the imagination, as logic is to the understanding ; ” and there is keen insight in the remark. But, sir, an hour of honest action is worth an age of mere imagining. Poetry gives to the imaginative faculty a morbid activity, at war with our every-day interests — at war with a steady attention to business — at war, in short, with success in life. Sir, we must not allow ourselves to be juggled by the imagination, if we would succeed as men of action ; and, therefore, the less we have to do with poetry, the better.

Twelfth Speaker. I would ask, sir, what stimulates a man to action but imagination ? What sent Columbus across the untraversed seas ? What but the imagination that by sailing westward he should reach the extreme eastern coast of India ? Ah ! sir, the men falsely called “ practical men,” and “ men of action,” in his day, all sneered at him as a fa-na'tic and a visionary. Some of the greatest discoveries in chemistry had their origin in the imaginations of the old alchemists, who labored over their crucibles in the hope of finding the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. Franklin's great discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity was first an imagination. Some of the noblest achievements on record had their origin in an impulse of the imagination. Sir, the imagination precedes the act, as the lightning does the thunderbolt.

Some gentlemen prate of the imagination, as if it were an excrescence, to be seared with a red-hot iron. Sir, it is a faculty which God has given us for good uses. Like other faculties, it may be abused; and, sir, there is no man who abuses his imagination more deplorably than he who thinks the chief end and aim of existence is the accumulation of material wealth. By the magnifying power of that man's imagination, happiness is made to reside where no sound and well-balanced mind ever yet found it. Sir, his elysium is more visionary than the fool's paradise.

To talk of a man of action as one who has got rid of his imagination, is a mere absurdity. He is often indebted to his imagination for all of good that he effects outwardly. Crush the imagination, and where is hope — where is faith — where is that power which makes us as secure in the things unseen and eternal as in the things visible and transient? I thank the gentleman for the quotation from Bacon; for, if "poetry is subservient to the imagination, as logic is to the understanding," poetry fulfills a good office, and is conducive to the highest order of success in life of which the human being is capable.

Thirteenth Speaker. This discussion has reminded me, sir, of that poem by the great German bard, Schiller,* entitled "The Sharing of the Earth." Jupiter cries from heaven unto mankind, "Take ye the world." Immediately there is a scramble. The husbandman takes possession of fields for cultivation; — the hunter ranges through the wood; — the merchant takes whatever he can put in his warehouses; — the abbot chooses the noblest wine; — the king claims a tenth of every thing. At length, after the sharing is all over, in comes the poet. But for him not a remnant is left, and he begins to murmur. Jupiter rebukes him with the inquiry, "What were you about when all the rest were making their choice?" — "Ah!" says the poet, "I was with thee. The harmony of thy heavens entranced my ear: the glory of thy countenance enchained my sight." — "What shall I do?" says Jupiter; "every thing is disposed of; but if it will be any accommodation to you to come and live with me in heaven, do so; the doors shall be always open to you."

Sir, the moral of the fable is evident. Bad as the poet's lot may seem to our more practical, positive, and acquisitive brethren, there is compensation in it; and perhaps the poet's success, when weighed in those scales which can not err, will not prove so inferior as some gentlemen seem to suppose. In the end he may appear the man of true sagacity.

* Pronounced *Shiller*.

Fourteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, as I understand it, it is of worldly success that we are speaking.

Chairman. The phrase is "success in life."

Fourteenth Speaker. Well, sir, by life is meant that only life of which we are conscious of having had any experience—the life of this world. It seems to me that gentlemen are transcending the fair logical bounds, when they seek a basis for their arguments in the sacred but unknown regions of futurity. Sir, no one doubts that success in life may coëxist with a taste for poetry. The question is, may not that success be more surely and easily attained without that taste? I believe that it *may* be. Such is the competition in all branches of business at the present time, that a man must give his *undivided* attention to a pursuit, if he would succeed in it. Now, the only effect of poetry is to prevent that singleness of attention, that concentration of energy, without which success is doubtful, if not impossible. Under this view of the case, there can be no doubt that poetry is practically prejudicial.

Fifteenth Speaker. Sir, the gentleman has assumed that success in a *pursuit* is identical with success in *life*. But the two successes may be much at variance. A man's failure in business may lead him to a far higher success in the true art of living. Sir, if a man's business is such that he has no thoughts—none whatever—to spare for higher and better things, all I can say is, that if he does not soon change that business, his life will be a dead failure. I care not what the competitions of trade may require. A true man will find out, before it is too late, that Heaven did not intend him for a mere money-making machine. The more poetry there is in his nature, the sooner will he find that out. My friend who spoke last seems to think that the poet's recompenses are wholly in the future. Sir, they are real, and tangible, and present. They exist all around him. All nature lays her tributes at his feet. Sir, wealth without poetry is mere dirt.

"Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man's piecer-out; the art of nature,
Painting her landscapes twice; the spirit of fact,
As matter is the body; the pure gift
Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man,
In all things fitting else is *most* a man;
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of this sweet world."

Sixteenth Speaker. I think no one will deny, Mr. Chairman, that, however prejudicial poetry may be to success in the dry

goods business, or the hard-ware trade, it is not prejudicial to eloquence. All great orators, sir, have produced their greatest effects by appeals to the imagination and the passions — in other words, by language poetical in essence, if not in form. From Cicero to Webster, from the "How far, O Catiline!" of the former, to the "Liberty and union, now and for ever," of the latter, it will be found true that eloquence in its highest moods borrows from poetry its sacred fire.

And, sir, those who would shut us out from the cultivation of a taste for poetry must take from us the book of books, the Bible. We must not read the Prophets, nor the Psalms, nor the book of Job, where poetry never since equaled is to be found. Nay, sir, we must expunge passages in the New Testament, — even that divine and touching one, breathing the very soul of poetry, "Behold the lilies of the field! they toil not, neither do they spin."

Sir, until you rob us of the Bible, — ay, until you rob us of the book of *nature*, as well as of *revelation*, of the "sermons in stones" and the "books in the running brooks," — you can not, if you would, repress the taste for poetry, even if you decide that it is prejudicial to what you call "success in life."

Seventeenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, — if in order, I'll express my notions briefly on this much-disputed subject; on this subject much disputed; and, if you have no objection, I'll express them in a measure, in a measure and a jingle that has lately come in fashion; one that is as much more easy than plain prose, sir, as a canter, canter regular and gentle, is more easy than a trot, sir. On this question my conclusion is that every anxious mother, every shrewd, detective father, with a marriageable daughter, is *uncommon shy* of poets. Now, as no success in life, sir, can be counted quite complete, sir, unperfected by a marriage, by a well-assorted marriage, so, sir, if it be admitted, as it *must* be, as it *will* be, poetry's a bar to *that*, sir, — namely, to a well-assorted, prudent, and agreeable marriage, — *then*, sir, we have proved our case, sir: poetry is prejudicial, is indisputably ad'verse to that true success in life, sir, which, though all unworthy, *we*, sir, *we*, the single, the unmatched ones, do not even yet despair of. Need I, sir, pursue the subject? Will not every one admit, sir, that the young man who writes verses is regarded, is avoided, — by mamma, sir, and papa, sir, — ay, and sometimes by *herself*, sir, by the

loved one, the adored one, — as a very dangerous person — as a person dangerous — very !

Eighteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, — if the gentleman were really sincere, he would not parade his own facility in verse-making. But, sir, it is not true that the poet has jeopardized his chances of matrimonial success. We have all heard, sir, of "the girl who gave to song what gold could never buy." Sir, she was not a solitary instance. There are many such. Let me win a heart, — a true, feminine heart, worthy of the winning, — and I will not check the inspiration which the lady's own charms have awakened, even though, as the gentleman expresses it, papa and mamma are "shy of poets." No, sir ; I will set the sweet vein a-flowing ; and if she, who has my homage, will not listen to "the oracle that can tell nations she is beautiful," why, sir, she is not the lady I took her for, and the sooner the engagement is broken off the better.

Nineteenth Speaker. Mr. Chairman, — I protest against that gentleman's compelling any lady to listen to *his* verses. (Hear ! hear !) Such compulsion would be unwarrantable cruelty on his part, and might be attended with dangerous consequences to the unhappy victim of his poetic rage. If there are any ladies present, I hope they will be warned against him in time. In cases where a powerful anodyne is wanted, sir, I should think his poetry might serve a good —

Chairman. (Rapping.) The gentleman is straying from the subject before us, and his remarks, moreover, are personal. He will come to order.

Nineteenth Speaker. I will say no more, sir.

Twentieth Speaker. Sir, I think that our poetical brethren, with one distinguished exception (*bores to Seventeenth Speaker*), have been rather hard upon us plain, practical folks of the positive school — *positivists*, we are sometimes called. But, sir, an ounce of fact is worth a whole ton of mere rhetoric and speculation. Now, the gentleman who followed the Opener did not confine himself to simple argument. He instanced the names of several great poets, and showed very conclusively, I think, that poetry had been to them a will-o'-the-wisp, leading them into all sorts of scrapes. No speaker, as far as I have heard, has yet answered those objections.

Twenty-first Speaker. Perhaps those objections are not so difficult of confutation as the gentleman may suppose. Against the names of Burns, Goldsmith, Byron, Savage, Otway, and other stray sons of song, we place the names of Milton, of Wordsworth, of Scott, of Montgomery, of Addison, of Southey, of

Heber, of Watts, and many, many others that I might name — all men whose lives fulfill the idea of success. Sir, let us make ourselves worthy of mingling in the illustrious company of the poets — of understanding their thoughts, and becoming sharers in their joys. They (the *true* poets) shall withhold us from unworthy pleasures and contaminating influences. Through life they shall be to us a solace, and their sweet consolations shall not be wanting in the solemn hour of death.

“ Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
 Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares —
 The poets — who on earth have made us heirs
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.
 O ! might my name be numbered among theirs,
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days ! ”

Chairman. If no other gentleman is disposed to speak, I will briefly state the views to which this discussion has brought me. It is not fair to attribute to the poetical element in character the faults which may be often charged against poets. It may have been in *spite* of their poetry, rather than in *consequence* of it, that their lives were failures. We may resist the influence of our good angels, and yield to our bad. So the poet may give way to passions and tendencies, against which all that is truly poetical in his nature may rebel.

No one will deny that Byron was a man of extraordinary genius, but that he is always a true poet in his verses it would be ridiculous to assert. Well would it be for his fame — well would it be for humanity — if two thirds of what he has written could pass into annihilation ; for, however it may exhibit a certain cleverness, and wear the metrical form of poetry, poetry it is not. True poetry is never the ally of a moody unbelief, of a puerile affectation of misanthropy, of impurity and malignity. Had Byron lived twenty years longer, he would probably have wept over those perversions of genius to be found in his works. He would have wept even as Moore wept (according to Rogers) in his latter years, over *his* own printed follies and indelicacies. Gentlemen, the poetry which says not unto Zion “ Thy God reigneth,” is not poetry in the high sense of that word.

I do not believe that the cultivation of a taste for poetry is unfavorable to success in life. On the contrary, I believe it must prove an element of strength, of joy, and of good cheer. The Opener quoted Shakspeare, as if he, the great, many-sided poet, had spoken slightly of his own vocation. But, gentlemen, there is another passage in Shakspeare more appropriate to the present discussion. “ What,” he asks, —

"What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? — a beast, no more!
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To rust in us unused."

We may cultivate a poetical taste, and yet be faithful and diligent in our business,—good clerks, accurate accountants, ready and profound lawyers, useful citizens, good men. We sometimes see men whose business faculties have been goaded to an intense activity, ending their days in an insane hospital, or becoming miserable, confirmed invalids. Well would it have been for their true success in life, if there had been a taste for poetry and for art to keep their grosser faculties in check, and direct them in the path of a rational happiness.

Gentlemen, I will put the question. Those who assert the **AFFIRMATIVE**, namely, that *the cultivation of a taste for poetry is prejudicial to success in life*, will say *ay*. (*Three or four "ays" are heard.*) Those who assert the **NEGATIVE** will say *no*. (*An almost unanimous "no!" is heard.*)

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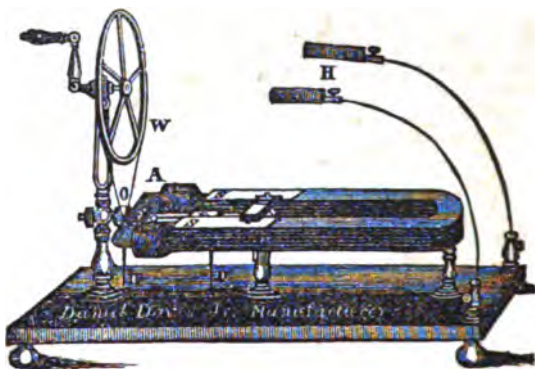
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